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A MONUMENT TO THE MOUNTAIN MAN

THE · STUDIO

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of Fine & Applied Art



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SUPPLEMENTS:—COLOURED REPRODUCTIONS OF TWO WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS BY ANTON MAUVE, ENTITLED RESPECTIVELY "INTERIOR OF A BARN" AND "SHEPHERD AND FLOCK"; A TINTED REPRODUCTION OF AN OIL PORTRAIT OF SEDAINE BY J. B. CHARDIN; A TINTED REPRODUCTION OF AN OIL PAINTING BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD, ENTITLED "LE BILLET DOUX"; A COLOURED REPRODUCTION OF AN OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM KEITH, ENTITLED "NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE RUSSIAN RIVER, SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA"; A REPRODUCTION OF A LEAD PENCIL DRAWING BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, ENTITLED "FAUSTINE"; A COLOURED REPRODUCTION OF A MOSAIC PANEL BY GEORGE BRIDGE FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.; A COLOURED REPRODUCTION OF A MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF COUNTESS CRESCENCE SZÉCHÉNYI-SEILERN BY M. M. DAFFINGER, AND OF THE EMPRESS MARIANNE OF AUSTRIA BY EMANUEL PETER AFTER DAFFINGER.

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"INTERIOR OF A BARN." FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY ANTON MAUVE.
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THE STUDIO

A CONSIDERATION OF THE WORK OF ANTON MAUVE. BY FRANK RUTTER.

CONSTABLE had been dead a twelvemonth, Jacob Maris had been living a year, Corot was a man of forty-two, Diaz nearing thirty, Troyon was twenty-eight, Rousseau twenty-six, Millet twenty-four, and Daubigny just of age, when in 1838 Anton Mauve was born at Zaandam. Ten years later Barbizon was discovered, and by the time Mauve had attained to man's estate the forest-painters were already famed among art-students, the *avant-courriers* of cultured taste. That France cleared the ground for Holland, that Mauve and the Marises reaped where Millet and Rousseau had sown, that the modern Dutch school of painting was very largely the outcome of the Romanticist movement in France, are facts not to be denied. At the same time it is not difficult to exaggerate their importance, to attribute to the French masters a greater influence than they actually exercised at that time,

and to deny to the Dutchmen the full originality and invention they possessed.

Mauve is a case in point. It must be admitted that he was not in a large sense a pioneer, that the thorny path was not his to tread, and for this very reason his life does not afford the same material for romance as that of the more militant Frenchmen. Mauve arrived late on the scene of action, when the heat of the battle was over. It was his privilege to join in the pursuit, to share the spoil of the victors. But it is as well to understand exactly what that spoil was; it was not the recipe or formula of a successful painter, it was the growing public appreciation of honest outdoor painting, of personal impressions of unconventionalised nature. If Mauve was not a pioneer, he was no imitator, not even the disciple of another painter. His art was distinctly national, its development logical and personal. To say that he was "Paris-trained," as has been written, is at once inaccurate and misleading. He never lived in Paris, he never worked there, he paid it comparatively few visits, and these



"WATERING HORSES" (OIL PAINTING)

(From the collection of J. C. J. Drucker, Esq.)

BY ANTON MAUVE

not longer in duration than those of any other tourist for pleasure. He was no great traveller, for his heart was in the lowlands. He loved the country in which he was born and received his training, and in that country he lived and worked.

His initial experiences were those of a hundred other art-students. His father, a Baptist minister at Haarlem, after the usual paternal misgivings, permitted his son to enter the studio of Van Os at Amsterdam. But Anton probably owed still more to the unofficial guidance of his father's neighbour at Haarlem, Wouterus Verschuur (1812-74), whose formal paintings of horses, akin in style to Verboeckhoven's sheep, are occasionally to be met with in the collections of Holland. It is difficult to say what Mauve gained from his master save a good grounding in draughtsmanship, and his nervous, impulsive temperament must often have rebelled against the arid formalism of the academic canons then in vogue. But Verschuur undoubtedly awakened in him that deep affection for and profound knowledge of the horse which was subsequently to become one of the salient features of his art.

From the first Mauve's colour was entirely his own. A bad habit, which he had in common with too many other painters, of never dating his pictures, renders it a little difficult to trace the chronological sequence of his works. But in the wonderful collection of the late Mr. Alexander Young there is an oil painting which must belong to a very early period in Mauve's career, a view *Near Zuandam*, taken it would appear from a carefully selected standpoint to avoid as much as possible that forest of windmills in which the painter was born, about which, probably on account of its familiarity, he was never enthusiastic. The picture is rather tightly painted, but the colour, though very dark, is decidedly personal, with greens as rich and sombre as those of a very early Monet. The sky is especially interesting, not quite so luminous as Mauve's skies afterwards became, but fresh and clear in its prim, old-fashioned style, with precise little clouds scudding across the azure. It does not instantly take us back to Nature, as Mauve's later paintings do, but it tells us very pleasantly that he has been looking at Ruysdael, and helps to establish his family descent.



"PLOUGHING" (WATER-COLOUR)

(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son)

BY ANTON MAUVE



*(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew
& Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son)*

“THREE COWS AND GATE.” FROM THE
WATER-COLOUR BY ANTON MAUVE.



"WOMEN WASHING CLOTHES" (OIL PAINTING) BY ANTON MAUVE
(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son)

Mauve's art, if afterwards guided into broader channels by hints gained from France, was, at the beginning, and always continued to be, *au fond*, essentially national. It was the logical develop-

ment of the art of the older painters of Holland, of the work not only of Ruysdael and of Hobbema, but also of Wouwerman and of lesser painters like Verschuur. Mauve is not altogether guiltless of Wouwerman's affection for a white horse, and it is not difficult to find a trace of the older Dutchman's influence in such a picture as *Loading Wood* (reproduced below). Certainly it is easier to link this painting with Wouwerman than with Millet or any other French artist. But there has always been a tendency to exaggerate Millet's influence on Mauve, who must have advanced some way before he ever saw a Millet. It is too much forgotten, nowadays, that in the latter fifties, when Mauve was at the most impressionable age, the influence of Diaz, Troyon and Rousseau, propagated by the



"LOADING WOOD" (OIL PAINTING) BY ANTON MAUVE
(By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., The Hague)



*(By permission of Messrs. Boussod,
Valadon & Co., The Hague)*

"THE OLD BARN." FROM THE
OIL-PAINTING BY ANTON MAUVE



"SHEEP IN BARN" (WATER-COLOUR)

(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son)

BY ANTON MAUVE

missionary Roelofs from his headquarters at Brussels, preceded that which Millet was afterwards to exercise in the Low Countries.

One of the first hints from a foreign source which Mauve accepted was given him, it would appear by Diaz, whose influence is unmistakable in the tolerably early oil painting *The Old Barn* (reproduced on page 7). I do not say that in this rich, decorative landscape Mauve deliberately imitates Diaz, but that the sight of a Diaz has here encouraged him to follow his natural bent and lay on pigment fatly with a generous brush and secure a fine quality of paint by the very roughness of the surface. There are few Mauves so finely rugged as this, for without losing quality his characteristic handling grew smoother, though it never became thin or mean. In this he may have learned something from Daubigny, from whose work he may have been encouraged to lighten his colour scheme and pitch his landscapes in a key rather higher and truer to nature. Mauve's colour, as has been said, was his own, but that in the works of his best period—1865-75—may perhaps claim a closer kinship with

the colour of Daubigny than that of any other Romanticist.

Enough has been said to show that Mauve was under no overwhelming obligation to any one painter, though, like every artist, he was indebted to many. He took his good where he found it, but he went on his own way without turning off to follow slavishly the path of another. Nature was his first and most constant guide, and at her he looked studiously a hundred times for every glance he gave to her

presentation in art. The progress of his life was as steady and unsensational as the development of his painting. He had some struggles at first like a thousand others, but he was fortunately spared the bitter privations and sufferings which might have delighted his biographer. The taste to appreciate his work had been formed by the men of the preceding generation. At early middle age Mauve was a successful man, and during his last decade he was overwhelmed with commissions, and could sell any



"WASHING DAY" (WATER-COLOUR)

(By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., The Hague)

BY ANTON MAUVE



“THE WHEELBARROW.” FROM THE
OIL PAINTING BY ANTON MAUVE

(By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., The Hague)



"WINTER" (WATER-COLOUR)

BY ANTON MAUVE

(By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., Paris)

work before the paint was dry. He became perhaps too prolific, and the strain of his extraordinary production was too great for a frame that had never been robust. The end came suddenly, from heart failure, while on a visit to his brother at Arnheim in 1888, the year of his medal at Paris—he had previously been medalled at Vienna, Philadelphia, and Antwerp. He was only fifty, but his reputation was then world-wide, for his paintings had travelled in many lands, though the painter stayed in his own country. After leaving

misconceptions, as I consider them, very prevalent about the art of Anton Mauve. Following Muther—who, excellent critic as he is on the whole, is nevertheless apt at times to let his romantic imagination run away with him—it has become a commonplace of criticism to speak of the "melancholy poetry," the "undertone of sadness," the "sense of suffering" in Mauve's paintings. To label Mauve's work at large with the epithets "sad" and "melancholy," seems to me an overstatement. Our emotions are treacherous things, and it is easy

The Hague, his home had been at Laren, a picturesque old country town fifteen miles south-east of Amsterdam, where at the moment of writing, a Mauve Memorial is about to be unveiled and an important retrospective collection of his works is in course of exhibition, and whither Americans still come to paint "Mauves," though they can no longer scrape up an acquaintance with the painter.

Before attempting any analysis of the various excellences which render his paintings and drawings so admirable, I should like to clear up one or two



"MILKING TIME" (OIL PAINTING)

BY ANTON MAUVE



to read into a painting ideas which the painter never conceived or recorded. Who cannot picture the bewildered astonishment of Leonardo when Pater in Elysium reads him his too eloquent appreciation of *La Gioconda*? Mauve's art is serious, pensive if you like, but pensiveness is not necessarily melancholy or sadness. It may be a deep, though quiet, abiding joy. Sadness or melancholy implies discontent, if resigned; but the Titanic element is almost wholly absent in Mauve, and the greater number of his reveries seem to me inspired by peaceful, contented contemplation. We can be sympathetic without being pessimists, and it does not lessen the beauty, nor should it our appreciation, of Mauve's work if we find no "sense of suffering" in the two cows the boy is driving *Homeward* (page 14), no "undertone of sadness" in the woman who comes with her pail to the cows at *Milking Time* (page 10), poetry but no melancholy in the *Interior of a Barn* (frontispiece). To have nothing better to think about this last than the melancholy fact that sheep are fed and kept warm only that they may afford raiment and food for man, is to read a false literary motive into a work that has a true pictorial appeal. We must not confuse what may happen to interest us with what primarily interests the painter, light giving colour to form.

I imagine this melancholy misconception about Mauve originally arose from some critic observing

that his tendency was epic rather than lyric. And since epic to many suggests sorrow and suffering, just as lyric does joy and gladness, the rest was easy. Then by another association of ideas, that of sorrow with shadow, a second misconception was brought to birth, and the "sorrow laden" work of Mauve was spoken of uniformly as low-toned. Now all tones are relative, and a middle period Mauve may be low in tone compared to a late Turner or a Monet; but it is high compared to a Rembrandt or a Jacob Maris. With a Boudin it is about on a level, and Boudin is not usually considered a low-toned painter. The truth is that Mauve, beginning in the bass, played for the best part of his life on the middle notes of the colour scale. There are low-toned paintings by him just as there are in some of them figures, like the tired, worn peasant of the *Shepherd and Flock* (supplement), which do convey a sense of sad endurance. Still the characteristics of a painter's art are not to be deduced from isolated examples, but from the bulk of his work; and to look without preconceived notions at a number of Mauves is to recognise that his painting was no more low-toned, in the strict sense of the word, than it was "strongly marked" by the influence of Millet.

The two chief excellences of Mauve, derived wholly from the keenness of his own perceptions and his power to record them aright, are the



"THE HILLSIDE" (OIL PAINTING)

BY ANTON MAUVE

luminosity of his skies and the justness of his values; and the diffused brilliance of the first and the subtle nicety of the second are qualities so incommunicable that they can be but imperfectly suggested by the best of reproductions. To appreciate them to the full we must go to the National Gallery, where, through the generosity of Mr. J. C. J. Drucker, Mauve's *Watering Horses* is hanging in Room XII., and compare its sky with those in the surrounding landscapes. It is wonderful how it shines even on a dull day, and it makes the skies even of a Ruysdael or a Hobbema a little dead and painty.

Though far from being an animal-painter in the limited sense of the term, it is undeniable that Mauve found in beast rather than man his happiest inspiration. In a representative collection thirty-eight out of fifty works have animals for their part or whole subject. Between sheep, cattle and horses his affection was pretty equally divided. We find a dozen of the first and thirteen each of the second and third. Personally, I am always inclined to associate Mauve with horses, just as one associated Troyon with cattle and Jacques with sheep, not because they painted nothing else, but

because here they excelled all rivals and set a new thing before the succeeding generation. What Géricault had done for the charger, what Degas was afterwards to do for the racehorse and carriage-horse, Mauve did for the horse of the fields. He stamped its type, so that we cannot look at his pictures without thinking of the horses we have seen at work, or look at a horse ploughing without thinking of his pictures. Many of his best paintings are horse subjects, and I have it on the authority of Mr. E. J. Van Wisselingh—to whom I am much indebted for information concerning this friend of his youth—that “they certainly played a dominant part in his work until he went to live at Laren, which was a sheep country.”

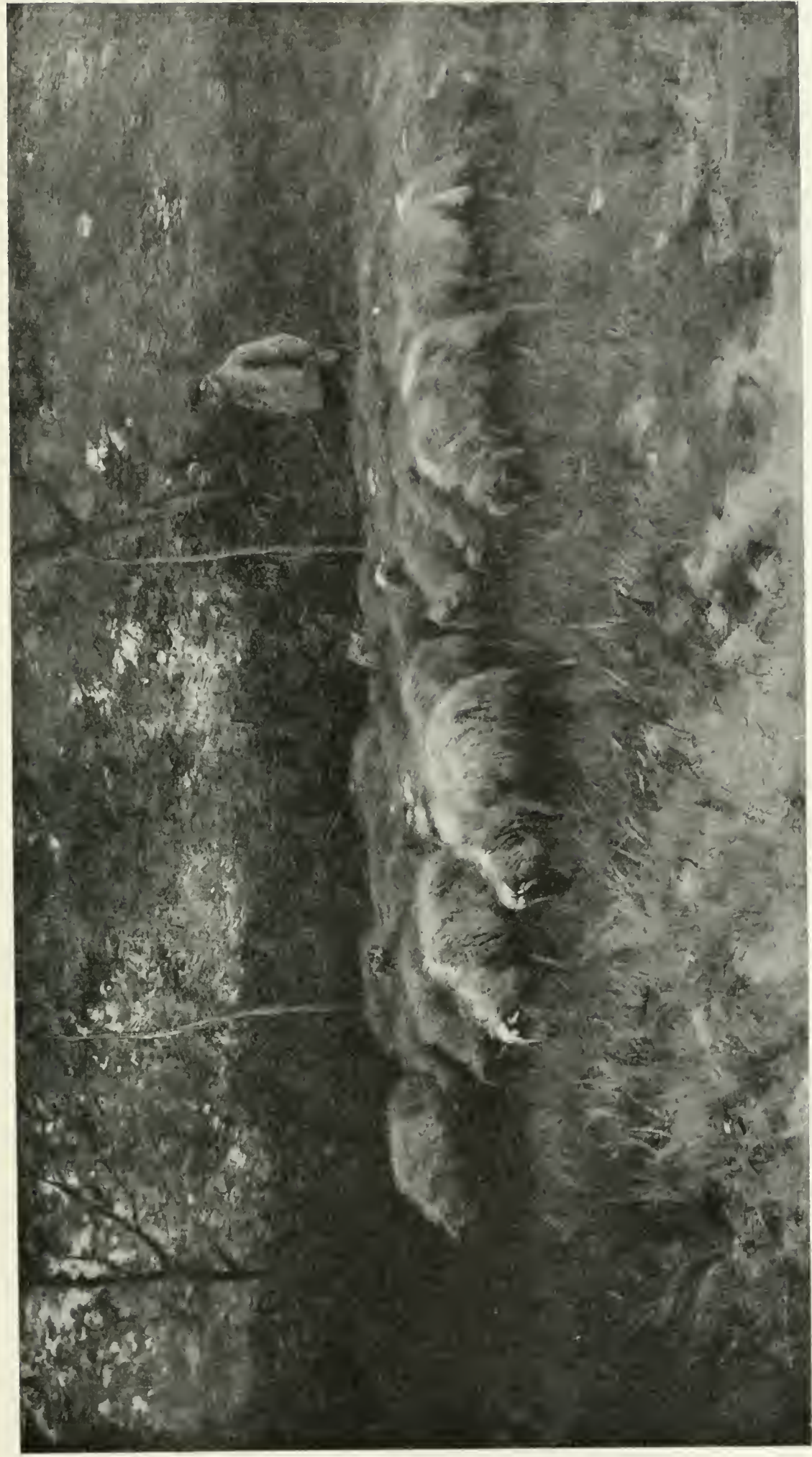
Admirable as his paintings of cattle are, I think we must agree with Henley that in this particular “he is not to be ranked with Troyon.” On the other hand, I would maintain that Mauve's skies are better than those of most Troyons in which Boudin is not suspected of having taken part, and I do not see that his work as a whole is so “much less vigorous” or inferior in “decorative effect.” Otherwise Henley's appreciation of Mauve (Edinburgh Exhibition Catalogue, 1886),



“HOMEWARD” (OIL PAINTING)

(By permission of Messrs. M. Knoedler & Co.)

BY ANTON MAUVE



"FLOCK OF SHEEP NEAR A
WOOD." BY ANTON MAUVÉ

*(In the Collection of the
Right Hon. Sir John Day)*

is impeccable and impossible to improve upon :—
 “His draughtsmanship is sound, his brushwork full of gusto and expression, his colour quite his own : to a right sense of nature and a mastery of certain atmospheric effects he unites a genuine strain of poetry. . . . His treatment of animals is at once judicious and affectionate. He is careful to render them in relation to their aerial surroundings ; but he has recognised that they too are creatures of character and sentiment, and he loves to paint them in their relations to each other and to man. The sentiment is never forced, the characterisation is never strained, the drama is never exorbitant ; the proportions in which they are introduced are so nicely adjusted that the pictorial, the purely artistic quality of the work is undiminished. To Troyon animals were objects in a landscape ; to Mauve they were that and something more. His old horses are their old masters’ friends ; his cows are used to the girls who tend them ; his sheep feed as though they liked it. In a word, his use of the dramatic element is primarily artistic ; and it is with something of a blush that one compares his *savoir faire* with the bad manners of some animal painters nearer home.”

I wish Henley had ended here ; but since he goes on occultly to remark that Mauve “painted water-colours with so ready a brush that, as often as not, he has no time to do himself justice,” I have no option but to sling a pebble at the Scottish giant. Does he mean that Mauve’s water-colours are inferior to his oil paintings ? The position is wholly untenable. Is it that some water-colours are better than others ? Why, so are some oils ; the remark is irrelevant. No, the insinuation is of careless speed—“no time to do himself justice.” But surely if there is one thing which “if ’t were done, ’t were well done quickly,” it is a water-colour. It is essentially a sketching medium, and its highest charm is inevitably troubled by much labour. A water-colour cannot but gain by speed if it be done aright ; and if the first touches are wrong it is better to make a fresh start, for no overlaying will make the old faults

right. It is more likely to add to their number. We may be sure that Mauve’s best water-colours were done with consummate swiftness ; his worst those on which he spent most time, endeavouring to retrieve with Chinese white the virgin paper he had soiled by error. But his use of white is sparing, and the reproductions of the lovely works given in these pages amply testify to the purity of his practice. The unerring touches show, not careless haste, but esay, well-ordered speed. And it is this very speed which makes them, as Muther says, “so vivid and spontaneous ;” and it is because he had more “time to do himself justice” in his oils, that even the best of them cannot escape looking a little more laboured and so leading many excellent judges to see in his water-colours Mauve’s highest achievements.

FRANK RUTTER.



“THREE COWS” (WATER-COLOUR)

BY ANTON MAUVE

(By permission of Messrs. M. Knoedler & Co.)



“TWILIGHT” (OIL PAINTING) BY ANTON MAUVE
(By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., The Hague)



“SHEEP CROSSING A STREAM” (WATER-COLOUR) BY ANTON MAUVE
(By permission of Messrs. M. Knodler & Co.)



(By permission of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., The Hague)

"AN ORCHARD" (OIL PAINTING) BY ANTON MAUVE

ON THE CHARACTERISTICS
OF MR. C. F. A. VOYSEY'S
ARCHITECTURE. BY M. H.
BAILLIE SCOTT.

If one were asked to sum up in a few words the scope and purposes of Mr. Voysey's work, one might say that it consists mainly in the application of serenely sane, practical and rational ideas to home making.

The modern house, as represented by the average villa, is, from the rational and practical point of view, a tissue of absurdities. Its plan represents an attempt to realise, on a contracted scale, the ideal mansion. It is adorned with all kinds of so-called artistic furnishings; and, as a whole, it is insanitary and comfortless.

To those who have become inured to such houses it is not strange that a rationally designed dwelling should appear bizarre, affected and eccentric; and though in other arts—in that of literature for example—the merits of direct and simple statement are understood, in architecture we do not recog-

nise the existence of art at all, unless all the obsolete and meaningless features of the past are added, as an outward screen, to a building in which they bear no structural significance.

Carlyle, in writing of the forms in which religious belief has expressed itself, states once for all the fundamental truth in this matter: "All substances clothe themselves in forms; but there are suitable true forms, and there are untrue, unsuitable. As the briefest definition one might say: Forms which *grow* round a substance, if we rightly understand that, will correspond to the real nature and purport of it, will be true, good; forms which are consciously put round a substance, bad. I invite you to reflect on this. It distinguishes true from false in ceremonial form; earnest solemnity from empty pageant in all human things."

The architects of the Renaissance initiated this bad method of consciously putting forms round the substance of their buildings: and this "shirt-front architecture"—as Mr. Voysey has called it—being originally practised by men of great genius, has proved a fatal precedent for our times. And so our Palaces of Peace and other public buildings



"GARDEN CORNER," CHELSEA: THE DINING-ROOM

DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY

are duly encased with all the superficial features which are held to constitute the Fine Art of Architecture, as opposed to mere vulgar building. To the rational mind all these fine buildings are mere confectionery, for every architectural form owes whatever grace or beauty it may possess to practical functions performed. In this respect the building is a creation, which may be justly compared to those of nature. The forms of the eye or the hand, the flower or the leaf, all are the outcome of certain definite function. And so it must be with true architecture; and the inevitable and logical course for the modern architect is to get back to essential facts of structure, and leave the forms to develop naturally from that.

It is this which Mr. Voysey has done. His work is *true*. One may imagine that he has resolved that it shall at least be that, leaving the rest on the knees of the gods. To such resolves the gods are gracious, for the best qualities of a building are those which are unconsciously obtained. When we build better, it is generally better than we know, and whatever beauty may be achieved is the unhopèd-for reward of our labours.

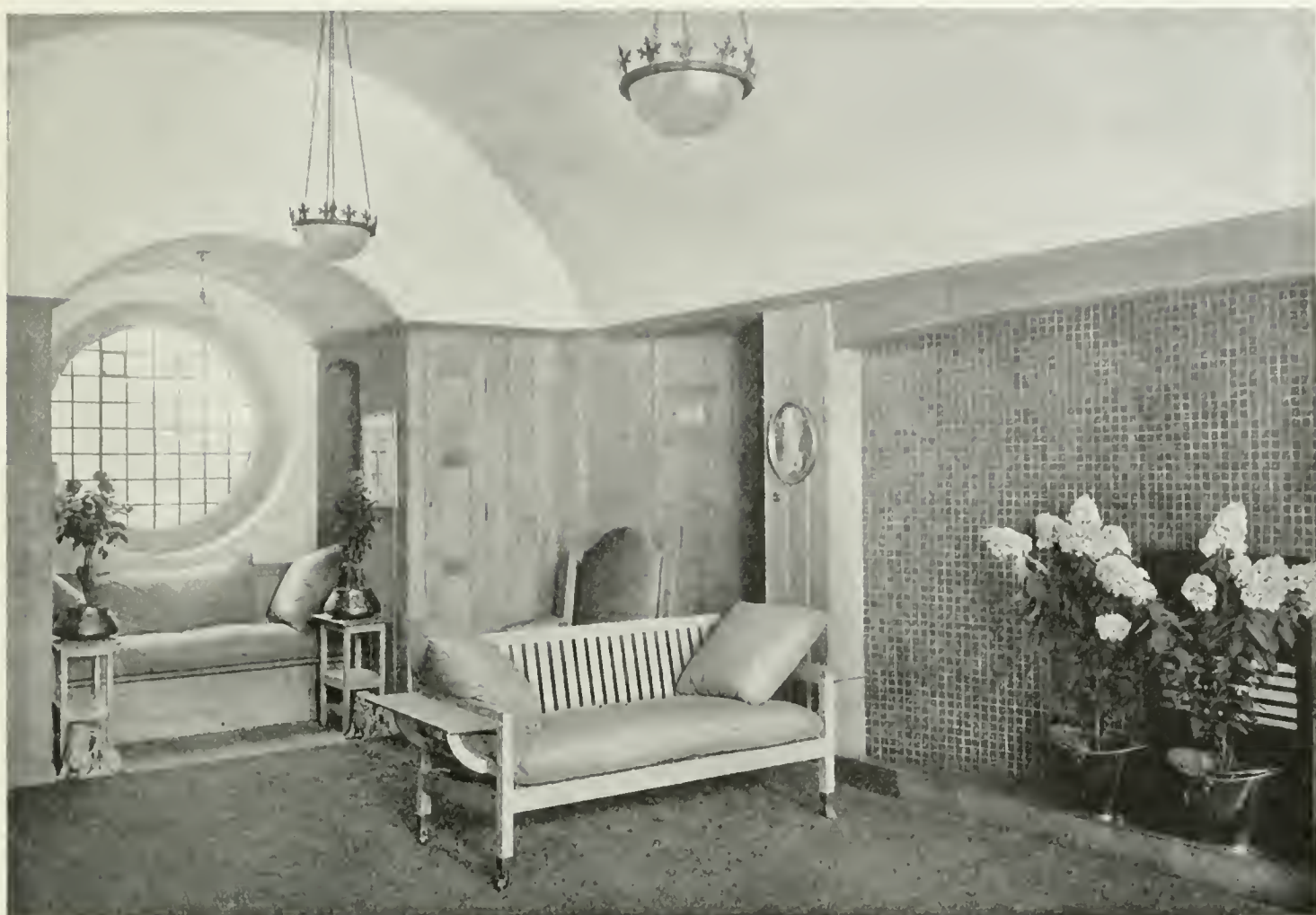
The essential characteristic of Mr. Voysey's work is its absolute sincerity. The outward aspect of his buildings is comely because all is well with them within. So they seem to smile pleasantly upon us, instead of grinning through conventional masks replete with all the usual superficial features. And this beauty which is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," is a beauty of which we never tire, and which is above all the changing whims of fashion. Our modern public buildings, which are designed merely to impress the vulgar with histrionic and meaningless architectural features, fail even to achieve this unworthy aim; for nothing interests the modern man-in-the-street so little as our modern buildings.

It is unfortunate that the best of photographs do not convey the subtle essence of a good building—the soul of the work which seems to breathe from the walls, and make the structure almost a living thing. To feel the charm of one of Mr. Voysey's houses you must visit the actual building, and you will always find it better than you had hoped. Every detail bears the mark of careful thought; everywhere there is the evidence of that self-

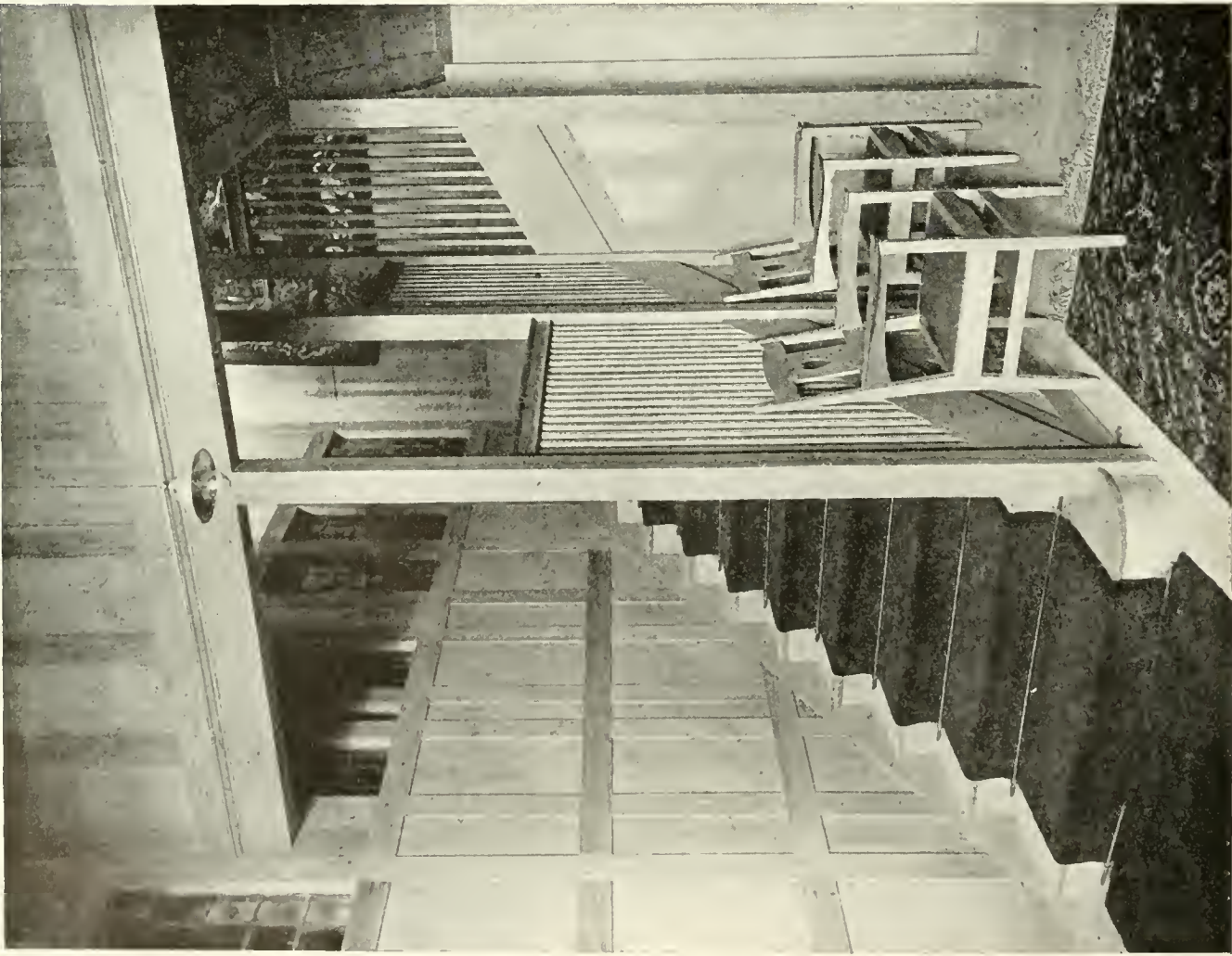


"GARDEN CORNER," CHELSEA: THE DRAWING-ROOM

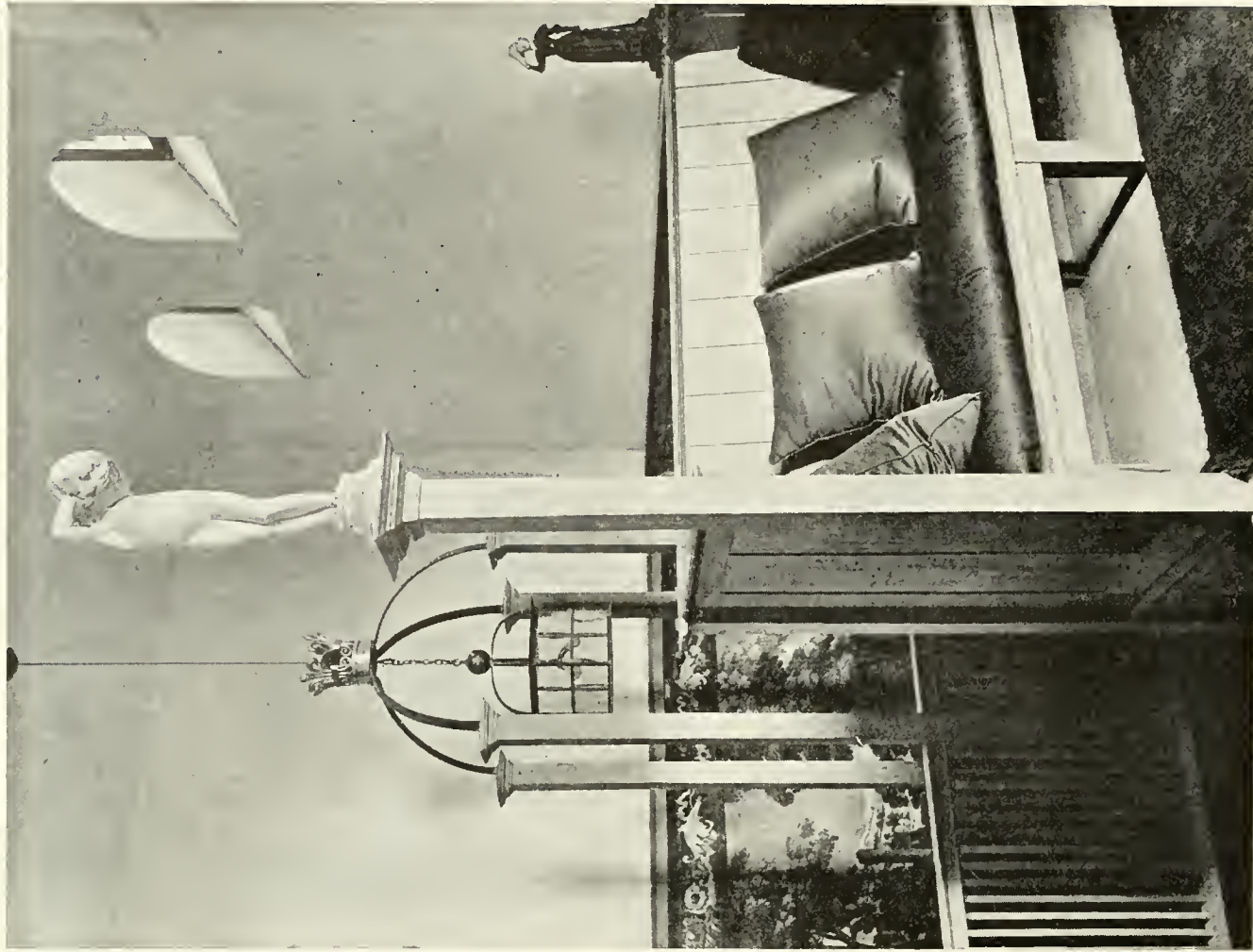
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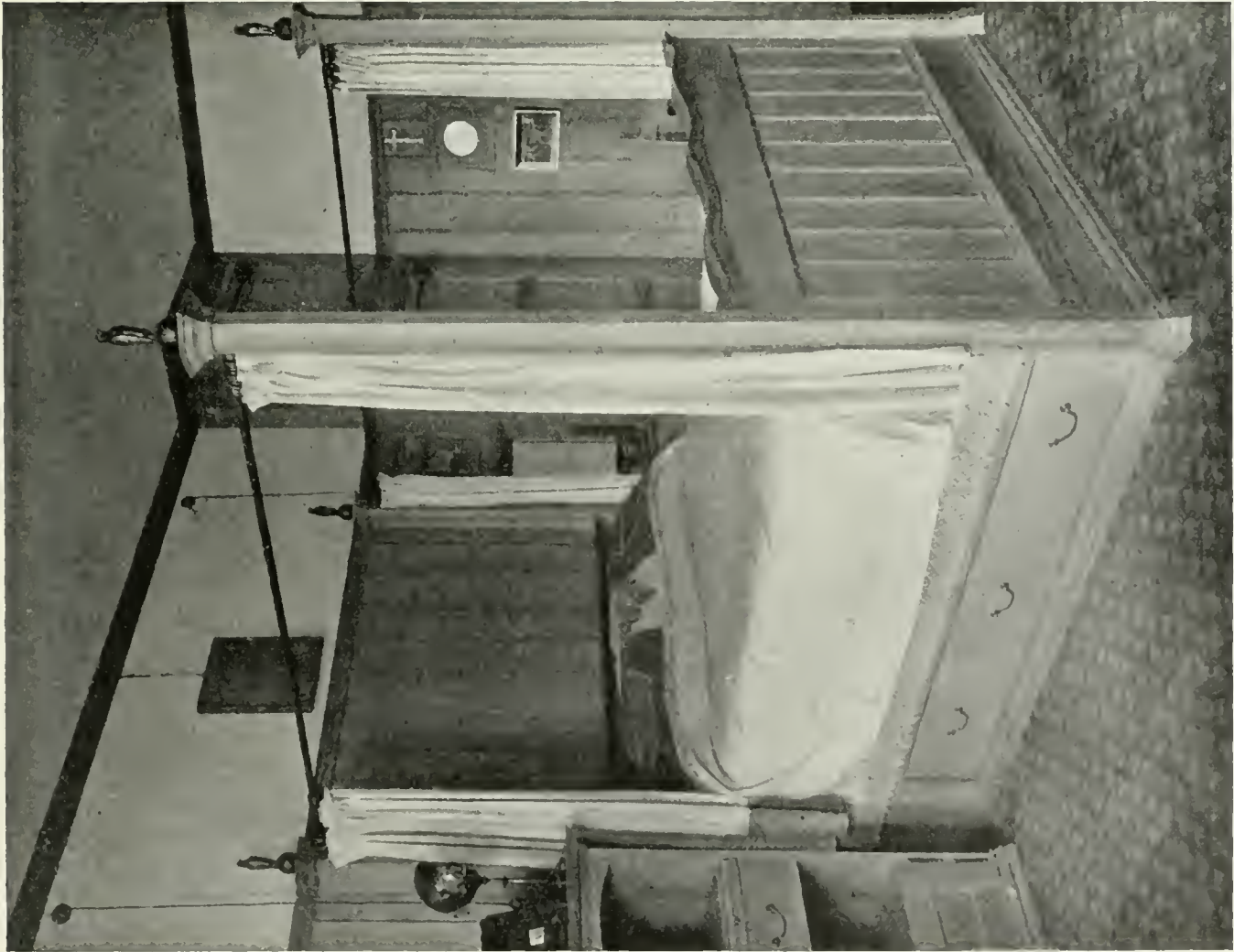
"GARDEN CORNER," CHELSEA: THE DRAWING ROOM. DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY



“GARDEN CORNER,” CHELSEA : THE STAIRCASE
DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY

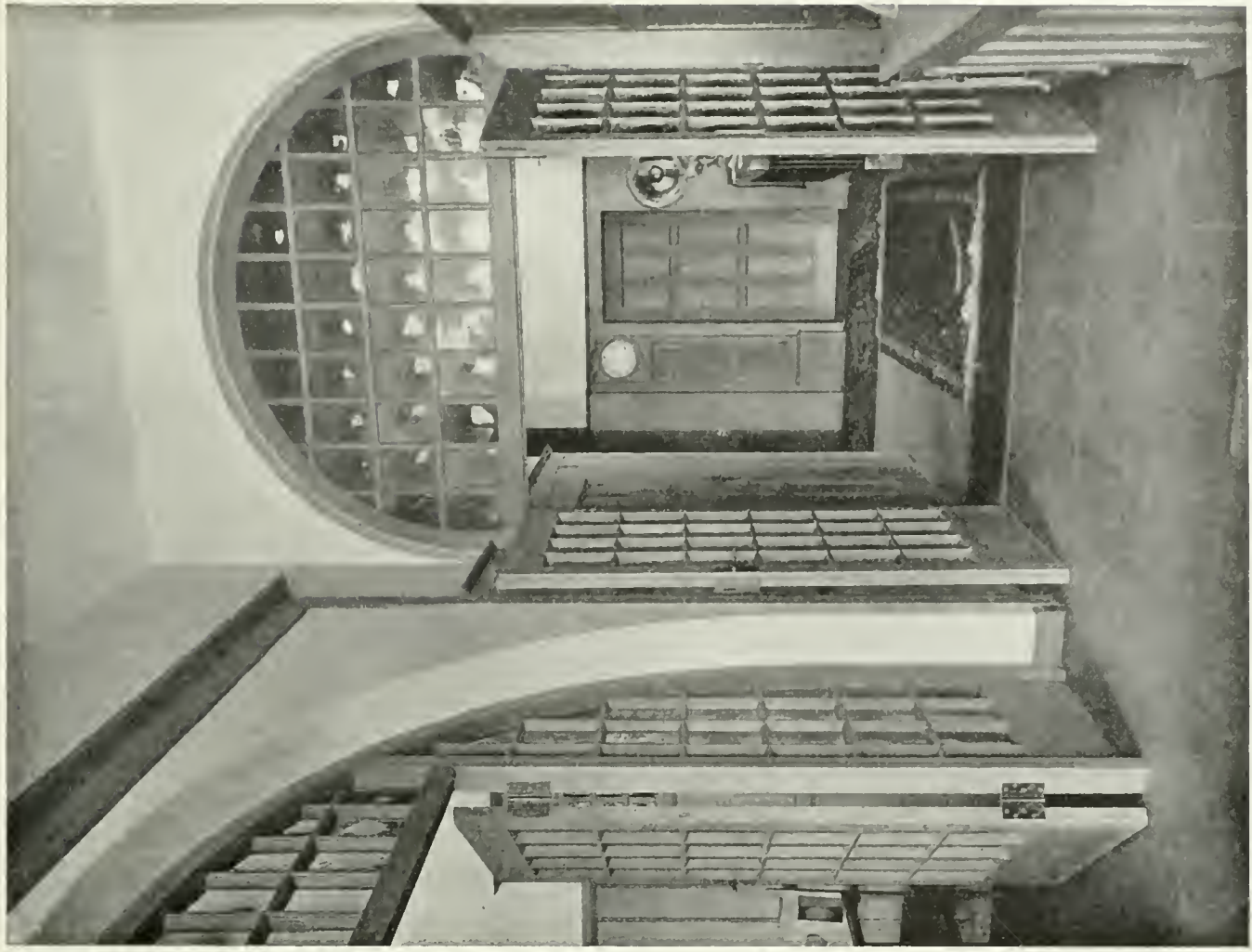


“GARDEN CORNER,” CHELSEA : TOP OF STAIRCASE
DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY



"GARDEN CORNER," CHELSEA: PRINCIPAL BEDROOM

DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY



"GARDEN CORNER," CHELSEA: THE HALL

DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY



"GARDEN CORNER," CHELSEA : THE LIBRARY

DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY

sacrificing labour which is plainly expended—not for money, or even for fame, but merely for the love of the work for its own sake. Little is known by the general public probably of the methods by which an architect achieves his ends. To many it is a simple matter involving little personal care. The scheme originally hatched in the hotel smoking-room, or the club, is further developed by the office staff, while much is left to the builder. From such methods Mr. Voysey's work is far removed indeed! To look through a set of drawings for a house prepared by him, is to recognise, in every sheet, how all possibilities of error are eliminated by the most careful and conscientious forethought. The scheme is worked out on paper so fully and completely that it explains itself.

Only a real devotion to the work will inspire such indefatigable labour: and this is largely the cause of Mr. Voysey's success.

M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.

By the courtesy of Mr. E. J. Horniman, M.P., we are enabled to give in the accompanying series of illustrations some examples of Mr. Voysey's

designs as quite recently carried out at his town residence, "Garden Corner," Chelsea Embankment. The house is semi-detached, and was built about twenty years ago. It was arranged with one principal staircase to the first floor only, the subsidiary stairs from top to bottom of the seven floors being in a narrow dark slit by the side of the grand stairs. The walls were lined with oak veneer, stained a nut brown; the rooms were so high that no reflected light was secured from the ceilings, and the windows had two scales, the upper halves being in panes of smallish size, the lower glazed with huge sheets of plate-glass. Darkness and gloom prevailed when Mr. Horniman came into possession of the house.

In the process of transformation, the grand staircase was taken out, the veneer torn off the walls, and most of the doors and windows were removed. The basement has been rearranged and lined throughout with van Straaten's white Dutch tiles, and light captured wherever possible. An electric lift by Messrs. Waygood and Co. serves all floors, and is fitted with a specially designed plain oak cage to match the new joinery, which on the ground

The Chardin-Fragonard Exhibition

and first floors is entirely in oak, left quite clean from the plane, without stain, varnish, or polish.

The library (which was the billiard room) has a new stone window, overlooking the Chelsea "Physick" Garden, fitted with gunmetal casements, and its ceiling has been lowered to increase the restful proportions of the room. The massive oak beams are blacklead, and the plaster is all discoloured white down to the oak bookcases.

The principal staircase is oak from top to bottom, and on the last newel post at the top is placed a figure of a young nymph, by J. W. Rawlins. On one wall, to light the subsidiary stairs, is a large circular window fitted with Messrs. Chance & Co.'s Norman glass, with which all the screens in the hall are glazed. Each floor is provided with bathroom and housemaid's closet, and all the painted wood is white enamel, and deep white friezes contribute to the light by their reflection.

The drawing-room is L-shaped, one arm being treated with oak 6 ft. 6 ins. high, with plaster barrel ceiling above, and the other section is lined with Westmoreland green slate unpolished, and twelve water-colour drawings, representing the months, by Lilian Blatherwick (Mrs. A. S. Hartrick), are let into the slate and held in position by small silver moulded strips. Above the slate all is white. In the oak portion all the furniture is oak, and the mosaic round the fireplace is gold.

Mrs. Horniman's bedroom on the second floor is fitted and lined with oak. The bedstead, jewel-safe, writing-table, wardrobe, and all the usual bedroom equipment are fixed and fitted in to utilise every inch of space, and at the side of the bed the cabinets are fitted with sliding shelves, to bring the morning tea-tray over the bed. Mr. Horniman's dressing-room is fitted in the same manner with oak furniture.

The dining-room has a heavy oak-beamed ceiling, which was required to strengthen the drawing-room floor. The tiles round the grate are white, with 2-in. vertical bands of primrose yellow, with thin black edges. All the furniture is oak, the chairs having orange leather seats. The sideboard in the hall is constructed to contain the spare leaves of the dining-room table. The electric pendants in the dining-room and a few others were designed by Mr. C. R. Ashbee. The general contractors were Messrs. F. Müntzer and Son.

THE CHARDIN-FRAGONARD EXHIBITION IN PARIS. BY HENRI FRANTZ.

So far as Paris, at least, is concerned, the year 1907 would seem to have been rich in spurious



"LE DESSINATEUR"

BY J.-B. CHARDIN

(The property of H.I.M. The German Emperor)

The Chardin-Fragonard Exhibition

works of art. Never, thanks to the activity of the fabricators—and their name is legion—have we seen such an invasion of pictures notoriously forged, some of them being fought for at the big sales, with banknotes for weapons, and eventually carried off in triumph to take their place in this or that great collection. Thus it was with a real feeling of relief that one visited the Exposition Chardin-Fragonard, which was held at the beginning of the summer in the Georges Petit Galleries. Here, at any rate, with the exception of three or four doubtful canvases, such as are to be found in all collections and all galleries, one could admire a considerable number of authentic works by two masters who, in their entirely different ways, are perhaps the greatest our country has produced. This is an artistic event of such high importance as to deserve a page or so of comment in *THE STUDIO*.

The scheme owed its origin to M. A. Dayot, Inspector of Fine Arts, who followed the examples set of recent years in England, Belgium, and Holland, where the great masters of these lands have been honoured by big *ensemble* exhibitions. In turn we saw in the Guildhall, London, an admirable selection of pictures by Turner; then, in Amsterdam, the works of Rembrandt; in Antwerp those of Van Dyck and Jordaens when displayed revealed to us certain of the less-known canvases by the two great Flemish painters; while Bruges, some years later, glorified the most illustrious of its artist sons.

These big displays were almost all held under the patronage of government, and in public galleries, which added somewhat to their prestige, inspired confidence in collectors, and in every case assured a worthy setting to the

works displayed. In this respect the Chardin-Fragonard Exhibition (it is perhaps necessary to mention) differs from the great *manifestations* to which I have just alluded. The Administration des Beaux-Arts—slow-moving and retrograde—might most efficaciously have fathered an enterprise such as this, or at least have provided a hall more suitable to the purpose than are the Georges Petit Galleries, which, well-arranged though they be, are much too small for an exhibition of such importance as this.

One cannot help thinking what a colossal success it might have been had the display been made a national affair, and had it been held, say, in the Louvre, when the works from private collections would thus have found themselves side by side with those of our great Museum.

These restrictions notwithstanding, the exhibition was highly and deservedly successful, and we



"LA POURVOYEUSE"

(The property of H.I.M. The German Emperor)

BY J.-B. CHARDIN



21
PORTRAIT OF SEDAINE. FROM THE OIL-PAINTING BY J. B. CHARDIN.
(In the possession of M. Chéramy.)

The Chardin-Fragonard Exhibition

can applaud without reserve this apotheosis of the two eighteenth-century masters, J.-B. Siméon Chardin and Jean Honoré Fragonard.

Naturally these splendid artists, long neglected and despised, are now among the best-known and the most widely appreciated of the painters of their century; their chief canvases have been popularised by engravings, and quite an extensive library has been devoted to them; but the chief interest of an exhibition such as this lies in the fact that it serves to familiarise one with works less famous, with sketches and studies which enable one to penetrate deep into the artist's nature, and to become familiar with his methods of composition, of work, and of execution.

Here the diversity between Chardin and Fragonard becomes more than ever accentuated. Fragonard was the maddest, most pleasure-loving artist of his day; under the magic of his brush, within the joyous setting of garden and park, with plashing fountains and frolicsome couples making love in the divinest of lights, we take part in the fairest festivals of the eighteenth century, and live the most delicious and the most unreal of dreams. Chardin, on the other hand, saw life in its truest aspect; while Fragonard seems to know nought beyond the society of the great, Chardin, dwelling amid the humble surroundings of the poor, had an entirely different vision of life; his brush had none of the rapture of Fragonard's; he treated more serious subjects more sagely.

But in the first place Chardin is incontestably the master of still-life; he was the equal, and probably the superior, of the most famous of all those who essayed this most

delicate art. The very important series of works from the Henri de Rothschild collection must be studied one by one in order fully to appreciate its extraordinary variety. No matter how insignificant be the objects placed upon a table the painter can make them attractive; the slightest tints he made to sing by the amazing cleverness of his brush, and above all by his admirable sincerity.

Chardin was prodigious, too, as a portraitist. In his company how far removed we are from the ceremonial portraits of the painters of his period! How serious, how simple he is, how astonishing the note of truth he strikes in such paintings as the two little portraits of boys (*Le Toton*) or the *Jeune homme au violon* from the Trépard Collection, which have been bought by the Louvre for, it is said, a colossal sum. Among the best *genre* pieces must be mentioned *Le Souffleur*, which, besides



"STILL LIFE"

(The property of M. Alexis Vollon)

BY J.-B. CHARDIN

The Chardin-Fragonard Exhibition

being an excellent study of physiognomy, further contains some remarkable bits of still-life.

Chardin, as everyone knows, is excellent in little scenes of popular life; his *Pourvoyeuse*, of which several replicas were seen in the exhibition, is one of the most famous pictures of the French School. Some of these copies are of doubtful origin; in any case they are greatly inferior to the original in artistic worth. In the same series *Le Déjeuner préparé* (Prince de Lichtenstein), the *Ménagère*, the *Femme au Serin*, the *Fillette aux Cerises*, from the Rothschild Collection, arrest one in turn by that note of truth which is the chief characteristic of Chardin's talent, and by the velvety brush-work in which he is still unapproachable.

The *ensemble* of Fragonard's productions is equally absorbing; but why have admitted a certain *Retour du Troupeau* and a certain *Paravent*, works manifestly spurious, in which the eye of even the least skilled observer can at the first glance perceive the imitator's hand? For the artist was already abundantly represented by a very large selection of works of quite the first rank. I will pause first before the big panel, the *Fête de Saint-Cloud* belonging to the Banque de France, over which certain critics have expressed doubts. Without being quite so distinctly in the style of most of the master's large decorative works, this panel must nevertheless be attributed to Fragonard. Indeed, one may find scattered among the collections a series of *sanguine* studies for this picture, which should be proof enough that the work in the Banque de France, with its jets of water and its diverting groups of people, is perfectly authentic.

Of all Fragonard's various manners, of all his most widely differing subjects, we have here some absolutely remarkable specimens, thanks to which we can follow the brilliant painter through his bustling career. We know that Fragonard, after competing for the Prix de Rome, and while awaiting the moment to start for the Eternal City, visited Boucher's studio, and there executed some little canvases, which, while they were clearly imitations of that master, nevertheless revealed much power, as do these deftly-touched sepias and the *Cache-Cache* from the Marne collection.

In Italy Fragonard employed himself better than by copying Baroccio or Pietro de Cortone. Accompanied by Hubert Robert and de Saint-Non, he travelled all over the country, and there found for later use many delicious decorative *motifs*; also he did those extraordinary *sanguines*, so modern in their tone, which are so keenly sought after to-day. Several quite remarkable examples

were to be seen in this exhibition—the *Villa d'Este* (M. Deligand), the *Jardins de la Ville a'Este*, and the *Cascatelles de Tivoli*. The Besançon Gallery, which possesses an important series of drawings done at this period, lent several fine examples.

Back in Paris once more, and having painted his *Crésus*, Fragonard, in demand everywhere by collectors, devoted himself again to the lighter mood which became him so well. Here, for instance, we have his famous *Verrou* (Baron E. de Rothschild), which has been so widely popularised in engraving form; his *Heureuse Mère*, the *Fontaine d'Amour* (Comte de la Riboisière); *La Gimblette*; the charming sketch of the *Baigneuses* in the Louvre, wherein Fragonard is the peer of Rubens; then *Le Lever*, *Le Duo d'Amour*, *La Résistance inutile*, *Le Serment d'Amour*, and many more of the remarkable *morceaux* which Goncourt appreciated so fully when he wrote: "In Fragonard the painter was just a sketcher of genius. He bursts forth in his earliest attempt, and is a master from the first stroke of his preparation, when he improvises his Graces, his nymphs, and makes his undulating nudities leap from the canvas, as he touches it in his flight."

Needless to say, Fragonard, apart from being a subject painter and portraitist (many remarkable examples of these branches of his work being seen in the Georges Petit Exhibition), was the most amazing decorative artist of the eighteenth century. His most famous decorations, the Grasse paintings—which belong to Mr. Pierpont Morgan—were not seen at this exhibition, more's the pity, for they leave M. Groult's panels far behind. Four large decorative panels, belonging to M. Kraemer, who is also, with M. Wildenstein, the owner of the celebrated *Billet Doux* in the Cronier Collection, kept one's attention for a long time; they are very charming specimens of Fragonard's decorative manner.

The Chardin - Fragonard Exhibition, which afforded artists and public alike most splendid instruction, was, as I have said, a pronounced success, and the visitors at the Petit Gallery were for some weeks unprecedentedly numerous. And it is to be hoped that a display such as this may not be without its effect on the future. There are in the French school other great artists whose works it would be a delight to see brought together in the same way. Already there is talk of a Boucher exhibition for next year. But let us not forget certain less "fashionable" artists, such, for instance, as our admirable Claude Lorrain, who can never be sufficiently honoured.

HENRI FRANTZ.



"LE BILLET DOUX." FROM THE OIL-PAINTING BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD.
(In the possession of MM. Eugène Kraemer and Wildenstein.)



"LA FÊTE DE ST-CLOUD." BY
JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD

(The property of the Bank of France)



DECORATIVE PANELS
BY J. H. FRAGONARD



(In the possession of M. Eugène Kraemer)



(In the possession of M. Eugène Kraemer)



DECORATIVE PANELS
BY J. H. FRAGONARD

WILLIAM KEITH, LAND-
SCAPE PAINTER, OF
CALIFORNIA.

It sometimes happens that the wanderer in the foothills of California will find at his feet some jewel-like fragment, carried by stream or long-vanished glacier from its matrix in the towering Sierra and cast upon the verges of the pastoral country. The geologist will speculate upon the logic of its presence, may trace it home to its mountains, or may fail of the clue—but knows, nevertheless, that though the trail be lost, there is an integral connection between the iridescent thing in his hand and the hidden mountain formation from which it came, though they be separated by vaguely comprehended intervals of time and space. And if the wayfarer be merely a lover of beauty he will at least see in his *trouvaille* its delight of blended colour and fire, and, refreshed by pleasure, take up his road anew.

So the occurrence of an art like that of William

Keith, in a newly-awakened country and a land of recent art tradition, stirs the analytic sense, and what notes are here set down may interest even those of us who, like the traveller of incurious mind, enjoy the gem alone for its obvious and enduring charm of form and colour.

Like another modern master-workman in romance, Keith's memories revive the "hills of home." Sixty-eight years ago he was born in Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, and at twelve years of age his childhood was transplanted to America. On both sides of the family are strong old names. His mother was a Bruce, and in the background of the paternal line, the ruins of Dunnottar Castle loom historic, and that Earl Marischal Keith, whose statue as Field-Marshal of Frederick the Great stands to-day in Berlin, and in bronze replica, presented by William the First, at Peterhead.

Mr. Keith's art apprenticeship was to the careful toil of the wood-engraver, at that fine modern period and climax of the art just before the introduction of the more popular and rapid reproductive processes



"A CALIFORNIAN LANDSCAPE"

BY WILLIAM KEITH





"TRANQUILLITY"

BY WILLIAM KEITH

by photography. The mechanical exactness of this work must have had upon his drawing its influence for firmness and power, just as the anatomical drawing incident to his surgical lectureship, trained the hand of Sir Seymour Haden to that delicacy and decision which have brought him an international fame.

It is again the story of "all precious things discovered late." Mr. Keith's powers, "like the good seed which shows no too ready springing before the sun be up, but fails not afterwards," were even by himself unsuspected in extent through long years of effort, experiment, and that struggle for clear expression which every painter knows. Little outside influence fell upon him during the period of development; the darkly mellow portraits seen occasionally in some shadowy corner of his studio, recall a residence in Düsseldorf during the time of the Franco-Prussian War, and in 1883—a year spent mainly in Munich—a swift passage through the South of Europe is coloured by rich and vivid memories of Velasquez. Other sojournings among European

galleries and painters have been of the briefest; his studies of the elder men have been the least part of his inspiration, and, separated by a continent and an ocean from their achievement, the voice that he has heard has been from within.

Had Mr. Keith's work progressed along the lines of his early, frankly out-of-door painting, with its cool colour and literal rendering of the aspects of landscape, we should perhaps to-day have had in him an American parallel of Daubigny; but another element early entered the field: tem-

perament asserting itself—the temperament of the poet and mystic. The direction of growth is changed—the mood rather than the material presentment of nature becomes his preoccupation, and the poet holds the brush with the painter. Here is the key which others have found to the chamber of mysteries, but with what a Western thrill of young romance does the door swing open to the new touch! This is his power—to render



"A GREY DAY"

BY WILLIAM KEITH

with its clear, original, unmuted vibration some fleeting "impression," some "moment without date," magical and transitory, deeply felt, in the shadow of the woods—in the fretted mirror of the meadow stream, or in dewy morning pastures—and the motive rather than the rest seems the clue to his place in modern art.

The first glance at any group of Mr. Keith's paintings clearly indicates his attitude toward nature and art. They deal with emotions aroused or suggested by landscape under certain conditions of light and atmosphere.

He himself says: "Broadly speaking, there are but two schools of landscape painting: one that has to do mainly with facts, workmanship and technique; the other with emotions so subtle, so elusive and evanescent, that they are almost beyond mortal reach." His own point of view is purely the latter, but his work illustrates his further statement, that to express the higher beauty one must deeply know the elementary and fundamental "facts." This is apparently what some of our younger painters forget, and in the effort to pass at once to what they rightly feel is the higher plane, they skip or neglect the intermediary evolutionary stage. That this cannot be, the Japanese artist well knows, and the delicate and emotional suggestion of his work is the fruit of the most gradual and thorough study of nature—so many years' drawing of leaves, so many of insects, birds, and animals, until finally, with no suggestion of effort, the hand achieves what the spirit dares. This necessary preliminary labour and training Mr. Keith has gone through, and now in his latest and ripest work, more and more we find that final touch of spirit upon matter, that apparently almost accidental inspiration and unpremeditated art which are really the harmonic and overtone of long insight and labour.

The visit of George Inness to California in 1890 brought together two men who had much in common through their art, although their methods were radically different. Mr. Inness came West for health, and spent his entire two months daily

in Mr. Keith's studio, painting and discussing painting. In his theory, that a canvas before it can be considered complete must necessarily go through a definite and prolonged number of stages and treatments, he differed from Mr. Keith, who usually paints under a high pressure of feeling which brings all his faculties to a focus, and obliges them to work with the greatest rapidity and concentration. Illustrating his method, Mr. Inness painted a picture, watched day after day throughout its gradual evolution by Mr. Keith with the keenest interest, and when the last touches had been given and the painter turned and laid down his brush, Mr. Keith pronounced his verdict: "Nevertheless, the picture is absolutely the work of to-day." It was true, and admitted by Inness; the soul and essentials of the work had been the contribution of the last day. And the effect was not more solid, nor its unity more complete than in Mr. Keith's swift and sure progress to his goal. This vivid purpose and definite aim are characteristic, and account for the speed and certainty with which his conception is embodied. Mr. Inness said later, "Not one of us (including the great Frenchmen of his own date) can carry a picture so far by the first intention, except perhaps Rousseau."

With this same concentration and energy, and the labour of omission, must some of the older men have worked, whose incredible aggregate is spread through the galleries of the world; not uncertainly, but with every faculty bent upon the realisation of the inner vision—"one thing, done at one time—in a moment!" as Mr. Keith, with permissible exaggeration, has expressed it.



"THE CROWN OF THE SIERRAS"

BY WILLIAM KEITH



“ANDANTE”

(In the possession of Miss Lena Blanding)

BY WILLIAM KEITH

Among the examples of his work that have crossed the Atlantic are those belonging to Mr. Stopford Brooke, and the large *Sunset among the Oaks*, now in the Frankfort Gallery, presented by Mr. Jacob Schiff, who in his private collection in New York owns several other canvases. Here also Mr. Keith's paintings may be seen in the galleries of Mr. E. H. Harriman, Senator Clarke, Mr. Francis Burton Harrison, the late Collis P. Huntington, Mr. McKim and Mr. D. H. Burnham, in the Art Museum of Chicago and Brooklyn, and in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Occasionally he produces a canvas treated *al primo* in a high, clear key, such as the mountain composition *The Crown of the Sierras*, a reproduction of which is given here, but his favourite palette is a low rich chord of greens and browns, with rose and amber notes and glazes. A generic title for the most typical of his compositions might be *A Wooded Landscape*. Richly modelled masses of foliage, oak, madrona or eucalyptus, serve to throw into distance some clear sky stained with the hues of dawn or sunset, and reflected in the foreground

from pool or flowing stream. The suggestion of “the human interest” by skilfully placed landscape, painters' figures of lonely shepherds, or groups of children playing in the woodland shadows, is hardly needed, for on his canvas the most lonely and withdrawn places seem to hint at some hidden presence, some occupation of personality, felt rather than seen.

It is evident that his adopted country has had its share of influence upon the far-brought germ of art in William Keith. The echoes of tradition were sweet but dim in his ears, and around him were calling the voices of a new age—around him lay an untrodden region of beauty, to which vibrated all the chords of romance, and which stirred the deep and still waters of the Scottish heritage of imagination. Even as the deciduous avenues of Fontainebleau imparted a melancholy sweetness to the canvases of 1830, and the grey coasts and filtered sunlight of Scotland temper the low harmonies of the Glasgow palette, so in Keith's work we recognise the influence of that very close and familiar spirit of nature in the West—young, romantic, and

fecund; of waving harvests, bounded by low purple ranges veiled in vibrant haze, the weird majesty of sibyllic hemlocks and junipers in their Sierra fastnesses, and the perennial vigour of those mighty evergreen oaks that were old in the years when art was young.

The joy and rewards inherent in successful effort are peculiarly Mr. Keith's. The happiest hours of life are those spent before his easel, and the waking hours that do not find him there are few indeed. His home studio in the quiet university town of Berkeley adjoins the campus, with its famous "live oaks," which, because they are the very type of perennial strength and beauty, are oftenest on Mr. Keith's canvases. And as he walks beneath the low boughs in the evening, he can say, "If the joy of this day's work were all that life had to offer, I should be satisfied."

HENRY ATKINS.

the manner of this tradition as successfully as any of its exponents, using the pencil less as a fine point than with the breadth of handling which is characteristic of brush-work. The artist's application of his method to shadowy moonlight effects has always been happy. In more than one of his sketches, too, he has caught the idyllic note of figures bathed in the cold light. The fishing village of Cornwall—which, with its white walls, is, perhaps above other English villages, the one for providing beautiful moonlight effects—has afforded him inspiration for many of his drawings. There is often in an artist's drawings the suggestion for his larger pictures, and this gives them another interest; but it is Mr. Fedden's habit to carry his sketches to a degree of finish which warrants us in regarding them as in themselves complete pictures.

FURTHER LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF A. ROMILLY FEDDEN.

WE had occasion some two years ago to notice and illustrate in our columns the pencil work of Mr. Romilly Fedden. By adding to the work he had then achieved, not only fresh drawings of interest, but evidence of improved skill in dealing with his chosen effects, a further note is merited. The drawings which we now reproduce are culled from a collection which he recently exhibited at the galleries of Messrs. Frost & Reed in Bristol, and the improved skill just alluded to will be manifest if they are compared with the examples we reproduced on the occasion named. There is a quality in the moonlight subjects at Polperro, which is becoming notably a feature of the artist's work, calling for appreciation. Mr. Fedden keeps his hand in practice with studies of heads, and in the one entitled *Faustine* the drawing speaks of more than successful craftsmanship. This form of pencil-work has always been the achievement of a school of artists who arose under Sir H. von Herkomer's training at Bushey. Mr. Fedden has practised drawing in



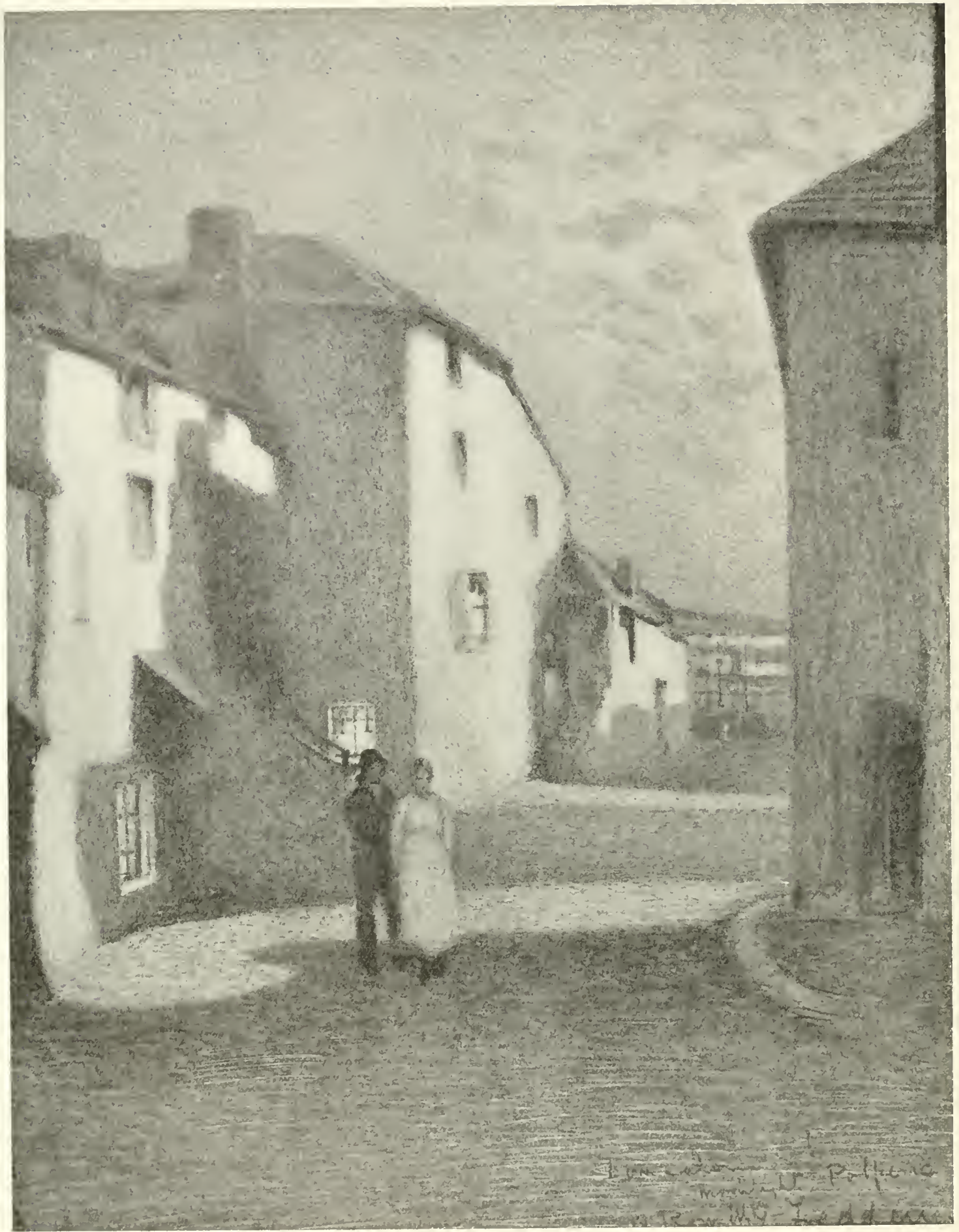
"A Polperro Type"

From a lead pencil drawing
By A. Romilly Fedden

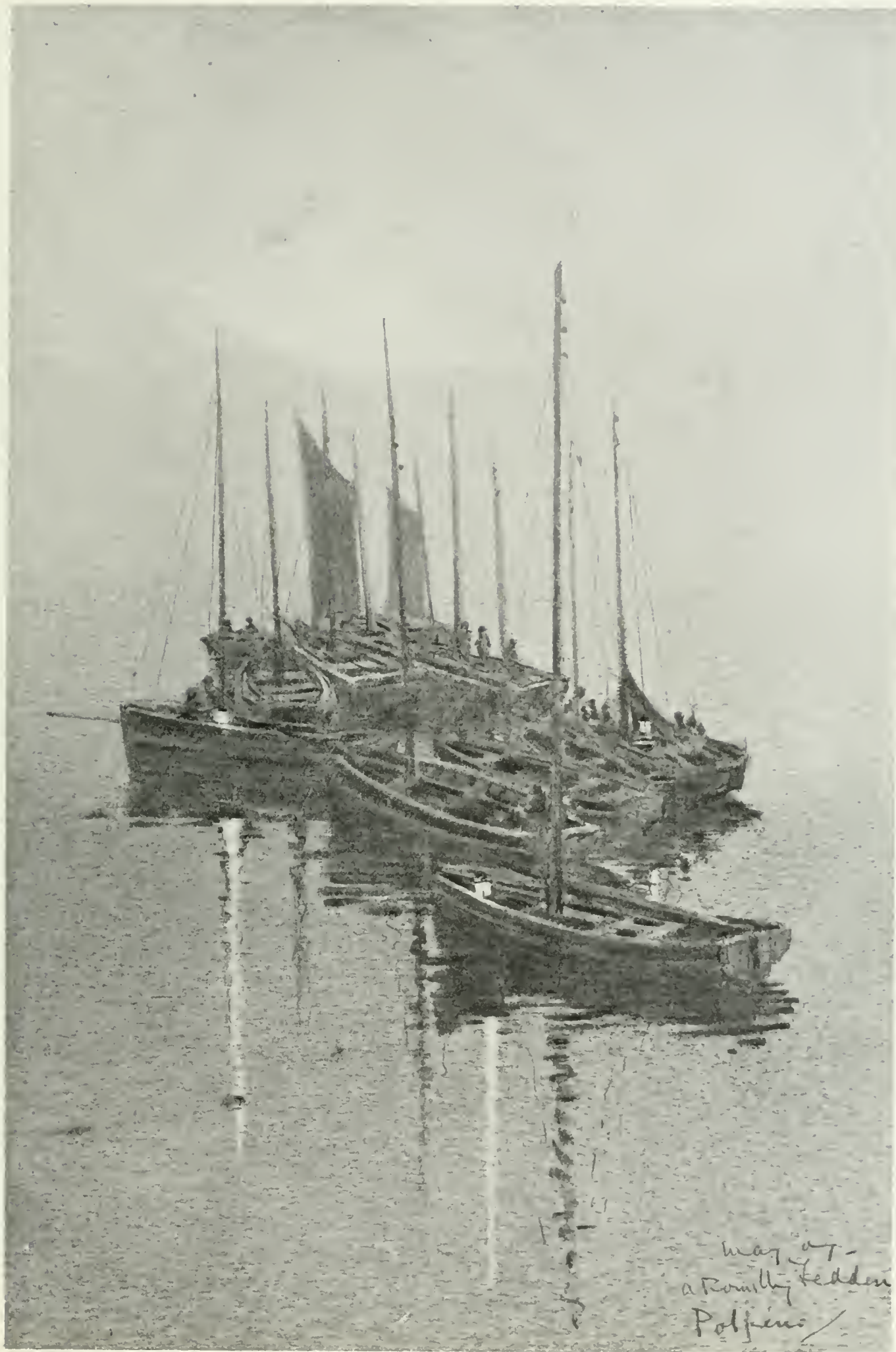


John.
Palpeno.
April 7
A Romilly Fedden

"John." From a lead pencil
drawing by A. Romilly Fedden



*"Moonlight, Lansallos Street, Polperro."
From a lead pencil drawing by A.
Romilly Fedden*



"Fishing Boats, Polperro" From a lead pencil drawing by A. Romilly Fedden



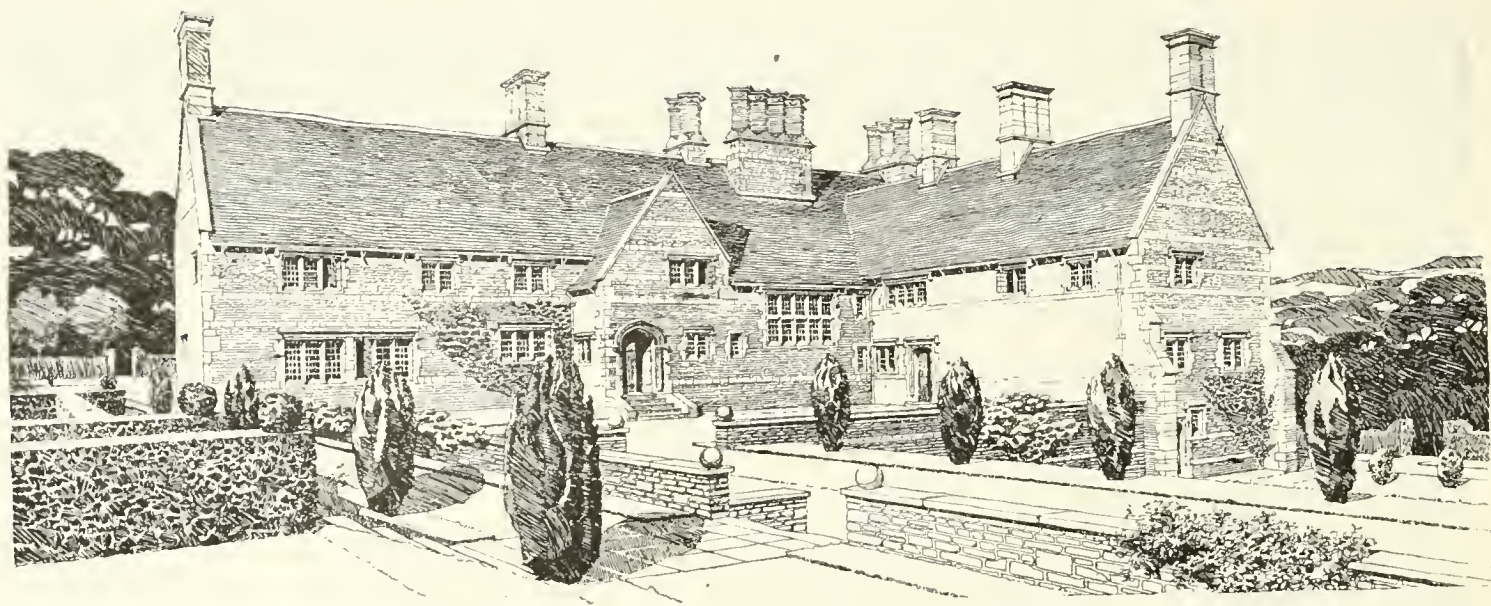
"Moonset, Polperro." From a lead
pencil drawing by A. Romilly Fedden



"FAUSTINE." FROM A
LEAD-PENCIL DRAWING
BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN



*"Moonlight and Shadows" From a lead
pencil drawing by A. Romilly Fedden*



DESIGN FOR A HOUSE AT WILLERSEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

A. N. PRENTICE, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT

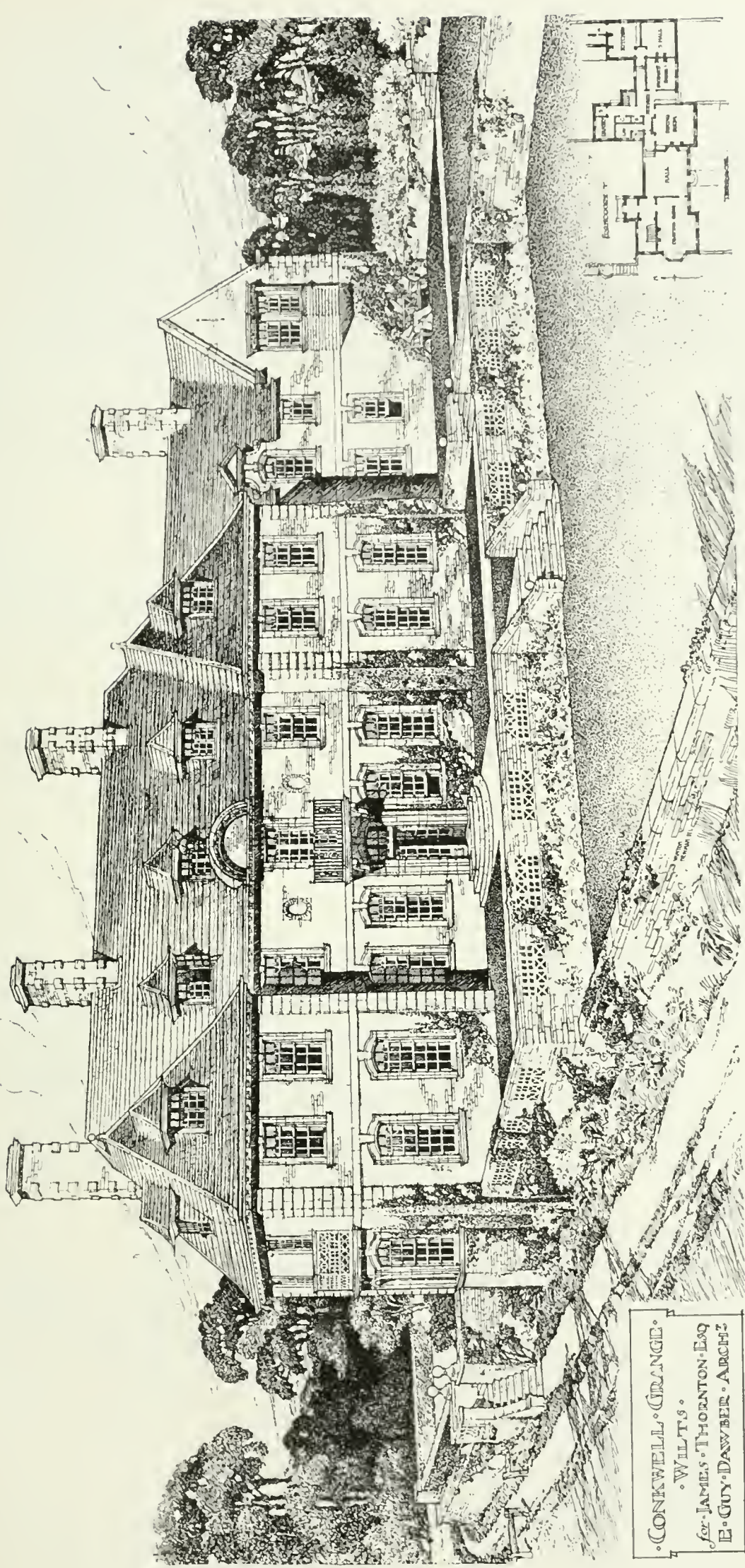
RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

THE proposed house at Willersey, in Gloucestershire, of which an illustration is given above, was designed by the architect, Mr. A. N. Prentice, F.R.I.B.A., for a site on the Cotswold Hills, and follows in style and character the traditional long, low stone buildings so typical of this locality. The drawing from which our illustration is taken was exhibited in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, and illustrates the entrance front. The designs have, however, not been carried out, the clients, owing to some unforeseen circumstances, having decided to abandon the work after the whole of the drawings for the house and stables had been prepared and tenders obtained. The walls were to have been built of stone to be obtained from a quarry adjoining the site; and the mullion windows, chimney stacks, etc., of Campden stone; while the roof, following another charming and distinctive feature of the neighbourhood was to have been covered with stone slates. The hilly nature of the site considerably influenced the planning; the kitchen wing, for instance, being on lower ground than the rest of the house, was to have cleaning and store-rooms, cellars, etc., on a lower floor. The principal rooms were planned to face the garden and give a most extensive view of the surrounding hills. A stable block, with accommodation for four horses and four hunters, together with a coachman's cottage and groom's rooms, was planned in a lower corner of the site.

Conkwell Grange, Wiltshire, the drawing of which, here reproduced, was, like the last, exhibited at this year's Royal Academy, is a

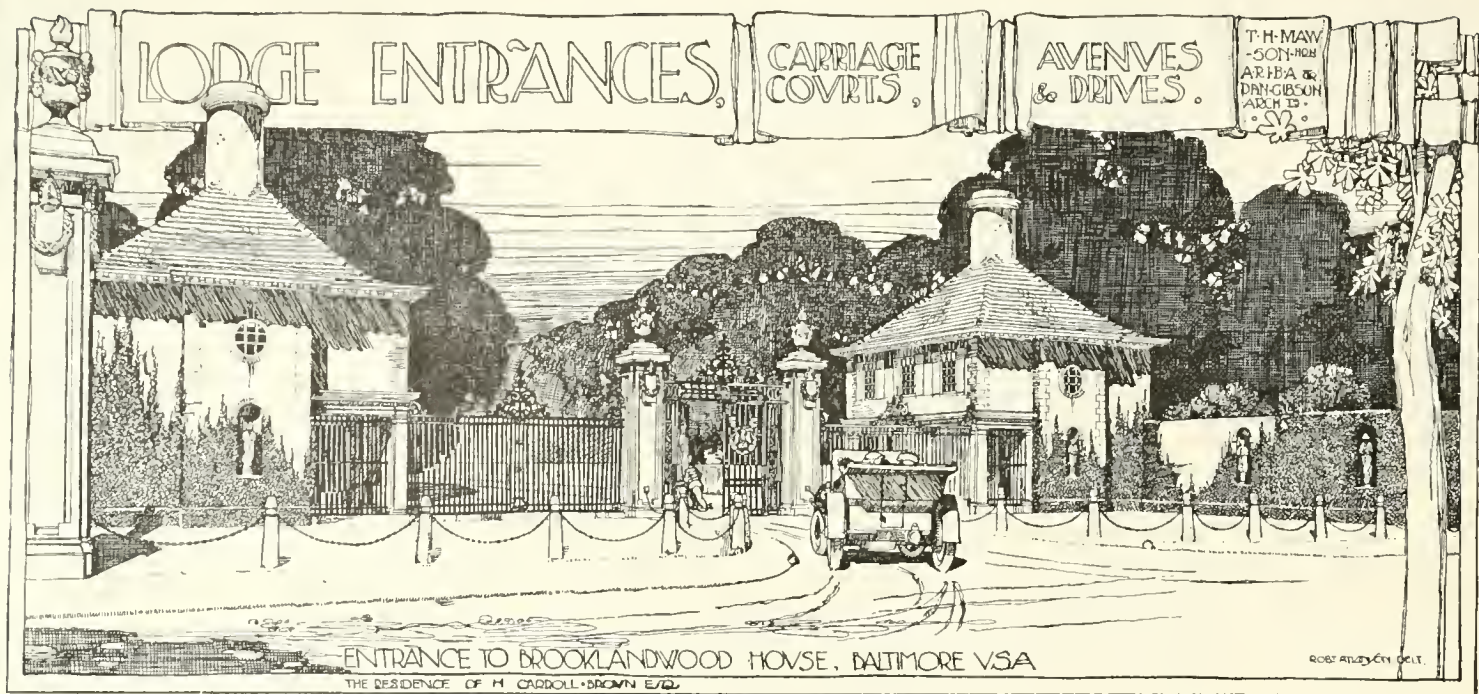
house now nearing completion from the designs of Mr. E. Guy Dawber. The site is a unique one, standing high up, at the edge of and partly in a wood, overlooking a broad sweep of country down to Savernake and Marlborough. The entrance and forecourt are arranged on the northern side, so sheltering the gardens, which lie towards the south, from observation; and as the ground falls towards the west, the higher ground lying on the eastern side again gives additional shelter from cold winds and weather. The stables, coachman's lodge, etc., are all arranged on the northern side of the house, in near contiguity with the approach, yet well away from the forecourt, etc. The house is planned on simple geometrical lines, with the main front lying due south. In the centre is the hall, opening on to a wide paved terrace, raised again above a lawn and series of formal and other gardens. Opening from the hall, at the south-western end, is the drawing-room, with dining-room, business-room, etc., to balance the eastern wing. The house is built of grey stone in thin courses, from old walls on the estate, and only the dressings to the windows and angles, etc., are new, so that with the old stone slate roof, the house already bears an impression of age and mellowness, and the raw harsh feeling so often associated with a new building does not appear. Inside a quiet treatment of panelled rooms, without floors, and hand-modelled plaster ceilings, etc., is in harmony with the simple yet dignified note adopted by Mr. Dawber in the exterior.

The twin lodges and gateway (p. 52) designed by Mr. T. H. Mawson and the late Mr. Dan. Gibson, acting as joint architects, form the entrance for a new drive to an existing house near Baltimore, U.S.A., owned by Mr. H. Carroll Brown. The



CONKWELL GRANGE.
WILTS.
for JAMES THORNTON ESQ
E. GUY DAWBER ARCHT

CONKWELL GRANGE, WILTS.
E. GUY DAWBER, ARCHITECT

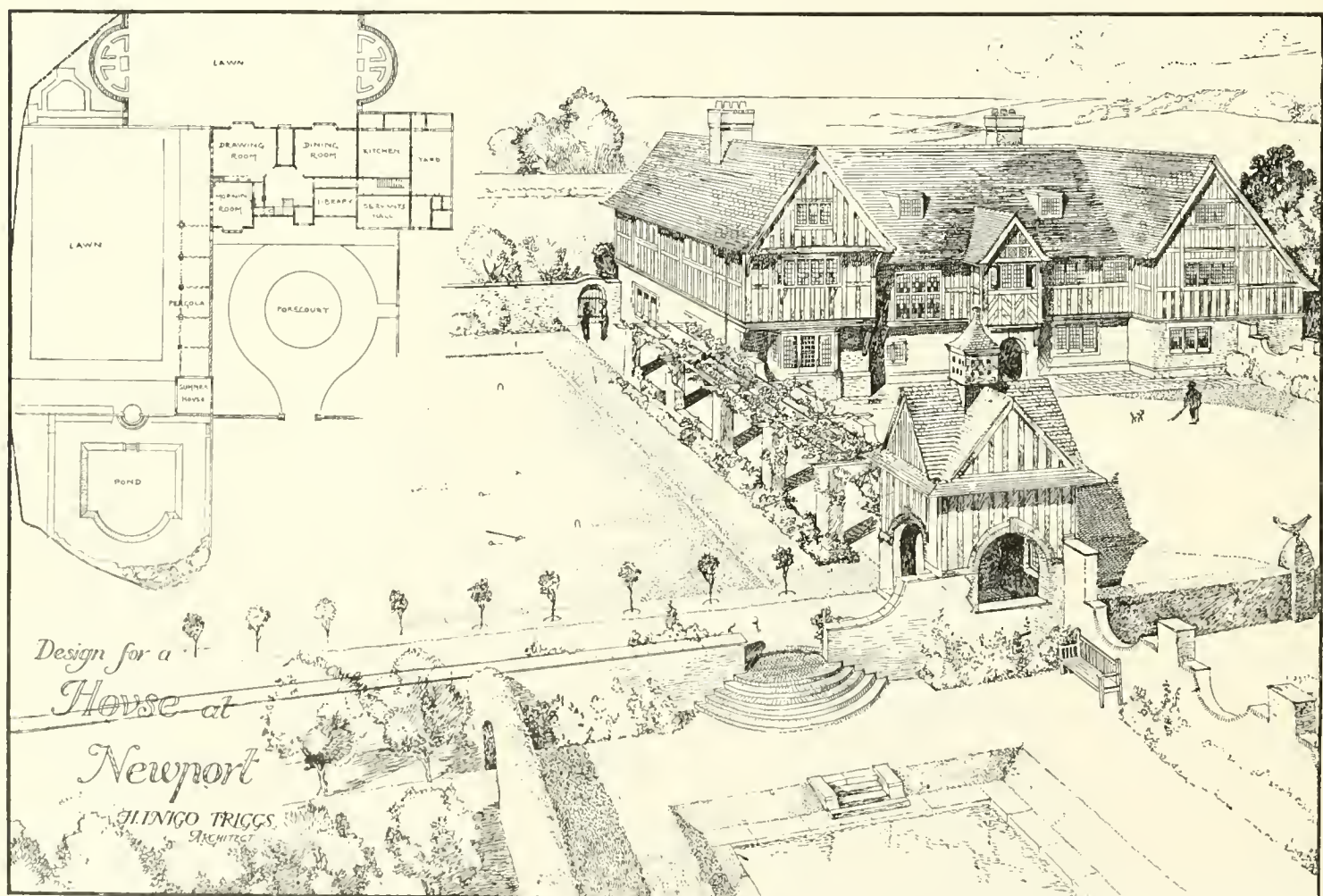


LODGE ENTRANCE, BROOKLANDWOOD HOUSE, BALTIMORE, U.S.A.

T. H. MAWSON AND THE LATE DAN GIBSON, JOINT ARCHITECTS

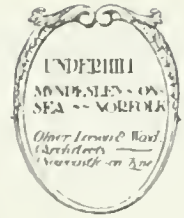
design has, in the course of being carried out, been slightly modified. According to custom on Mr. Brown's estate, small bricks, 8 inches by 2 inches, have been employed, and the entire exterior afterwards painted white. Leading from the gateway there is a wide straight avenue of old hickory and scarlet oak-trees, two species indigenous to the

district. Failing good grass, a wide border of English box has been planted on both sides, and this will eventually be trimmed square and level to a height of 3 feet. This is only a small part of the scheme of gardens designed for Mr. Brown. The drawing reproduced was exhibited in this year's Royal Academy.



DESIGN FOR A HOUSE AT NEWPORT

A. INIGO TRIGGS, ARCHITECT



HOUSE AT MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA

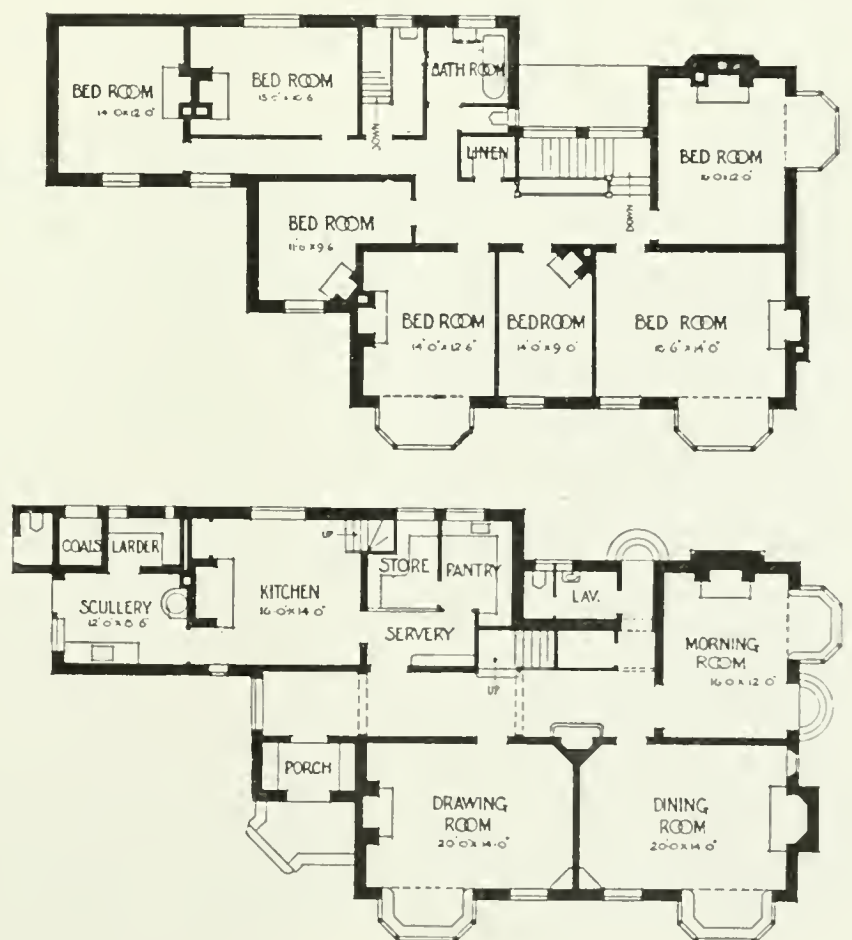
OLIVER, LEESON & WOOD, ARCHITECTS

Mr. Inigo Triggs' design for a house at Newport was likewise in this year's Academy. The house is approached by a forecourt, upon one side of which stands a half-timbered dovecot and open garden house. A pergola, built in the Italian manner, connects this garden building and the house. This is carried out in a treatment of half-timber work upon traditional English lines, with garden entrance on the west side, leading to the lawn. The first floor contains seven bedrooms, the servants' rooms being above.

For the house at Mundesley, on the Norfolk coast, of which we here give a perspective view and plans, the materials employed are red brick with split flint diaper and glazed pantiles for the roof. The bays are carried out in wood, with lights and cast-lead panels between the windows. Wood tracery like that indicated in the windows is found in many old houses in the district. The architects of this house are Messrs. Oliver, Leeson & Wood, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The house at Wokingham, Berks, of which a view is given on the next page, has been built for Mr. E. D. Mansfield, from the design of Mr. Ernest Newton, on a

well-wooded site about a mile south of Wokingham. The bricks used for facings are "clamp" bricks from Chichester; they are very varied in colour—

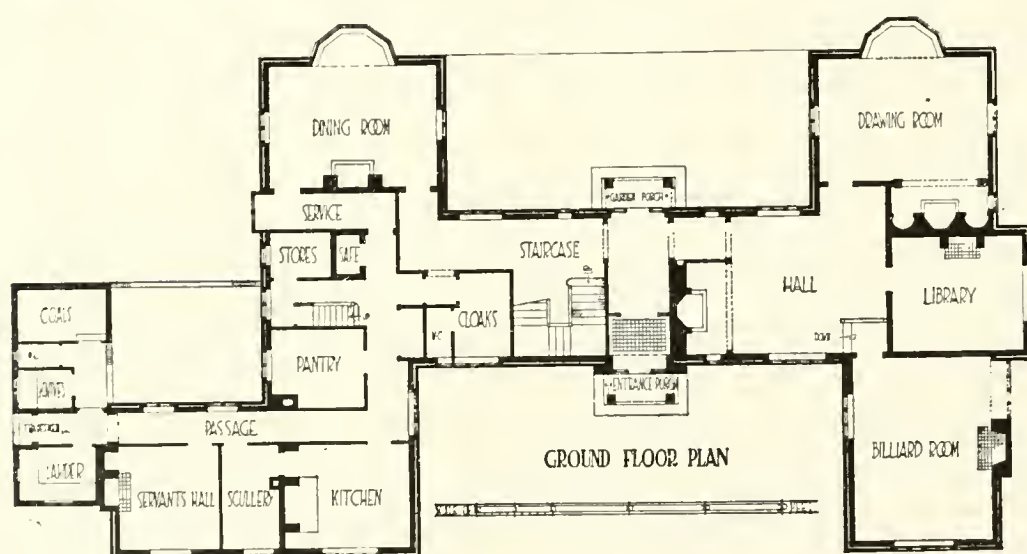


PLANS OF THE ABOVE HOUSE



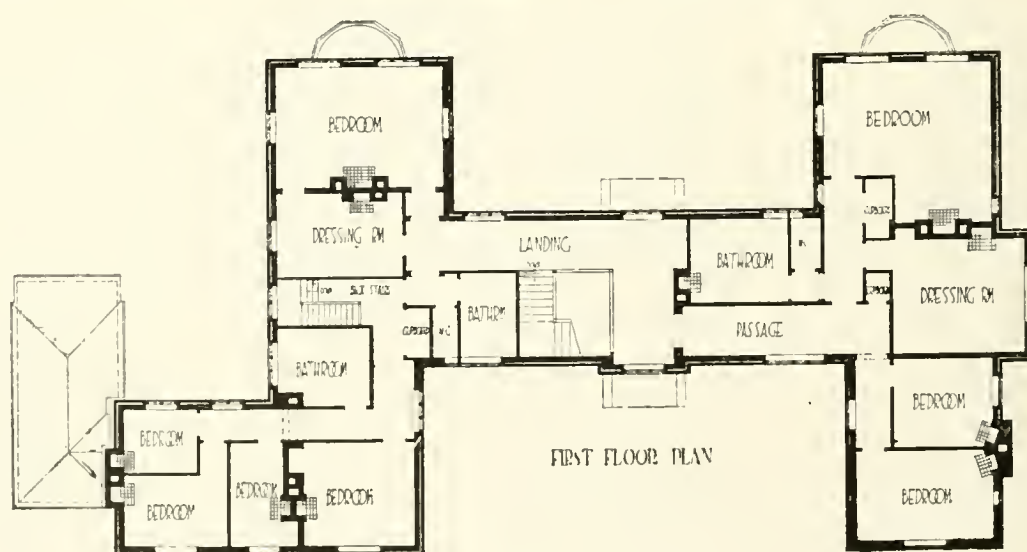
HOUSE AT WOKINGHAM

ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT



house where ordinary red bricks and tiles are used. In the above view the southern aspect of the house is shown. On this side are the drawing-room and dining-room (both measuring 22 feet by 16 feet in greatest length and in width) and principal bedroom. The hall shown in the plan is 26 feet by 18 feet, and the billiard-room 24 feet by 18 feet.

deep ruby red, russet brown, grey, and almost plum colour. The angles of the walls and the margins round the windows are made with deep red kiln bricks. The roof is covered with rich red hand-made Kentish tiles. The whole effect of colour is quiet and pleasant, and quite different from the crude raw look of a new



PLANS OF THE ABOVE HOUSE

STUDIO-TALK

(From our Own Correspondents)

LONDON.—Mr. T. C. Gotch's triptych *Stephen and two attendant Figures*, here reproduced, is an adaptation to a decorative scheme of a child's portrait, exhibited by the artist in the Royal Academy last year. The attendant figures have received a treatment which makes them fittingly combine with the reality of the portrait. The difficulties of such a combination are not to be disputed, and the always sympathetic nature of Mr. Gotch's art triumphs here. The frame of the triptych, by the Guild of Handicraft, is a very successful piece of decoration.

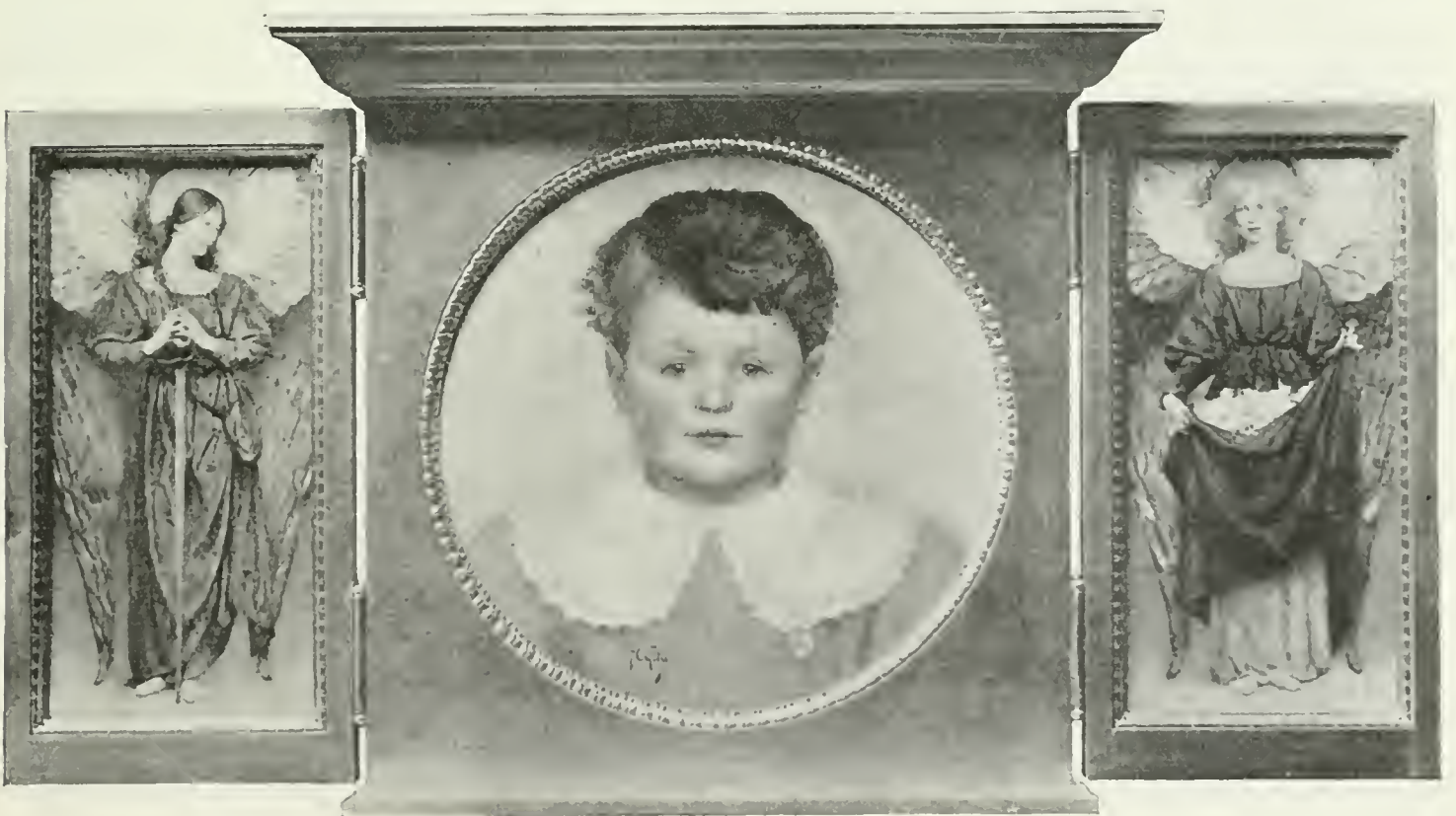
The water-colour by Mr. T. L. Shoomsmith, reproduced on page 56, is one which was shown a little while back at Mr. Baillie's gallery. The pleasant simplicity of the artist's style commends itself to us not less in this class of subject than in his landscape.

On page 57 we reproduce a drawing (exhibited in the recent Royal Academy Exhibition) by Mr. John T. Lee, F.R.I.B.A., of his design for the interior of St. Margaret's Church, Eastney. The portion shown consists of three bays with an ambula-

tory screened on each side continuing round the east end behind the altar. The chancel is lighted by two lancet windows in each of the six bays north and south. On the north are the vestries, with the organ projecting into the chancel overhead, and a chapel. The reredos, 29 feet high by 13 feet 6 inches wide, is recessed for an altar 9 feet long, curved at the back over the retable, and domed at the top over the subject of "The



FRAME FOR MR. GOTCH'S TRIPTYCH (*See below*)
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT



TRIPTYCH: "STEPHEN AND TWO ATTENDANT FIGURES"

(By permission of Mrs. Penton)

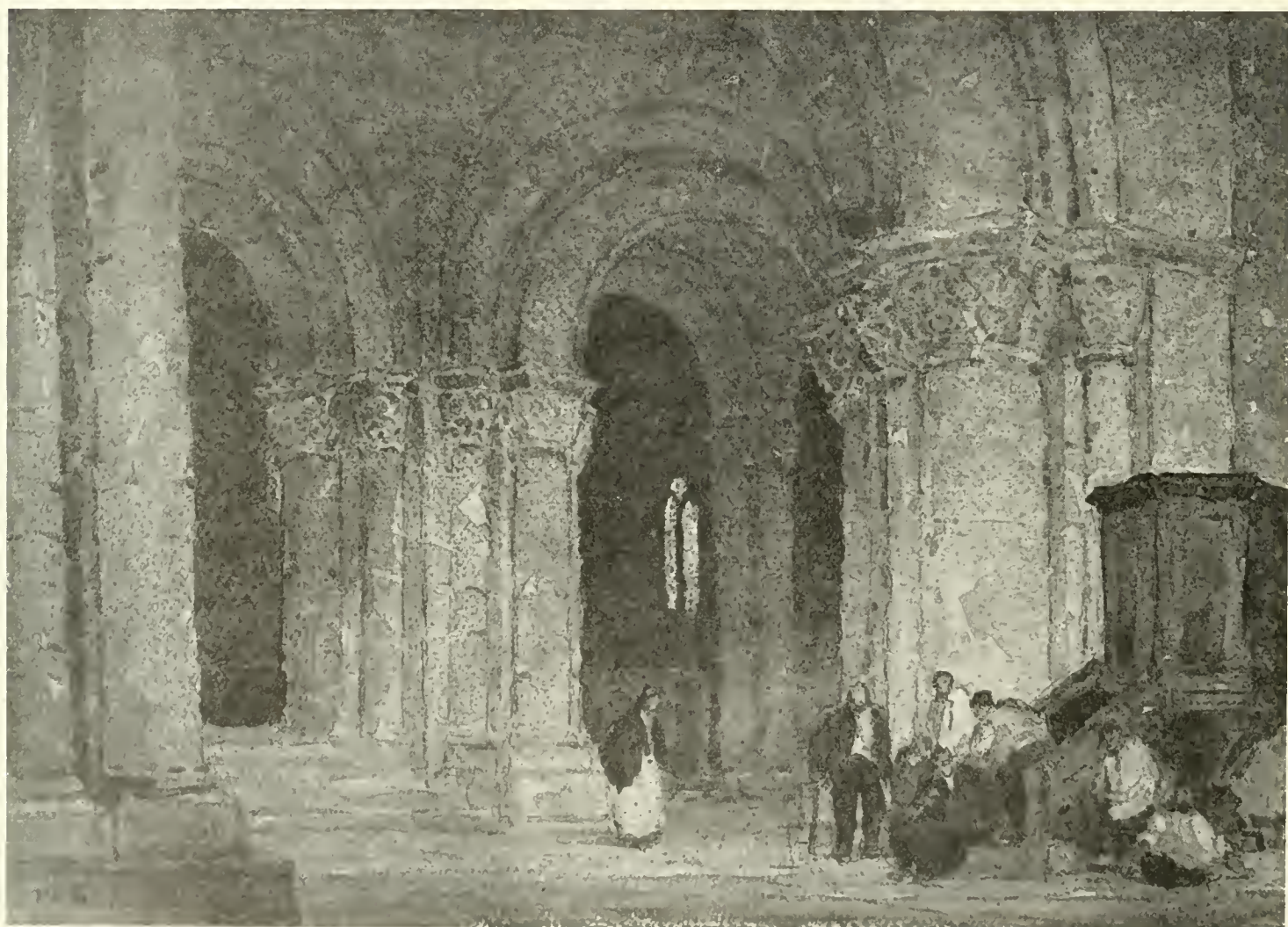
BY T. C. GOTCH

Majesty." The surround of the reredos, with its flanking piers for standing lights, is plated with sheets of brass riveted on; the border and blocks of same having acanthus and scroll ornament in low relief. The retable is of white marble with narrow vertical panels of pale-green marble carrying a plain brass cross, the two altar lights being placed on the altar itself, and the seven sanctuary lamps suspended from the roof in two horizontal tiers. The altar is to be of the same material as the reredos, but lacquered in silver-grey. The altar rails have the emblems of the evangelists repoussé in metal. The nave is subdivided into five bays by stone arches springing from the floor across the nave. The roof following the curve of these cross arches is divided into eighteen panels in each bay, the lower three panels throughout being filled with winged and vested figures of the hierarchy of Heaven, the first bay of the roof being shown in the view of the interior with an important cross in metal suspended beneath.

On page 58 we reproduce Mr. Muirhead Bone's pencil drawing of the demolition of St. James's Hall, to which we briefly referred in our notes last

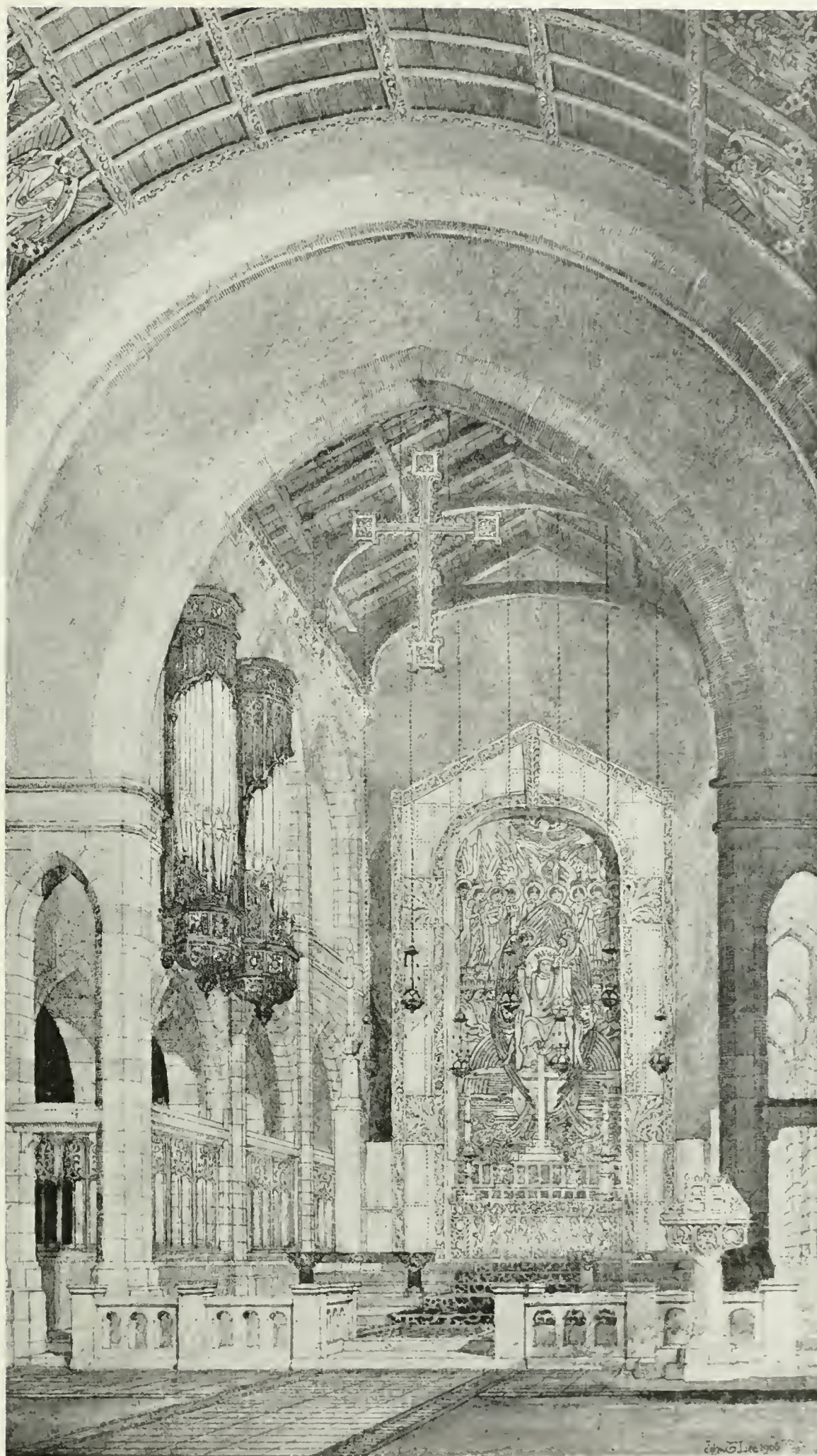
month. Mr. Bone's acknowledged rank as a draughtsman and etcher of street architecture is a very high one. His art has been mentioned with Méryon's. Méryon was a dreamer; the streets of his Paris are haunted, the windows eloquent of tragedy. Mr. Bone creates the ordinariness of the London suburb with as rare an art, in his way, as Dickens. He has his romantic moments, chiefly before the spectacle of labour. When in this mood he is akin to Mr. Brangwyn and Mr. Kipling, in certain aspects of their art; but his concern is less than theirs with the splendour of modern invention, his theme being the significance of building—of great places dismantled, stripped of glory, and the fairy bridges of scaffolding by which we pass to newer things.

It was gratifying to note that the work of the Junior Art Workers' Guild, as seen at its recent annual exhibition at Clifford's Inn, still maintains its excellence in design and workmanship. The work of the jewellers and metal-workers of the Guild more especially bore evidence of fresh thought, expressed in lively and exuberant fancies, with great variety of colour and wealth of detail.

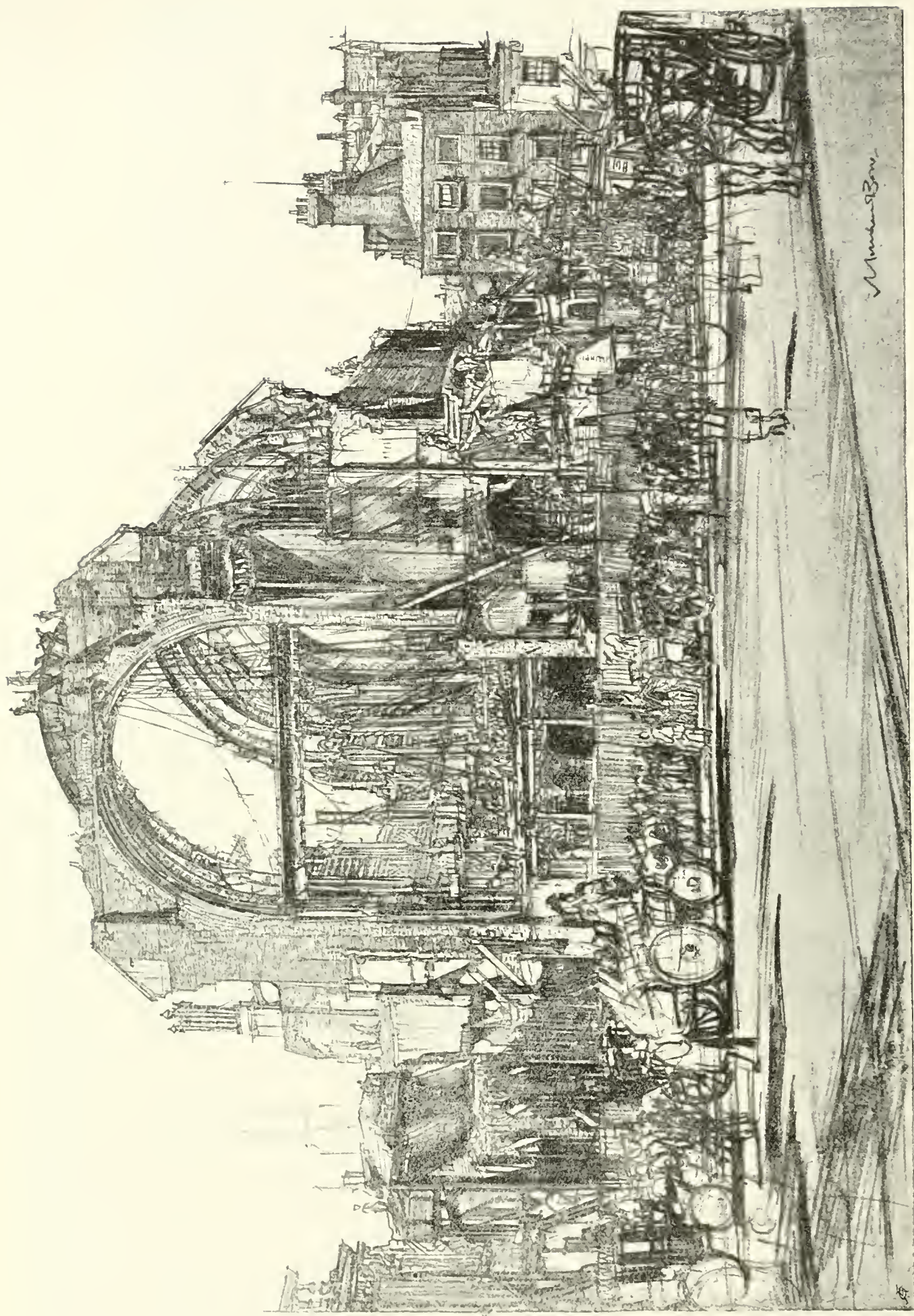


"IN CASTOR CHURCH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE"

BY T. L. SHOOSMITH



INTERIOR OF ST. MARGARET'S, EASTNEY
JOHN T. LEE, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT



“THE DEMOLITION OF ST. JAMES’S
HALL, PICCADILLY.” FROM THE
DRAWING BY MUIRHEAD BONE

(By permission of Mrs. X.)

Studio-Talk



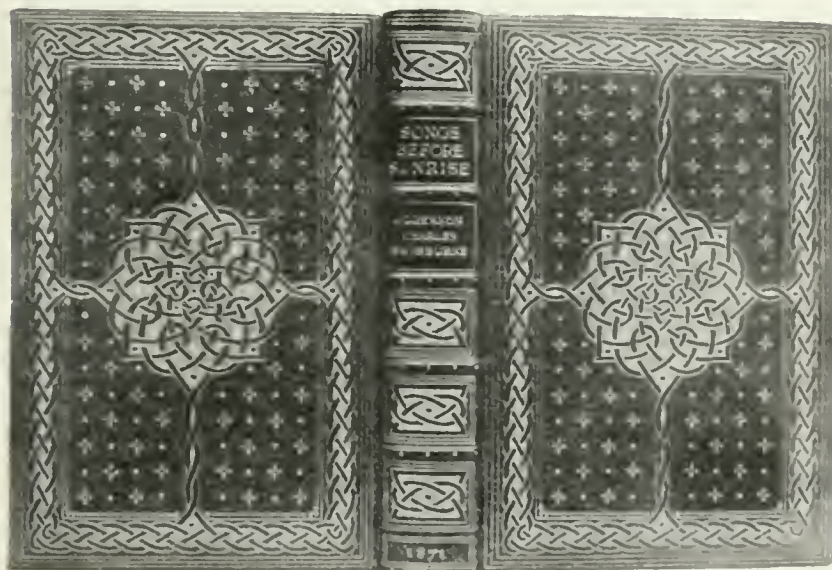
BUST OF H. J. DYER, ESQ.
BY MERVYN LAWRENCE

This was particularly noticeable in the jewellery by Messrs. Hugh B. Cunningham, W. S. Hadaway, J. A. Hodel, Edward Spencer and J. H. M. Bonner. Mr. Richard Garbe's silver scent bottle (p. 60) is an excellent piece of work, charming in colour, refined and restrained in design. Among the larger exhibits a stove in steel and brass, designed by Mr. G. Ll. Morris, was worthy of notice. The sculpture this

year was more interesting than usual. The design for a monument by Charles Petworth showed a deeper than usual knowledge of architecture in its relation to figure sculpture. E. S. Gillick sent a fountain of considerable merit. A statuette, a beautiful nude figure, by Mervyn Lawrence, was one of the best things in the exhibition. Mr. Garbe's sculpture



"MAN AND THE IDEAL" BY RICHARD GARBE



BOOKBINDING IN GREEN LEVANT STRAPWORK INLAID IN RED AND CLOSELY DOTTED BACKGROUND BY F. SANGORSKI AND G. SUTCLIFFE

Only two members sent furniture, Mr. Ambrose Heal, junr., being represented by an oak toilet-table and a homely washstand, both first-rate examples of modern furniture, and Mr. G. Ll. Morris by a painted toilet-table, pleasant in colour and well-proportioned. Some well-designed fabrics were sent by Mr. Alfred Dennis, and delightful specimens of bookbindings by A. de Sauty and Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe. Among the drawings and photographs of architecture, the houses and cottages by Oswald P. Milne should be specially mentioned; also those by Michael

Bunney, showing a praiseworthy knowledge of local traditional forms. Theodore Fyfe's Shaftesbury Institute was a good example of severe design; and the cottages and houses by Mr. Heywood Haslam and Mr. Antony R. Barker were also interesting. On the walls were fine etchings by Mr. Luke Taylor and Mr. Laurence Davis, photographs after Ostade by Mr. F. T. Hollyer, beautiful minia-

tures by Mr. Lionel Heath, a portrait by Mr. Dudley Heath, and paintings by Messrs. F. W. Carter, Stacy Aumonier and F. Tayler.

and has been of undoubted educational value; but certain works, especially those of vigorously modern handling, met with marked disfavour in some quarters.



BRONZE STATUETTE: "FANCY"
BY MERVYN LAWRENCE

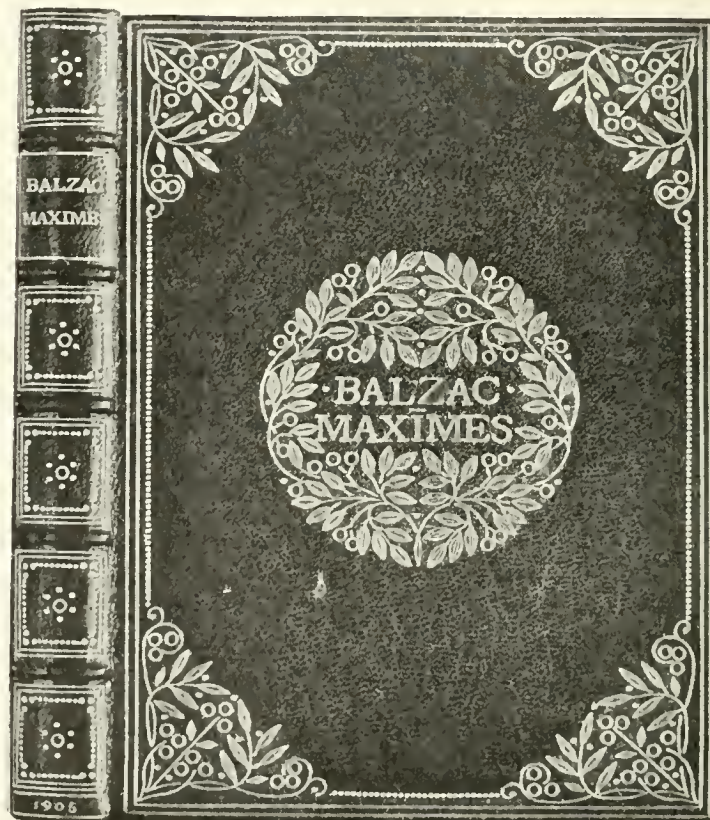
In the mosaic panel made by Mr. George Bridge from a sketch by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, shown in the accompanying coloured supplement, the refined colour scheme and decorative massing of form have received the ablest interpretation at Mr. Bridge's hands.

The R.B.A. exhibition, however, has proved more to the taste of the public of the West.

Of course, most of the pictures have already been seen and criticised in London, but there are a few

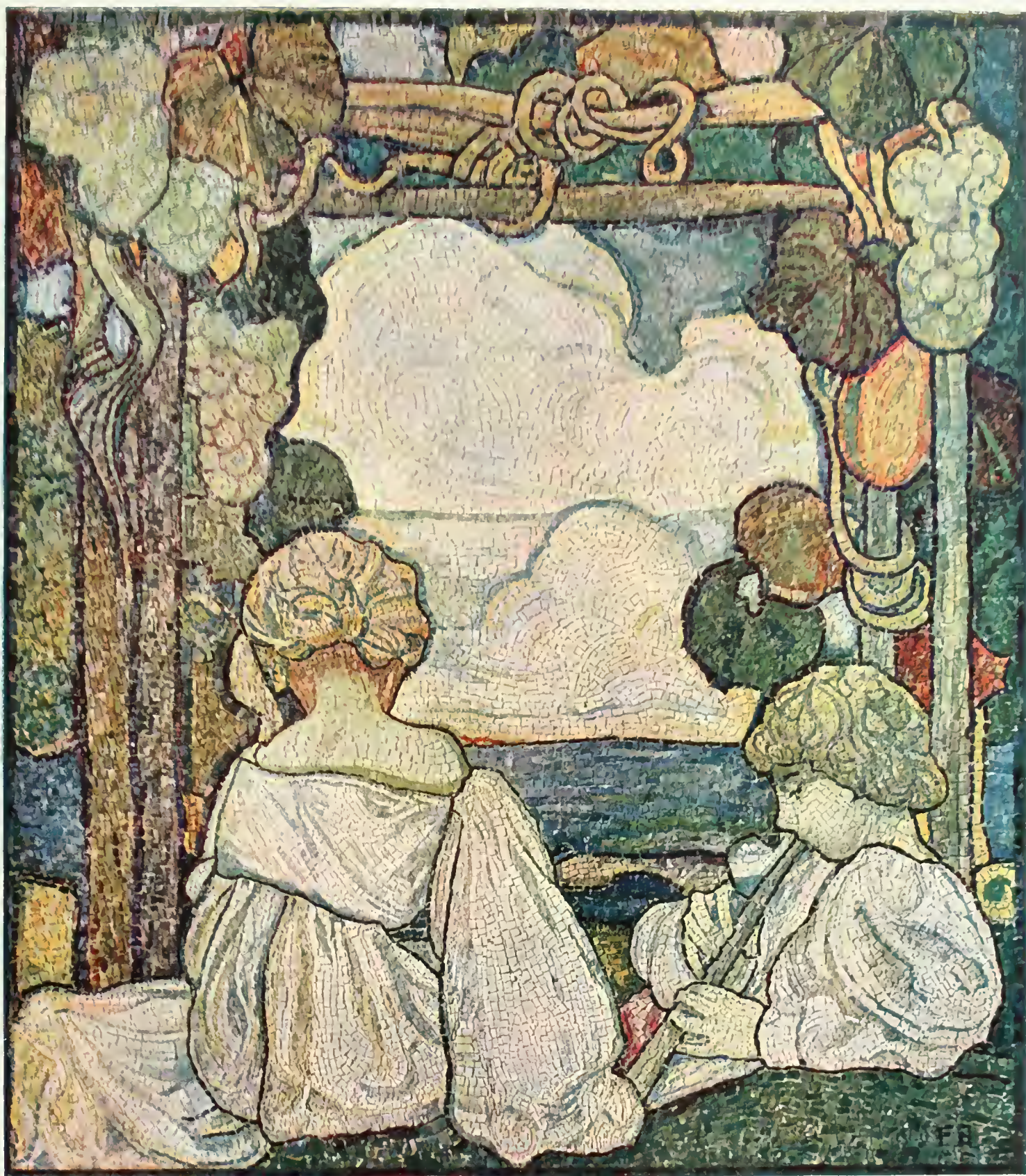


SCENT BOTTLE IN FISHSKIN, SILVER
AND IVORY
BY R. GARBE



BOOKBINDING IN GREEN LEVANT
BY F. SANGORSKI AND G. SUTCLIFFE

BATH.—The Corporation are doing their best to encourage a serious interest in art by inviting some of the leading societies down. With this object they offered hospitality to the Royal Society of British Artists who are holding an exhibition in the Victoria Art Gallery. On the occasion of the opening Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., the president, gave a short address on the society, touching on its history and its aims. People here are somewhat slow to take advantage of or to realise their opportunities, but there are decided evidences of a re-awakened interest in the Fine Arts. The visit of the New English Art Club gave rise to considerable discussion and is still referred to. It delighted those who regard painting seriously





that have been substituted for works sold during the summer show which are noteworthy. Murray Smith's little panel, *Dutchmen*—boats lying in a flat-shored estuary—is painted with well-chosen variety of impasto. Mr. Elphinstone's *Morning*—boats sailing swiftly under a light breeze across a silvery sea, is among the most striking works shown, and Mr. L. C. Powles has an excellent landscape in oils, painted with his accustomed good taste and feeling for quality. Miss Kemp-Welch has a study of three cobs, which is up to her reputation. Many of the landscapes seem needlessly large for their artistic *motifs*, no doubt a result of the fierce competition in galleries, where small work, however good, is liable to be overlooked. In this respect Mr. A. Talmage's *Under Grey Skies* must be said to err; otherwise it is a capable study of the silvery clouds of France floating over a typical landscape. Mr. Frank Swinstead has some good pastels of farmyard subjects well carried through, and Harding Smith's *Lyme Regis from the Charmouth Road* is an attractive water-colour.

A. H. R. T.

EDINBURGH.—It is all in the interest of art in Scotland that there should exist in Edinburgh a society composed mainly of the younger men in the profession whose main object is to run an Exhibition of their own, which, while not antagonistic to the Academy, yet naturally gives greater scope to those who are outside Academic rank. The Scottish Artists' Society has justified its existence in that it was largely instrumental in leading to reform in the management of Academy exhibitions, and it may thus be said to have accomplished one main purpose of its founders. But its continued prosperity shows the need for and the public appreciation of the Society.

The thirteenth Exhibition of the Society, now being

held in three of the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy, well maintains the standard of any which has preceded, especially as regards landscape, while the excellence of some of the figure work redeems the paucity of quantity, and there are one or two portraits of average merit. Mason Hunter, who was this year elected Chairman of the Council, has made a distinct step forward with a large sea-piece. For a number of years most of his work has lain in this direction associated more or less with incident. In his picture of *'Twiixt Morven and Mull where the Tide Eddies Roar*, he has not only reached a finer harmony of greys, but the wave modelling conveys a fitting sense of the vastness and power of the sea. Another of the young men, W. M. Frazer, has an important Highland landscape, the largest he has yet exhibited, with an



"GLOIRE DE DIJON

BY ROBERT HOPE

attractive foreground of water and reeds. It was in the rendering of this type of scenery that Mr. Frazer first drew attention to his work, and its combination with a massive mountain range, which occupies most of the mid-distance, has been well worked out. J. Campbell Mitchell breaks new ground with a very delicate evening effect on a quiet sea and low-toned stretch of sand, and in a spring idyll W. S. MacGeorge gives a joyous group of two children set against a background of white blossom. His colour scheme is in a much lighter key than usual. Charles H. Mackie who, with a passion for daring colour effect, combines skill in composition, evidences his ability in both directions by a picture of fishermen drawing boats up the steep roadway that leads from a little creek to a hamlet. A much painted subject is the Dochart in "spate" above the bridge at Killin, and Marshall Brown in his rendering of it has made little of the topographical, but given a very impressive picture of wildly rushing water.

Another of the younger men who have made a decided hit this year is Duddingstone Herdman. Inspired by Longfellow's verse, Mr. Herdman has realised the poet's fancy by a very beautiful presentment of budding womanhood, the fine modelling of the figure being emphasised by the very free brushwork of the landscape. In *The Peacock Feather* Robert Hope has painted a figure subject that will greatly enhance his reputation. It is not only that the painting of the rich blue and brown draperies of the lady's dress are made to harmonise successfully with a soft grey

background, but the flesh tones have a pure and refined quality that lifts the work above the realm of the merely decorative. In some respects his *Gloire de Dijon* is even finer, the colour scheme there being a pale blue against a soft grey background. Decoration with a strong leaning to Celtic *motifs* has been the principal work of John Duncan, who this year has come forward with a picture that suggests study on the lines with which we are familiar in the works of J. W. Waterhouse. *The Song of the Rose* is an ambitious work, but so little is done in this direction in Scotland that the public may look with favour on an attempt to strike out in a line that is not stereotyped at least north of the Tweed. The figures of maidens grouped round a bush laden with crimson roses have individuality,



"WHERE BROOK AND RIVER MEET"

BY DUDDINGSTONE HERDMAN



“TWIXT MORVEN AND MULL”

BY MASON HUNTER

and the colour has been subdued without being deadened.

There are a few loan pictures which add to the attractiveness of the exhibition, notably works by Isabey, Corot, Neuhuys, Van Marcke, E. A. Hornel, and W. McTaggart. The last-named is a pretty regular contributor to the Society's exhibition, and a large sea-piece, representing a fishing-boat scudding to the harbour with the light of dawn chasing away the leaden greys of night, evidences his mastery in the rendering of atmosphere and motion. The collection of water-colours bulks quite as largely as usual, but there is nothing very distinctive and the sculptures are of little importance.

A. E.

DUBLIN.—It is only three years since Mr. George Russell, better known by his pseudonym A. E., held his first exhibition of pictures in Dublin. To those who already knew him as a poet, these can-

vases were the inevitable counterpart of his literary work; to those who did not, they had the attraction of a new treatment of a theme that is as old as the world—a treatment at once wholly unconventional, personal to the man, and containing within itself the emotional expression of the painter's idea. For Mr. Russell's personality shows clearly through his work. Even did we not know that he was a poet, we should gather as much from a glance at the walls of his studio.

If we study those of his pictures in which human figures occur, we shall find that Mr. Russell has used the figures to illustrate and complete his design rather than to stand out as from a setting. Like Leonardo, Mr. Russell seems to think that “Man and the intention of his soul are the supreme themes of the artist,” and in these dim blue canvases, so free from inexpressive detail, he seeks to convey some sense of the harmony between man and nature, of the existence of which he himself is so profoundly conscious. This is the keynote



"THE GAME OF HEN AND CHICKENS"

BY GEORGE RUSSELL

of his work—work which is lyrical rather than dramatic, and which is characterised by simplicity and spontaneity, and by a deep and abiding sympathy.

Mr. Russell has a vivid sense of the mystery and charm of Irish landscape, and his delicate perception is expressed in fluent colour phrases, in designs that tremble with a frail beauty. His pictures are haunting melodies in colour that embody the fleeting expressions of blue mountains as they rise above dim lakes, the inner radiance that glows beneath the earth and sea, that hidden beauty, which, to the poet, shines through the garment of the actual and seems to emerge from the bare brown ridges with their walls of loose stones, from the dark pools set in the midst of wide heather fields, from the stretches of lonely sea-shore over which an eternal silence seems to brood. Much of the charm of Mr. Russell's work comes from the element of design in it. In all his landscapes, however slight in treatment, one is conscious of this quality of design as a positive force. And while, like many modern artists, Mr. Russell is chiefly concerned with his interpretation of nature and

hardly at all with a realistic presentation of it, he has yet achieved something which realist and impressionist alike often miss—he has succeeded in transferring to his canvases something of the evanescent and mysterious beauty, so elusive and yet so distinctive, which clothes the hill-sides of his native land.

E. D.

VIENNA.—A few months ago the art-world suffered a heavy blow by the death of Wilhelm

Bernatzik, one of Austria's most prominent artists of the modern school. The deceased painter was one of the original founders of the Vienna Secession, and he was also among those who joined the seceders from this body when the split was brought about. After that event the artist lived a quiet secluded life in the midst of his work, so much so that often his friends neither saw nor heard anything of him for months together. The recent exhibition of his works at the Miethke Gallery was arranged by his fellow seceders (that is the Klimt Group, as they are now called), out of



"IN DONEGAL"

BY GEORGE RUSSELL



"THE FAIRY LAKE"

BY WILHELM BERNATZIK

pious respect for the memory of their deceased friend.

It is now some twenty years since Wilhelm Bernatzik first appeared before the public at the Genossenschaft Exhibition. He had then newly arrived from Paris, where he had studied under Léon Bonnat, and interest at once arose in the young artist who showed so much talent. But, spite of his Paris sojourn, Bernatzik remained an Austrian, full of the strength and also the robustness of his race, combined with a fineness of feeling, poetic judgment and true love for colour which he everywhere shows in his work. As a member of the Secession he also showed this same robust energy by the manner in which, at short notice, he collected in Paris the materials for the exhibition of works by the Impressionists and their followers in 1903, an event which marked so great an era in the history of the Vienna Secession.

In his early days Bernatzik painted religious pictures, for which he found his motives in the old cloisters of Heiligenkreuz, near Vienna. His picture, *The Vision of St. Bernard*, is now in the Imperial Gallery. The Emperor also acquired others of the artist's religious works, the *Mönche am Kalvarienberg in Heiligenkreuz* among them. Everything he painted was done from nature, which offered him a rich store of her abundance. His early landscapes were sufficient proof of this, and the young artist quickly earned recognition. He also painted interiors of the old Biedermaier period, full of poetic form for those who seek, and Bernatzik was one of the first of the many who sought to read in this book. His water-colour, *Am Schreibtisch* (At the

Writing-Bureau), is a fine example of a Viennese interior of the early part of last century. Many modern artists seek these motives now. One sees them on the walls in Munich, in Cracow, in fact everywhere, for the Biedermaier style is now having its day.

But a sudden change came over the artist himself and his manner of painting. He was unsettled, his roaming nature was dissatisfied and longed for change. He was one only of a number of young men who were experiencing the same feelings, and together they felt themselves strong enough to throw off the shackles which had bound them. They seceded from the Genossenschaft, and formed the group known as the Secession. There is no need to go over the history of this movement again—it has been already told in *THE STUDIO*. Interiors and sacred subjects were relegated to the background. Bernatzik now sought quiet bits of landscape with running or still waters, limpid streams with banks clothed in verdure of exquisite and varied greens, softly swayed by gentle breezes and reflected in the waters below. To this new phase in his art belongs the *Märchensee* (Fairy Lake), where delicate waterlilies float over the glassy, cool, translucent surface, from which the mind's eye seems to picture a Naiad arising in her turquoise-blue and emerald-green draperies. The richness and beauty of the painter's poetic fancy is inspiring.

But though Bernatzik was chiefly attracted by Nature's calmer moods, he occasionally essayed to interpret her under a less friendly guise. In the motive from Steinfeld we have a bare landscape, strong in tone, with cold grey clouds overhead. And yet here, too, the artist shows his sense of beauty; over the hardness of nature he has

thrown a veil. The gentle wind sets in motion the sparse shrubs lining the stream like the loving tender smile which lights up and changes a hard expression on a rugged countenance to one of joy and delight. *The Flame* is one of those mystic, fairy-like, dreamy expressions inspired by the artist's poetic fancy. Delicate in tone and atmosphere the flames rise from the mother earth to gradually attenuate into curling wreaths disappearing in the expanse above. The female figures are painted with delicacy and grace. This work proves the artist to have been a man of intense feeling, far more so than one would have surmised from his outward appearance.

At one of the Secession exhibitions, each artist had a small room to himself where he arranged his exhibits according to his own fancy. Bernatzik's contribution was the "Yellow Room." This again showed him in a new light. The landscapes surprised everybody by the beauty of tone and the



"STEINFELD"

BY WILHELM BERNATZIK



"THE FLAME." BY
WILHELM BERNATZIK

delicacy of the brush, for here Bernatzik in a way seemed to emulate Klimt. On the walls were hung landscapes, long and narrow in form, bits of meadows filled with grass, amid which the wild flowers played hide and seek, or woods where tall poplars showed their silvery stems in varying lights, or bits of mother earth covered with verdure, all of them full of that fine atmospheric feeling which the artist shared with Nature herself. At one end was a triptych, in the centre of which was a stream meandering through banks gay with flowers, with tall poplars in the foreground, and on either side a female figure. The arrangement and decorations of Bernatzik's "Yellow Room" are not easily to be forgotten.

The memorial exhibition offered an opportunity of judging of Bernatzik's powers as an artist. Both the Miethke Galleries were taken up with his pictures and drawings. The idea was a very happy one, and even those best acquainted with him were surprised at the display, particularly with his latest work, of which even his intimate friends were ignorant till death snatched him away from them. This exhibition showed how great a place he occupied among Austria's artists, and how much he is appreciated is proved by the fact that many were found eager to acquire his works.

The monument to the Empress Elizabeth, recently unveiled here by the Emperor, and which was subscribed for by the people of Vienna, has been the subject of a great deal of criticism. When the models sent in for the open competition started by the committee were exhibited at the Austrian Museum some two years ago, it was seen that the conditions laid down by the committee militated against any entirely satisfactory result. One of these conditions was that the statue should represent the Empress as she was in her later years, but living as she did very much in retirement during this period,

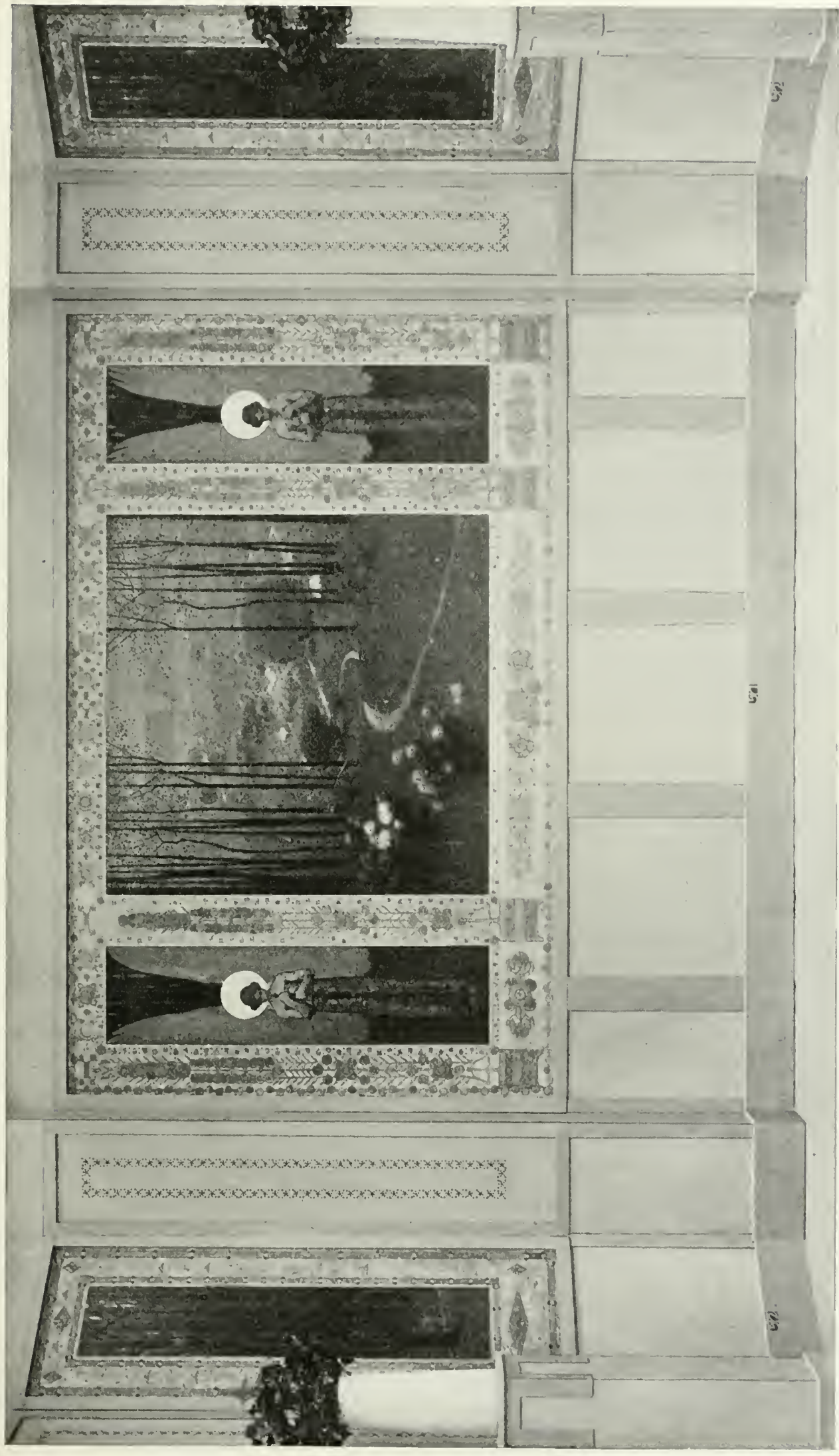
probably not one of the competitors ever even caught a glimpse of her, and as no photographic or other portraits were available, they were left without any definite guidance. This may account for the indistinctness of the features in Professor Hans Bitterlich's statue, for which he was awarded second prize (the first was withheld). The dress, too, is open to criticism, but here again the conditions laid down by the Committee made it impossible to secure a perfectly satisfactory result. The pose of the figure, however, is easy and graceful, and its dignity is enhanced by the architectural background, the work of Oberbaurat Ohmann. The monument is erected in a corner of the Volksgarten, and, spite of its faults, avoidable and unavoidable, will form an additional attraction to the city.

A. S. L.



"AT THE WRITING-BUREAU" (WATER-COLOUR)

BY WILHELM BERNATZIK

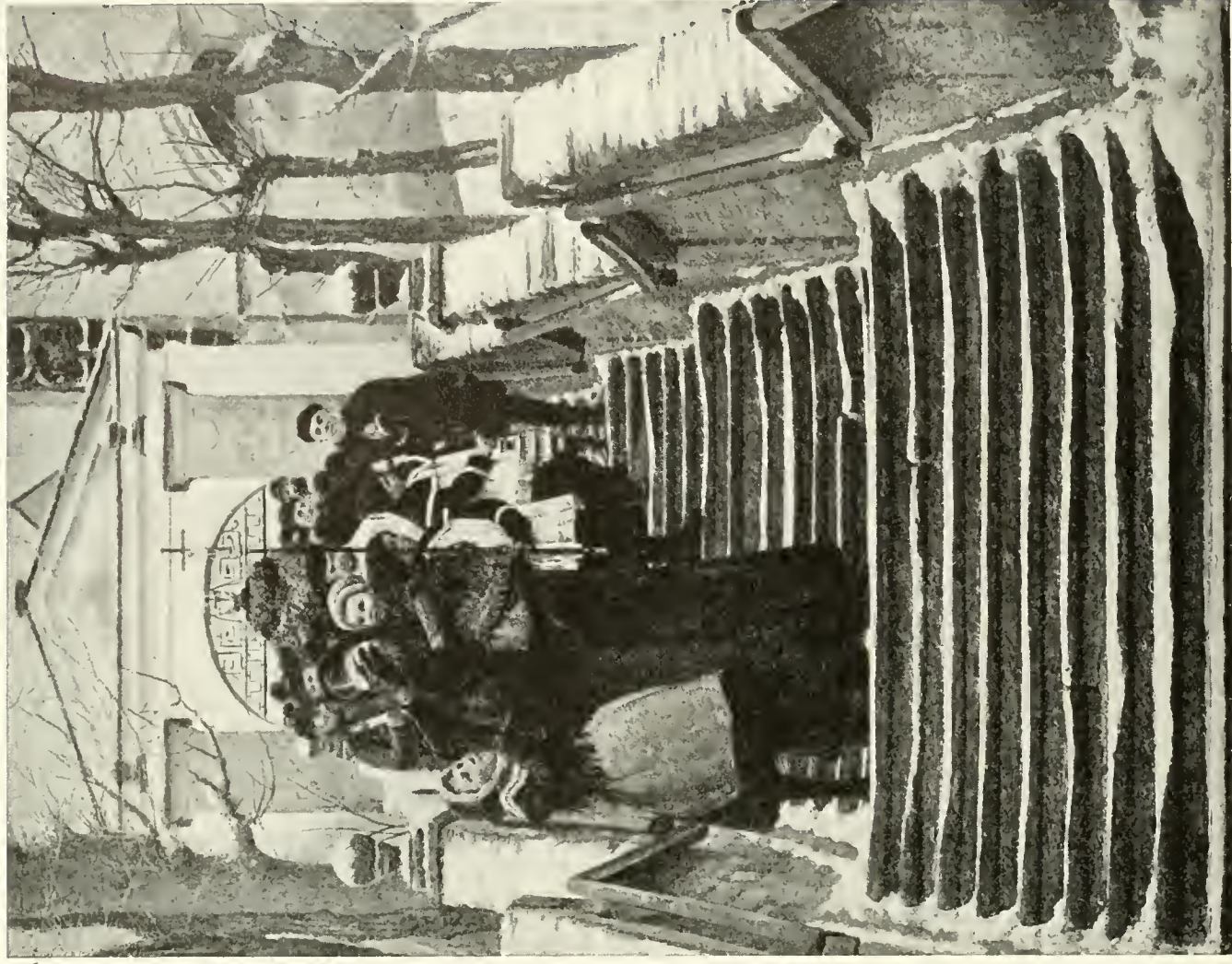


PART OF W. BERNATZIK'S "YELLOW ROOM," VIENNA SECESSION EXHIBITION



"AUTUMN" (OIL PAINTING)

BY WILHELM BERNATZIK



"WINTER" (OIL PAINTING)

BY WILHELM BERNATZIK



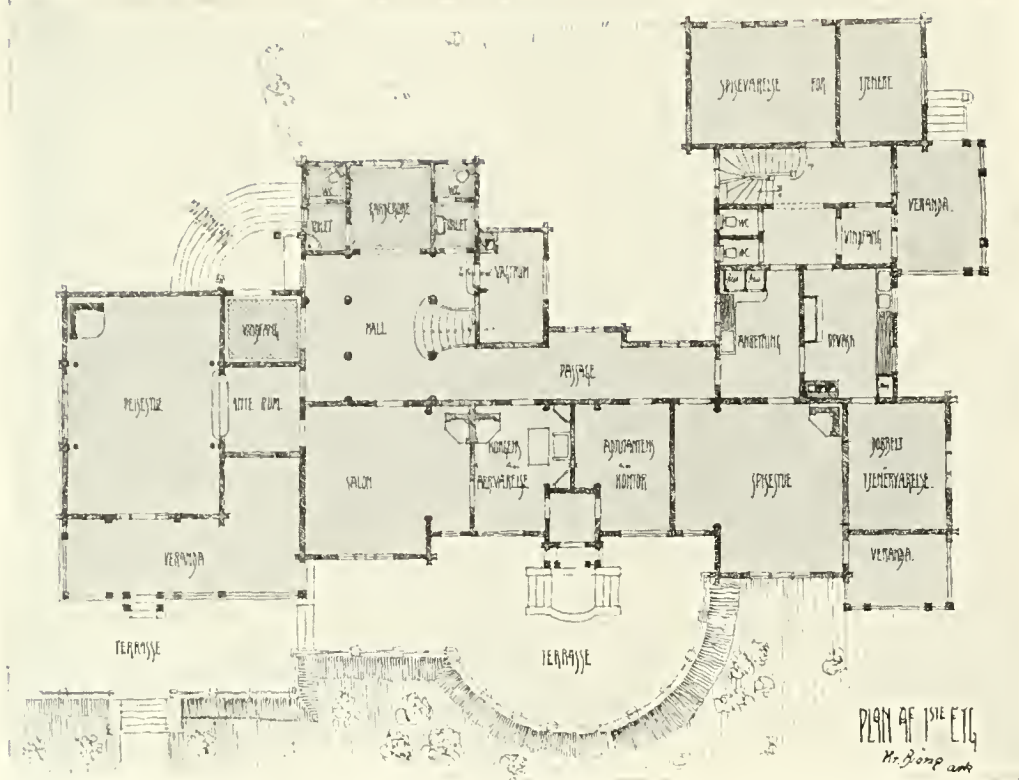
THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH MONUMENT (VIENNA)

SCULPTURE BY HANS BITTERLICH
ARCHITECTURE BY PROF. OHMANN

CHRISTIANIA.—The people of Norway could not very well have found a more befitting coronation gift to their King and Queen than the typical Norwegian house shown in our illustration on the following page. It was a happy idea, likely to be carried out in the happiest manner, for there is every reason to congratulate the architect, M. Kr. Biong, upon his clever and ingenious solution of a difficult though very interesting problem. M. Biong's design was selected, both by the committee and by the King and Queen, from upwards of seventy competing plans. The *motif* throughout is the old Norwegian timbered house, at the same time picturesque and singularly cosy, although it has of course been necessary to materially enlarge and modify the interior arrangements. The house is to be built of heavy timber, and the roofing is to be sward, which, with its long grass, flowering herbs, and an occasional shrub, produces a quaintly pretty effect against the sombre background of the surrounding forest. A special feature of the interior will be the large "Peisestue," a hall with one of those huge old-time fireplaces upon which large logs of birch are the accepted fuel, and round which the inmates of the house and their friends are wont to gather, often for the purpose of relating hunting adventures and other strange tales. There is to be no ceiling, and in

some respects the room as planned reminds one of an Elizabethan hall. The walls of the "Peisestue" will be covered with weavings and decorated with a carved frieze in wood, representing scenes from the sagas of Norway's ancient kings. The Queen's drawing-room adjoins the "Peisestue," and the King's study, with the adjutants' room, is in the centre of the building, whilst the dining-room lies somewhat by itself, and the different apartments will be decorated with carvings, panels, etc., according to their different uses. The bedrooms and the visitors' rooms are on the first floor. A delightful site has been secured for King Haakon's and Queen Maud's forest home close to beautiful Voksenkollen, amidst glorious Norwegian scenery, and conveniently near the capital, and there are exceptional opportunities for ski-running, tobogganing, and other northern sports. G. B.

BERLIN.—Lovers of those fine miniatures in metal, medals and plaquettes, had a good opportunity of seeing some of the best modern German works in this year's Great Berlin Art Exhibition. Germany is just now witnessing a revival of an art which belonged to the glories of the Dürer time. We have not seen such continuity of development as Austria and France have experienced, but artistic



PLAN OF KING HAAKON'S FOREST RESIDENCE

KR. BIONG, ARCHITECT

instincts have been strongly roused by Parisian example, though, after all assimilations, the racial nature has quickly asserted itself.

Constantin Starck, a pupil of Reinhold Begas, and Rudolf Bosselt, pupil of Josef Kowarzyk, belong to the younger generation of German

medallists. Starck is very fine in his modelling, deep in expression, and gives his best in classical types. Bosselt profits by French technique yet is essentially German in character. His sharp-lined portraits, figures, and ornaments betray the decorative artist.

The recent exhibition of Ferdinand von Rayski's works at Schulte's gallery will do much to establish the reputation of the Saxon master, who died forgotten in Dresden in 1890. The Berlin Centenary Exhibition has already strongly revived his memory. If

we omit some less significant works there remains enough to convince us of the racy temperament of a painter of real distinction. The German cavaliers and ladies of the middle of last century have hardly found a more convincing interpreter. A passionate huntsman, he was also a close student of nature and a particular



KING HAAKON'S FOREST RESIDENCE

(See page 73)

KR. BIONG, ARCHITECT



CENTENARY MEDAL
BY CONSTANTIN STARCK



PLAQUETTE BY RUDOLF BOSSELT



BAPTISMAL MEDAL
BY CONSTANTIN STARCK

friend of animal-life. He had imbued himself with the finest Parisian and Munich culture of his time; but he is also the very artist to command attention by the sovereignty of personal endowments. Aristocracy with the charm of naturalness—this is his peculiar attraction. J. J.

MUNICH.—The cemeteries of our great cities of to-day when compared with many a hallowed churchyard in our old towns, or the peaceful gardens of the dead, studded with simple crosses of iron or wood, in villages remote from the world, reveal unmistakably a deplorable poverty of artistic culture. Here where a true and thoughtful art should have yielded flowers at once simple and comely, blatant pride of wealth and deliberate ostentation clamorously seek to gain the upper hand. It is only seldom, very seldom, in fact, that one finds here and there, amid the throng of ungainly and meaningless tombstones, with which uncultured stone-masons and other interested parties contrive to carry on a brisk trade, a memorial which by the unpretentiousness of its structural features and its dignified ornamentation embodies that feeling of sanctity which obviously pertains to such a place. Such becoming decoration of graves, however, is merely an oasis in a barren wilderness of bad taste, but there are signs that this deplorable state of things has reached its

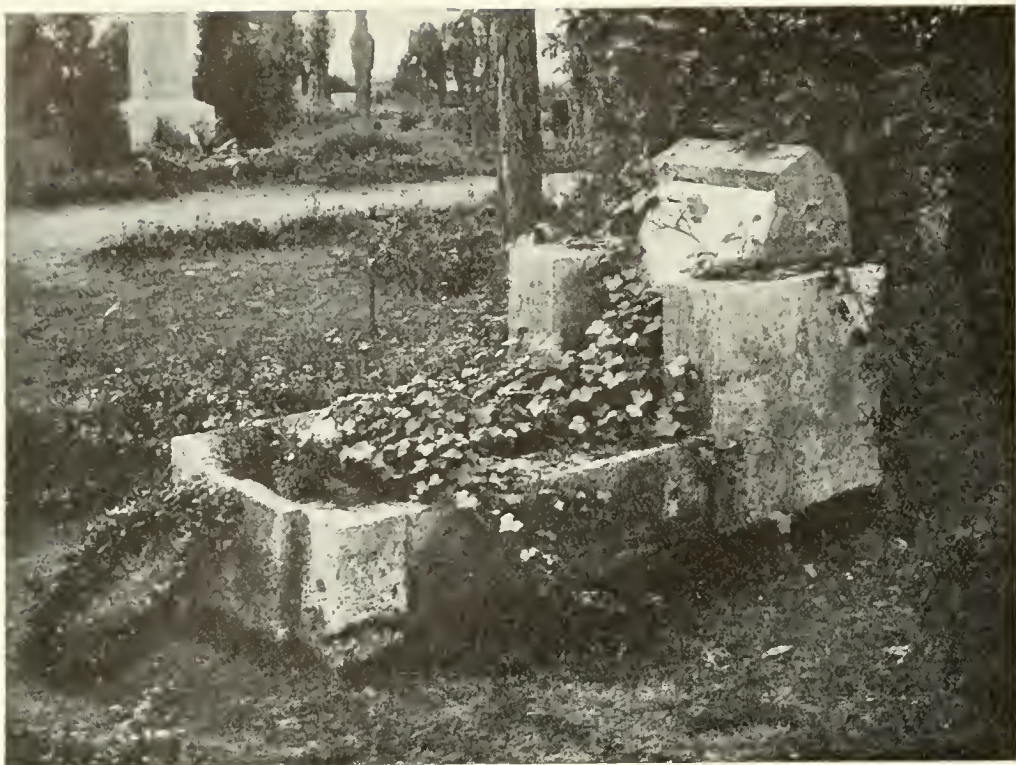
climax, for during the past few years various individual artists have been devoting their talents to this sadly neglected sphere of work, and endeavoured to check the vulgarity now rampant.

Here in Munich among the younger generation of artists Max Pfeiffer in particular has taken upon himself the praiseworthy task of opening the eyes of masons to the natural beauty of our indigenous stones, and discouraging the huge trade now carried on in polished granite and angels cut in marble of alabaster whiteness. By careful execution of his own models and designs he has showed them how this natural beauty could be utilised and enhanced by appropriate methods of treatment. The task has not proved an easy one, but energy and firm resolution have enabled him to overcome all difficulties, and the results have been such as to justify his endeavours.



"TWO HORSEMEN IN A THUNDERSTORM"

BY FERDINAND VON RAYSKI



TOMBSTONE

DESIGNED BY MAX PFEIFFER

harmony of detail. So too in all his other metal-work, his furniture, and even in his designs for ladies' dresses, he has always regarded the fundamental form as essential, and has been sparing in the application of ornament to the surfaces of things.

The same principles are to be clearly discerned in Pfeiffer's grave-monuments. They are all characterised by quiet earnestness, and that repose which becomes a last resting-place. There is no ostentation here, nor any attempt to attract notice by extravagance of

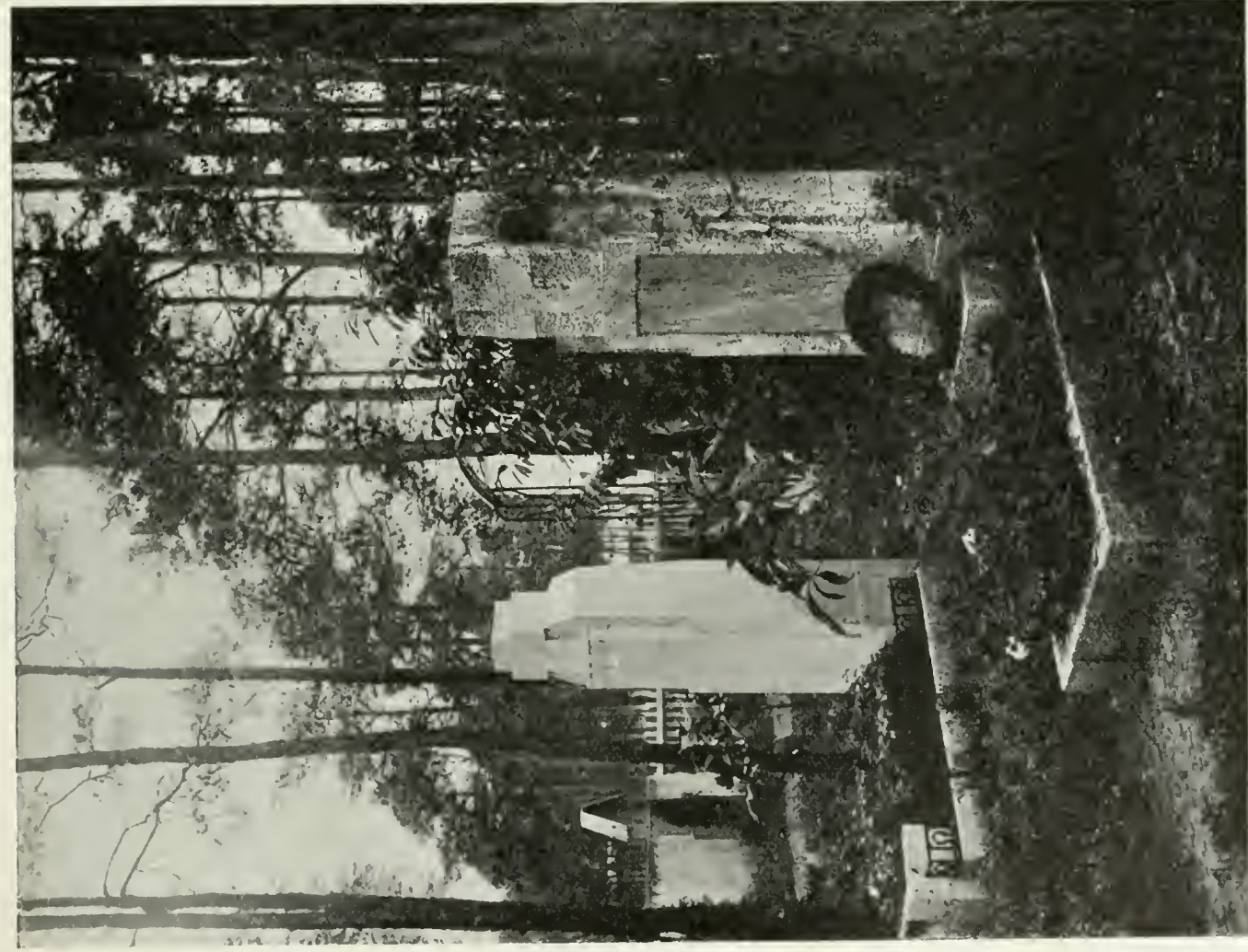
Max Pfeiffer came only in mature years to his present calling as an artist. Previously occupied in forestry, a profession which he had originally chosen for himself, and which accorded with his love of a free and open life in the woods and fields, the constant and intimate converse with nature which his work afforded him enabled him to see—and always with the vision of an artist—the myriad forms of organic growth and decay, and the beauties which were thus revealed to him impelled him to exercise his creative faculty in their reproduction. In doing so he avoided the mistake of being satisfied with the external forms of leaves and flowers; he sought rather to get at that living force which calls into existence this or that formation or ramification; and in this search for knowledge he found excellent instructors in Hermann Obrist and Wilhelm von Debschitz. Art, of course, can neither be taught nor learnt, and it was for Pfeiffer himself to give forth the very best of that which lay within his power. How thoroughly he set to work is attested by countless studies in which he disciplined his sense of form. The works executed by him as a novice—silver ornaments set with semi-rare stones—were marked by a rare perception of proportion and

shape. They fit in harmoniously and unobtrusively with their natural environment, and breathe that



REPOSITORY FOR CINERARY URNS

DESIGNED BY MAX PFEIFFER



TOMBSTONES

DESIGNED BY MAX PFEIFFER



TOMB OF SHELL-LINE

DESIGNED BY MAX PFEIFFER



MARBLE CINERARY URN
DESIGNED BY MAX PFEIFFER

other-world peacefulness which, at the graves of those who in life were dear to us, softly recalls them to our memories. In his cinerary urns likewise, the shapes he has given them are so characteristic and definite that they could hardly serve for any other purpose. Their graceful curves, unbroken by angles, symbolise, as it were, that eternity without beginning or end which presides over all mundane things. L. D.

UTRECHT.—Mr. J. C. Wienecke, whose interesting and diversified work as a medallist we have pleasure in introducing to readers of *THE STUDIO*, occupies a position on the staff of the Mint in this city. Born in Prussia in the early seventies, of Dutch parents, he studied first at the School of Applied Art in Amsterdam, later at the Académies des Beaux Arts in Antwerp and Brussels, and then five years in Paris, under Professors Cola Rossi, Julian, and Denis Puech. In 1898, on the occasion of the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina, a small competition was instituted by the city authorities at Amsterdam for a plaquette to be presented to the Queen as a memorial of the event, and this gave Mr. Wienecke an opportunity to try his hand

at modelling on a small scale. He was placed first, and the result encouraged him to pursue this line of work. A vacancy occurring at the Mint here, Mr. Wienecke applied and was successful, but before commencing his duties underwent a course of training at the Mint in Paris, under Mons. Patey, "Maître-médailleur" of the establishment, who took a warm interest in him.

A brief explanation of the various medals and plaquettes by Mr. Wienecke, here illustrated, may be of interest. The first, on page 79, is a medal offered annually in gold by the Syndicate of Sugar Refiners in Java to the winner in a scientific or technical competition. The small medal on the same page is one given by the Dutch Minister of Marine to the winner of a race organised by the Royal Marine Yacht Club. Below is a large medal commissioned by admirers of the eminent painter Joseph Israëls, to commemorate his 80th birthday. The plaquette in the centre of the page bears a portrait of the artist's mother. The first plaquette shown on page 80 records the retirement of M. Van Eelde after forty years' service at the Utrecht Mint. On the



CINERARY URN IN SERPENTINE STONE
DESIGNED BY MAX PFEIFFER



MEDALS AND PLAQUETTE BY J. C. WIENECKE





J. C. WIENECKE

PHOTO. BY INGELSER, UTRECHT

same page are three other plaquettes—one done for the Société Néerlandaise-Belge des Amis de la Médaille d'Art, a portrait of the Queen-Mother forming the obverse; secondly, one in honour of the 70th birthday of J. H. L. de Haas, the Dutch animal-painter; and, thirdly, a family medal, commemorating a wedding. Of the two medals on the same page, one is for a colonial exhibition at Curaçoa, and the other commemorates the services to architecture of Mr. J. van Lokhorst, of the Department of the Interior at the Hague. With two or three exceptions all these medals and plaquettes were executed by the firm of C. J. Begeer, of Utrecht.

MOSCOW. — The number of art exhibitions held here during the past season was unusually large, but unfortunately the quantity bore, on the whole, no relation to the quality of the works shown. That which appealed most to one's sympathies, and at the same time perhaps was the most meritorious from

an artistic point of view, was the posthumous exhibition of Victor Borisoff-Mousatoff, who died at the early age of 35. With a few gaps, this exhibition comprised almost the entire *œuvre* of the artist.

Mousatoff was endowed with a lyric temperament, and the strength of his talent lay perhaps in his unusually fine colour sense more than anything else. The quite singular charm of colour which marks many of his pictures certainly ranks, with that of Vroubel, amongst the finest achievements of modern Russian art in this direc-

tion. His favourite themes were peaceful, dreamy scenes laid amid the country homes of the Russian gentry of the first half of the past century and with the costumes appropriate to that period—themes which he treated decoratively in a manner entirely his own, and in which a poetic note found gentle utterance. The works he executed during his last years—misty landscape motives in pastel and



"AU PIANO"

FROM A DRAWING BY L. PASTERNAK



"LA DICTÉE"

BY Mlle. E. GOLDINGER

water-colour, with traces of Japanese influence in their composition perhaps, revealed Mousatoff in a new rôle, and doubly emphasised the loss which Russian art suffered by his death.

Almost simultaneously there was held a collective exhibition of the works of N. Nesteroff, who has not been showing anything for some years; but it was disappointing. The numerous studies and sketches for the artist's mural paintings in the Church of Abbas-Tuman in the Caucasus left a distinctly cold impression, nor in his portraits and his somewhat laboured *genre* pictures did he succeed in riveting one's attention. What seemed to be lacking in all of them was genuine artistic sincerity; the colour treatment appeared crude, and in the backgrounds of his landscapes one missed that fine sense of colour with which he used to depict the elegiac nature of Northern Russia and the mystic tonality of Russian monastic life.

Disappointing too was the colossal canvas which W. Sourikoff, the historic *genre* painter, exhibited with the "Peredvizhniki," or "Itinerants." His *Stenka Razin* (the leader of a revolt among the Russian peasants in days long gone by) showed in its composition some of that monumental swing which used to characterise this master's work, but a certain theatricality in the handling of his material and choice of types, joined with the rather slipshod quality of the painting, militated against any deep impression.

This year's exhibition of the "Soyouz" cannot certainly rank among the most successful of this

society, and on the whole the best results were yielded in the domain of portraiture. Here Vroubel's portrait of the poet V. Briousoff — a powerful piece of characterisation, but, unfortunately, left unfinished — calls for particular mention, as also does C. Somoff's portrait of another poet, V. Ivanoff, treated in miniature fashion but with ample breadth. On the other hand, the life-size portrait of Mme. Vermoloff, the *tragédienne*, by V. Séroff can scarcely be placed among that artist's best achievements. L. Bakst showed a capital portrait of a lady and a pleasing decorative design. In spite of his masterly technique, B. Kustodieff failed to engender any warm interest. L. Pasternak, in the coloured drawings which are his *forte*, showed greater strength and individuality than in his large and representative oil portrait. Alexandre Benois was very well represented by a series of pictures from Versailles, notable for their technical finish and refined composition. Landscapes of more or less merit were contributed by Petrovitcheff, Tarkhoff, Tourzhanski, Mechtcherine, Vinogradoff, Krymoff, and others, though without yielding anything of superlative interest; A. Vasnetzoff, Grabar, and Yuon, on the other hand, fell short of their former high standard. The decorative designs of N. Rerich, drawings by Dobuzhinski, some highly imaginative illustrations by Bilibin, and the works of the talented artist Larionoff completed the "Soyouz" group, from which on this occasion Malyavin, Lanceray, Braz and some others were missing.

The fourteenth annual exhibition of the Society of Muscovite Artists was made especially attractive by a display of sculpture which, for Russia, was quite unusual in its magnitude. Here we made the acquaintance of S. Konenkoff, an artist of great vigour, whose talent promises much for the future. Rodin's pupil, Mlle. Golubkina, seemed this time less distinguished than usual. K. Kracht, who was a newcomer, proved to be a follower of the Parisian school of modelling. Another new man was S. Beklemicheff, whose

series of water-colours, pleasant in colour and poetic in feeling, treat of Biblical subjects, in which points in common with Alexander Ivanoff and Vroubel were disclosed. V. Denisoff, that always original artist, who hitherto has revelled solely in delicate colour harmonies, is now experimenting in linear compositions as well, and at the present moment is in quest of a monumental mode of expression, to which, however, he has not yet attained. Among landscapists who contributed successful works I should mention Morgunoff, Yakovleff, Yasinski, Lipkine, N. Nekrassoff (who also showed some interesting ethnographic studies), Khrustatcheff, Rezberg and others. A group of *Intimistes* was composed of Pyrine, Sredine, and Mlle. E. Goldinger, who was much happier in her pastels than in her broadly-treated composition of a lady standing in front of a mirror, which reminded one of the old Venetian masters. Very effective was her *Sonnenstrahl*, an effect of sunlight playing on a grey-green wall. Last, but not least, must be mentioned S. Noakowski's architectural sketches, and the *gouaches* of Kandinski, who lives in Munich.

The season was brought to a close by an extremely tasteful show, arranged on Viennese lines, by a group of artists belonging to the rising generation who have banded themselves together under the somewhat eccentric title of "The Blue Rose," the most talented among them being Nicholas Miliotti, Paul Kusnetzoff, Sapunoff, and Sudeikine. In greater or less degree their common traits are a strong feeling for colour, a decorative sense, and a preference for quasi-symbolical compositions, in which an erotic note is frequently discernible. Unfortunately, another characteristic common to most of them is a distinct lack of feeling for form, in consequence of which their pictures are without that constructive framework which a sense of form ensures. Among them Miliotti has the most artistic culture, but his contributions this year were not equal to those of last year. Kusnetzoff, the colour symphonist, seems to exercise great influence on his junior colleagues. In addition to these artists, there were interesting works by Arapoff, the graphic artist Theofilaktoff, and Bromiski, the sculptor.

P. E.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Old English Gold Plate. By E. ALFRED JONES. (London: Bemrose & Sons). 42s. net.—In his new volume the indefatigable and learned author of many previous publications of a similar kind gives excellent reproductions and detailed descrip-

tions of a number of typical examples of old English gold plate, arranged in chronological order, beginning with the beautiful gold Chalice and Paten, the earliest specimen in existence of pre-Reformation plate, that was given by Bishop Foxe of Winchester to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and ending with an early nineteenth-century mug in the possession of Earl Spencer. In his Introduction, which is very melancholy reading with its constant references to the melting down of priceless works of art, Mr. Jones gives an interesting historical summary of his subject, quoting largely from the inventories of Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and other cathedrals, dwelling with regretful eloquence on the confiscation by Henry VIII. of Lincoln's treasures, that included "a chalice of gold, with pearls and divers stones in the foot and the knop, with a paten graven Cœna Domini and the figure of Our Lord with the twelve apostles"; on the melting down, for the relief of those suffering from famine, of the cross and altar of gold given to Winchester in the ninth century by King Edred; the robbing of York Minster of a chalice and paten garnished with rubies and emeralds, that had been given to the Earl of Shrewsbury by Lady Jane Grey; passing on to tell of the conversion into money in 1556 of the greater part of the Royal collection of plate of Scotland to defray the expense of the war with England; and the destruction of the Ancient Regalia of England, begun by Charles I. but not completed until after his death. The book is, in fact, a storehouse of information that will no doubt be found useful not only by the artist and antiquarian, but also by the student of ecclesiastical and secular history.

Brabant and East Flanders. Painted by AMÉDÉE FORESTIER, text by GEORGE W. T. OMOND. (London: A. and C. Black.) 10s. net.—To those who know and love Bruges, as does the present writer, the opening sentence of Mr. Omond's book will come with a shock of surprise, for it is certainly not the "city of the dead, of still life, stagnant waters, smouldering walls and melancholy streets" that he describes, but a town unique in its attractions, retaining unspoiled the best characteristics of the long ago, and likely, now that the new canal is opened, to be restored to something of its earlier prosperity as a port. It contrasts indeed favourably, from the æsthetic point of view, both with Ghent and Antwerp, which evidently appeal much more strongly than old-world Bruges to the practical mind of their critic, who dwells more on their being thoroughly up-to-date than on the

continuity of their present with their past. In spite of this, however, the book is well written and full of interest, whilst the water-colour drawings of Mr. Forestier favourably supplement the text. Some of them, notably the *Place de Brouckère, Brussels*, the *Chapel of St. Joseph*, the *Old Houses in the Rue de L'Empereur*, and the *Archway under the Old Boucherie*, all at Antwerp, interpret their subjects with considerable felicity, but the remainder are somewhat matter of fact and wanting in atmosphere.

Das Bildnis-Miniatur in Österreich von 1750—1850. By EDUARD LEISCHING, Vice-Director of the Austrian Museum in Vienna.—This beautiful work is one of the most valuable contributions to the art of miniature painting which have ever been published, and, as far as all events as the Austrian school is concerned, will rank as a standard one for all time. Some two or three years ago an exhibition of miniatures was held in Vienna, when no less than 3,000 were shown, many of them being of exceeding beauty and rare value. Since then further discoveries have been made which have led to the publication of this work. Thanks to Dr. Leisching's investigations, pursued in the true spirit of scientific discovery, much new light has been thrown on the rise and development of miniature painting in Austria, of which very little appears to be known in other countries, save perhaps Germany. Dr. Leisching is too fully inspired with the true spirit of the investigator to rely entirely on his own efforts, and as at the time of the exhibition which he arranged he had the help of his able colleague, Dr. August Schestag, so also he has consulted others whose possession of historical documents or personal knowledge has enabled him to clear up difficulties. In this way he has been able to publish much that was hitherto unknown and correct many errors that have arisen. He shows, for instance, how Eusebius Johann Alphen, who was a Viennese, born in Vienna in 1741 and dying there in 1772, was employed by Maria Theresia, a great patron of miniature painting, to paint a miniature of her daughter, the Archduchess Christine—a fact revealed on its being photographed, when it was seen that a small book this princess was holding in her hands bore the signature Alphen, 1769. This led to the discovery of more miniatures by Alphen, who, as Alfen or Alf, is generally given to be a native of Holland or Denmark. In his introductory chapters the author first traces the history of painting in Austria, and then goes on to give an account of miniature painting in other countries, in which he is particularly careful to acknowledge the influence of the French School on native art.

But even before Isabey's appearance on the scene at the Vienna Congress Füger had painted his masterpieces, and his mantle had fallen on his pupil, Daffinger, and, as already mentioned, miniature painting was patronised by Maria Theresia herself. Every page of this work tells the reader something new and interesting in the hitherto unexplored field of miniature painting in Austria. It is illustrated by a large number of beautiful collotype reproductions in colour (those in our accompanying supplement belonging to the series), and in all respects the volume is one which ought to find a place in the collector's library. The subscription price of the work was 120 kronen, but since its publication this price has been more than trebled.

Charles E. Dawson: his Book of Book-Plates. (Edinburgh: Otto Schulze.) 5s. net.—Although in turning over the pages of this delightful collection of book-plates it is impossible to help being reminded of the work of several other artists, especially William Nicholson, Anning Bell, and Jessie King, Mr. Dawson has managed with no little skill to suggest in each case some characteristic of the owner of the design. Very charming and clever are the frontispiece, a beautiful study of a girl-mother and her child, the Ex-Libris of the Duchess of Sutherland with a winged Cupid bearing a cross soaring heavenwards, an appropriate device for the President of the Potteries' Crippled Guild, that of Olivia Holmes, in which the orange trees in pots on either side of the dainty little maiden seated amongst her toys and books, hint at her father's political opinions, and the humorous Malt book-plate, a most successful æsthetic pun, with its malt-houses and mushrooms, the *nom de plume* of the lady to whom it belongs being Malt Mushroom.

Südseekunst: Beiträge zur Kunst des Bismarck-Archipels und zur Urgeschichte der Kunst überhaupt. By Dr. EMIL STEPHAN. (Berlin: Dietrich Reimer.) Cloth, 6 mks.—In this volume Dr. Stephan, who went out to the South Sea Islands in 1904 as surgeon on the German survey ship "Möwe," has given the results of his studies of the art of the natives inhabiting the islands in the Bismarck Archipelago. To students of ethnography, and especially to those in search of material bearing on the origin and evolution of the æsthetic sense in mankind, these studies of a careful and intelligent observer should prove of absorbing interest. It is only during recent years that any attempt has been made to explore the vast field of primitive art, and, as the author points out, many years of patient investigation must elapse before any definite conclusions respecting it can be arrived at. How

Reviews and Notices

difficult the path of investigation is may be seen from the fact that even in contiguous islands in this South Sea group there is considerable diversity of decorative style. The value of Dr. Stephan's work is greatly enhanced by an extensive series of illustrations (including many in colour) of objects collected during his visit, and now housed in the Museum für Völkerkunde in Berlin, and there are also some capital reproductions of photographs showing amongst other things the tattoo marks borne by the natives.

Among Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack's new publications this autumn are a series of capital reprints of the Waverley Novels, each volume containing a complete novel printed in the clear, bold type of the Edinburgh Waverley, and twelve reproductions in colour of original drawings by selected artists of repute. Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen is illustrating "Ivanhoe," Mr. H. J. Ford "Kenilworth," and Mr. S. H. Vedder "The Talisman," the three most popular of the novels. The volumes are attractively bound, and are issued at the price of 6s. each net.—Another new and interesting series with coloured pictures issued by Messrs. Jack is entitled "Masterpieces in Colour" (1s. 6d. net per volume). The publishers have secured the services of a number of able writers for the series; and among the Masters whose lives and work are to be dealt with are Velasquez, Reynolds, Turner, Romney, Greuze, Rossetti, Botticelli, Raphael, Rembrandt, Lord Leighton, Watts, Holman Hunt.—Messrs. Jack have also published a collection of Nursery Songs which is in many respects unique. Each page is specially designed by Mr. Paul Woodroffe and printed in colour; and another pleasant feature of the book is the bold and legible character of the text and music (arranged by Joseph Moorat).

Messrs. Bell have decided to re-issue in a cheaper form their admirable series of "Hand-books of the Great Masters"—a series which has enjoyed a wide popularity owing to the full and reliable information given in the volumes forming it. In this re-issue, though the price is much reduced, the letterpress and illustrations will be identical with those in the dearer edition, but the binding will be somewhat simpler.

Jung Wien, which comes from the firm of Alexander Koch at Darmstadt, and forms the twelfth volume of "Koch's Monographien," contains illustrations of a large variety of designs by students of the School of Applied Art at Vienna. The designs illustrated, comprising country houses, gardens, interiors, furniture, plastic figures, placards,

decorative paintings and wood-engravings, ceramic objects, ornamental writings, end-papers, textiles, embroideries, are interesting as showing how vigorously the rising generation of Viennese artists are devoting themselves to decorative art. At the same time, they disclose a tendency here and there to go to extremes; some of the examples of ornamental writing, for instance, have the defect that they are extremely difficult to read, a serious defect indeed where there is a whole page of such writing. On the whole, however, the designs are excellent and point to a large endowment of decorative feeling and skilful draughtsmanship.

Recent additions to the series of illustrated monographs edited by Dr. Muther, and issued by Messrs. Bard, Marquardt & Co., of Berlin, under the general title of "Die Kunst," include interesting accounts of Munich and Rome as art centres — *München als Kunststadt*, by E. W. Bredt (*Mk.* 3), and *Rom als Kunststätte* (*Mk.* 1.50), by Albert Zacher.

The Fine Arts Publishing Company, of Charing Cross Road, are issuing a dainty little catalogue of their "Burlington Proofs,"—a series of mezzogravure reproductions of pictures by eminent painters, living and deceased. A glance at this catalogue, which contains miniature reproductions by the same process of over fifty of these proofs, suffices to show how admirably adapted the process is for the rendering of tone and subtle atmospheric effects. Included in the series are some of the most popular landscapes shown at the Royal Academy during the past twenty years, besides an interesting selection of figure subjects, including the famous *Venus and The Mirror* of Velasquez. The moderate price at which these beautiful reproductions are published places them within the reach of people of quite slender means.

Heatherley's School of Fine Art, which for many years past has been carried on at 79 Newman Street, Oxford Street, under Mr. John Crompton as principal, has recently been removed to No. 75 Newman Street, a few doors off, where it is now being directed by Mr. Henry G. Massey. The school is said to be the oldest art school in London, having been founded in 1848 by Mr. James M. Lee, from whom it passed to Mr. Heatherley, who had it for nearly thirty years. In the roll of its students are to be found the names of many who have attained to eminence as painters in after-life, more than a score of R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s being among them.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON LEAVING THINGS UNDONE.

"I WONDER how much longer our legislating wiseacres intend to go on discussing the question whether or not the British Houses of Parliament are to be decorated," said the Art Critic. "I notice that a Select Committee has just issued another report on the subject with a whole batch of recommendations. Will it lead to anything being done, do you think?"

"I should say that it is extremely doubtful," replied the Man with the Red Tie. "On artistic questions we talk indefinitely—it is a national habit—but we always shirk action in such matters."

"But why?" asked the Critic. "What do you imagine is the reason for our inactivity in artistic matters? We are supposed to be a practical race, and to pride ourselves on not putting off till to-morrow what may be done to-day. Why should we allow ourselves to treat art in such a totally different way?"

"You know the reason quite as well as I do," answered the Man with the Red Tie; "because it is the national conviction that art does not count anyhow, and that it is a mere triviality which is unworthy of serious consideration. This question of the decoration of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster will, I am sure, never get beyond the stage of discussion. Every attempt to carry it a stage further is doomed to failure."

"Of course it is," broke in the Practical Man. "Do you imagine for an instant that any Parliament which is pledged to administer the national affairs with care and economy will sanction the expenditure of large sums of money for such useless work? We have no right to encourage waste, and I hold that it would be a scandal if any of the public revenues were laid out upon anything so futile and so absolutely unnecessary."

"That is your view," laughed the Man with the Red Tie; "the view I should have expected of you, because you cannot see anything beyond the tip of your nose. But I look at the matter in an entirely different way, I am glad to say, and I suggest that the real scandal is in the fact that for nearly half a century we have neglected an obvious and important duty."

"What duty have we to art that we fail to fulfil?" asked the Practical Man. "Do we not spend an enormous and unnecessary amount of money annually on art education? What need is there to spend more upon decorating a building that is intended for use and not for show? What earthly

return, what possible benefit, should we get from such expenditure?"

"More than you think," cried the Critic. "I will omit from the discussion one point in which I firmly believe, that the dignity of the nation demands that its Parliament House should not be left in a condition of evident incompleteness and should be something more than an empty barn. I will confine myself only to your query as to the return we may expect from expenditure on decorations. Has it never occurred to you that money spent on art education is wasted if the men educated are given no chance of showing how they can apply the knowledge they have acquired; and do you not realise that men without opportunities are as much wasted as the money spent in training them?"

"But they must make their own opportunities," returned the Practical Man; "they cannot expect the State to support them in after life simply because they have been trained at the expense of the State. You are arguing that all art students ought to be kept in luxury out of the public funds, and that they ought to be looked upon as a privileged class for which well-paid work must always be found."

"Nothing of the sort," replied the Critic. "I am only arguing that it is the duty of the State to set a good example in the matter of art patronage, and that it could not possibly set this example in a better way than by spending the small annual amount necessary for the efficient decoration of our national buildings. In this way one of the best assets which any commercial nation could desire—a great school of designers and decorative artists of the highest type—could be called into existence, and the services of the men composing it would be available for carrying out other work which would come in their way. Even now there is a demand for our art products abroad, and this demand would be enormously increased if we as a nation did our duty to art. There is the way, if you would only see it, in which the return would come for the money spent in decorating our public buildings. I would like to see every place in which national business is transacted beautified by fine decorations commissioned and paid for by the State. Other nations do not grudge this kind of expenditure. In Paris, Berlin, Washington, and other capitals money for this purpose is given without stint. Are we less civilised or less intelligent?"

"Great Heavens! What extravagance; what wicked waste!" cried the Practical Man.

THE LAY FIGURE.

Victor Westerholm, Finnish Landscape Painter

VICTOR WESTERHOLM. A FINNISH LANDSCAPE PAINTER.
BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE.

THE long, dark and dreary winter months of northern countries would be unbearable were it not for the snow. The white mantle of Old Boreas retains and diffuses the scanty light given by the low-rising sun, intercepted as it is by the thick roof of heavy clouds, that as a rule during a large part of the winter keeps the star of the day out of sight. The snow is the poetry of our winters and has its poets. Among these, one of the best interpreters of the beauties of winter landscape is without doubt Victor Westerholm. Before his advent few, if any, had penetrated the soul of winter and unveiled the secret beauties, but little known and appreciated, of his native country, Finland. But he is a modest man, far too modest. At present he is scarcely known outside a narrow circle of admirers among his fellow-artists and countrymen. He plainly deserves, however, to be better known, and it would be of the greatest benefit to art lovers, and especially to those who find their greatest enjoyment in landscape painting, should he only send his pictures abroad to be admired and valued according to their merits.

Westerholm is conscientious and skilful, as well as an earnest worker. His hand is directed by true artistic feeling and a poet's vision, and he is thus enabled to appreciate and express as well the beauty of a dark dull snowy landscape with rushing black waters as the gay and invigorating aspects of a cold, clear winter day with its glistening snow fields, its delicate blue sky and warm glowing colours reflected from red or yellow cottages scattered here and there among the firs. But Westerholm is not only an interpreter of winter's beauties, he likes also to realise the

dreams of northern summer nights, of glowing sunsets among the thousand islands of his native coast.

Victor Westerholm was born at Åbo, in 1860. He commenced his studies at that period when supremacy in art was removed from Germany to France, when the traditions and style of the Düsseldorf school had to give way to the young and sound school of French landscape painters. The stream of foreign students changed its course at this time, and Paris became the centre of art teaching. Westerholm's first steps in the thorny path of art were lead by Eugen Dücker in Düsseldorf. Later on he became a pupil of Jules Lefèvre at the Académie Julian in Paris. It is permissible to suppose that this double training has been of great advantage to him. The German thoroughness gave him a steady foundation for good craftsmanship, while on the other hand there can be no doubt that the broadened views on art of the French realistic school developed his fine qualities as a colourist and honest observer of nature.



PORTRAIT OF VICTOR WESTERHOLM

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Victor Westerholm, Finnish Landscape Painter

Unfortunately, good reproductions of Westerholm's principal works are scarce, and we are only able to give here a few examples of his art. The winter scenes here reproduced are without doubt among his best winter landscapes. In *The Valley* he portrays in a masterly fashion the dull and melancholy impression produced by a cloudy December day, which in these northern climes amounts to nothing more than a few hours of twilight. The clouds lie thick and heavy over the snow-covered landscape, shrouding with their misty veils the branches of firs and pines. The water is dark, almost black. Even the red walls of the little houses scarcely suffice to relieve the all-pervading melancholy; they merely give the suggestion that a warm and cosy corner might be found inside them.

In the *Voikka Rapids* Westerholm interprets wild northern nature in midwinter. The blank, cold water rushes over stone and rock between the snow-covered banks where pines and firs stand erect in grey melancholy, awaiting patiently the happy moment when spring with its rejuvenating light and warmth will deliver them from the might of winter and enable them to discard their soft winter dress of fleecy snow and icy jewels. Heavy clouds spread their grey veil over the landscape, and the snow looks ghostly white.

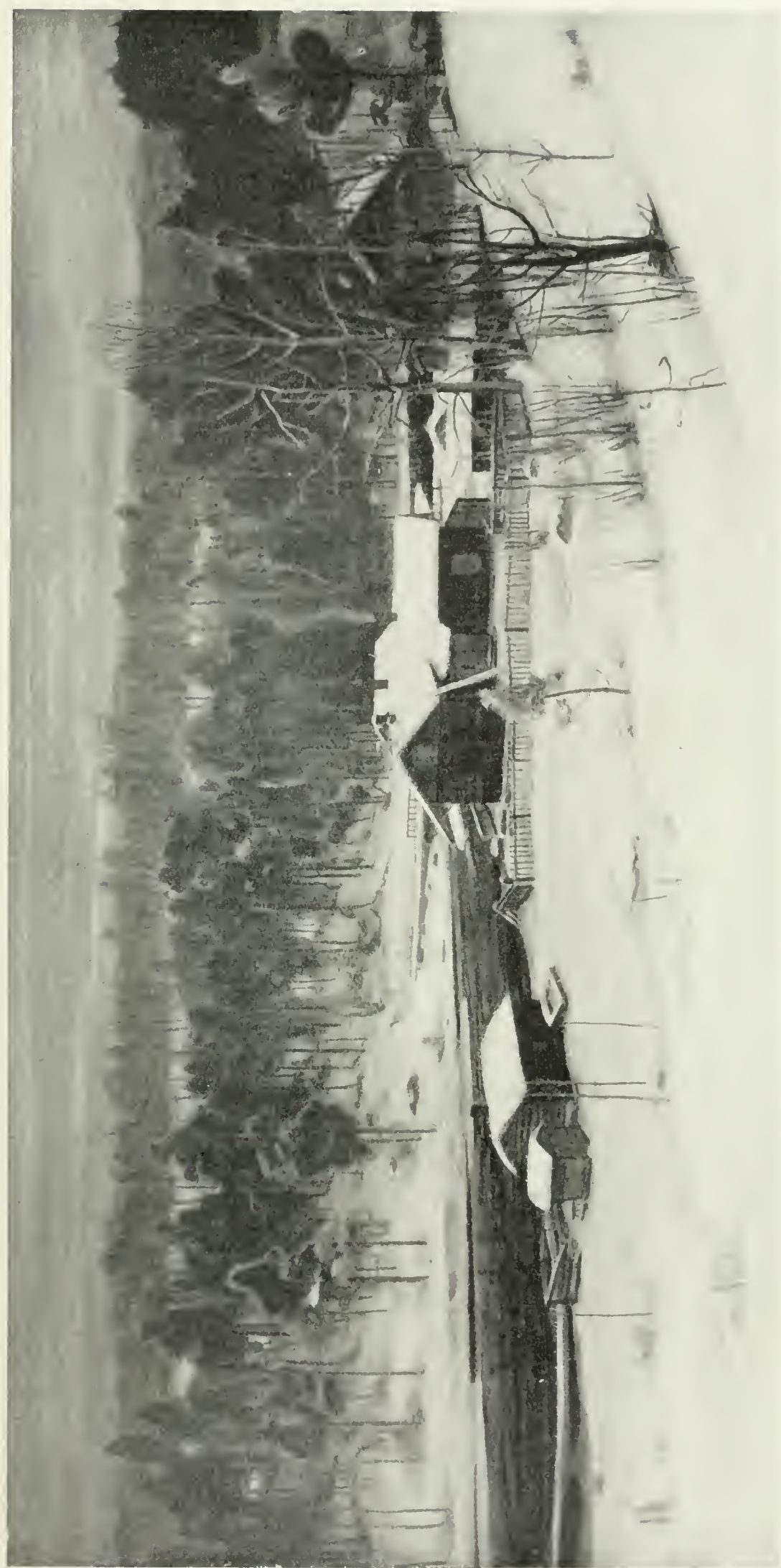
Westerholm has also painted some good pictures of forest subjects, where little is to be seen but snow. The trees can only be divined under their heavy burden of snow, and the undulating ground is thickly covered with midwinter's soft but heavy garments.

It is, as I have indicated above, pre-eminently as a painter of winter scenery that Westerholm merits attention, but the more genial aspects which nature presents when she has thrown off her snowy mantle have also inspired him to capital performances. In summer time his favourite subjects are sunsets in the archipelago of Åland, where he has his summer residence. These islands, situated between Finland and Sweden, yield some of the most picturesque and beautiful scenery to be found in and around Finland. Here he paints the sun sinking into the sea or hiding for a moment behind the sharply outlined and rugged edge of a fir-covered island, setting the whole atmosphere ablaze before going to his few hours rest after the long summer day. He likes also to stand on the very top of a rocky islet and, looking over the tree tops far away out to sea, watch the sun sinking below the horizon, setting the dark spots of land in a sea of gold. Another of his favourite summer subjects is the early morning in the pastures, where cattle are slowly walking among



"AFTER A HEAVY SNOW FALL"

BY VICTOR WESTERHOLM



"THE VALLEY." BY
VICTOR WESTERHOLM



"A RAPID"

BY VICTOR WESTERHOLM

the birches, through whose branches the summer sun sends his warm rays, painting spots of bright green on the fresh grass between the white trunks.

For the past twelve years Westerholm has occupied the post of teacher at the school of the Society of Art and is director of the magnificent art museum given to the town of Helsingfors by

that generous patron of art, Mr. Ernst Dahlström. Now and then, when his duties permit, he makes an excursion into the country, putting up his movable studio either on the edge of a foaming rapid or in the snowy solitudes of the wood. As soon as the school closes in spring he migrates with his family to his be'oved islands, and immediately



"A SUMMER LANDSCAPE"

BY VICTOR WESTERHOLM



“SNOW AND WATER.” BY
VICTOR WESTERHOLM



"MIDWINTER SUN"

BY VICTOR WESTERHOLM



"THE VOIKKA RAPIDS"

BY VICTOR WESTERHOLM

sets to work interpreting the beauties which nature has allowed him to see and enjoy. L. S.

THE PICTURES OF AMBROSE McEVOY. BY T. MARTIN WOOD.

Two or three contemporary artists are in our mind separated from others for their Mid-Victorian *culte*. The spirit which informs their work is the same, and this, though the quality of thought provoked is with each artist different. With this *culte* they have reproached their age with forgetfulness of the graces. For in those Mid-Victorian days

everything had tapered away to grace, the legs of the chairs, the ladies' oval chins, and their useless fingers.

Mr. McEvoy touches the subject of these days with feeling—though at the moment of their decadence. The shy and sentimental spirit of them beckons to him from dingy London parlours. We have no right to ask an artist *why*, in the case of anything he does with feeling, or we might ask Mr. McEvoy why he chooses this period above all others. This art of the New English Art Club may be called the art of the bottom drawer. It has just that sense of our grandmother's times, which comes with a faint scent when we examine the contents of a drawer which has been closed for

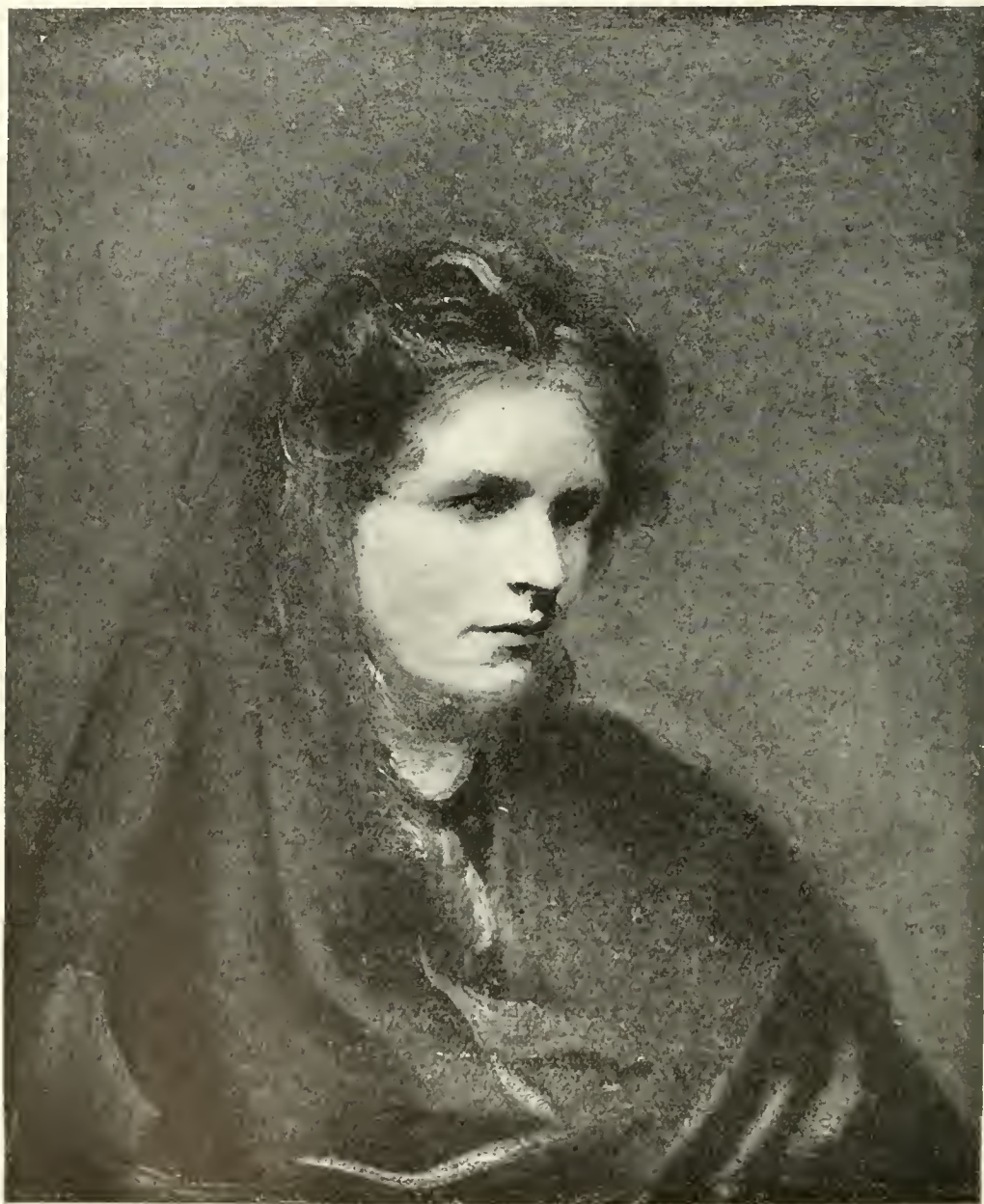


"THE ENGRAVING." BY
AMBROSE MCEVOY

a generation, with its fragments of engravings, old knitting-pins, and pieces from played-out parlour games—all belonging to a period that though so lately with us, seems further away than any other, and upon which the dust of the past lies thicker than any other, for there has not yet been time to brush it away. The beauty of such art as this is largely compounded of old associations. More than ninety-nine hundredths of the beauty of the world lies with associations of one sort or another; perhaps there is no beauty without this, and the cold art without it has no place in the life of the world except for its brief meaningless display of dexterity in a modern exhibition. Mr. McEvoy has the rare, the dramatic instinct, that goes to make a *genre* painter; but his is a gentle drama, and the highest, full of presentiment of the import which is sometimes given by fate to the slightest action.

He does not arrest action at unexpected moments—as with a camera. His figures are posed, but there is about them none of the posing of the model. Their actions are indicative of thought. The gesture is not depicted because in itself it is graceful, but as the emblem of a thought from which it springs. We find in his art a feeling for the gentle side of life, as in *The Convalescent*, *The Gold Shawl*, *The Engraving*; and this feeling is always to be found with that art which turns indoors to the peacefulness of the room. For in the life of those who live for long within one room, the flowers on the table or the window-sill, the ticking clock, the pattern of the carpet, are all important friends. The moving of furniture seems to alter the appearance of the face of the earth. It is a life where small events are watched as they loom up large, out of all proportion to other things of the world; where the mind is capable of becoming very small—or very large as when it voyages unembarrassed upon seas

of thought that grow wider with the stillness. It is grace and gentleness of thought then, rather than of pose and action, that Mr. McEvoy is trying to interpret, and the interpreter of this deals with something intangible, elusive, which he puts into his figures from himself. A figure can be elegantly copied from life and miss this altogether. It demands in the artist a definite feeling for some particular side of life. It makes his work perhaps not for everybody, but for those who hold the threads of the events of which it speaks. So this art is wedded to literature—comes from a page of a book as well as from life, and the artist's imagination passes from art to life and back again, finding no barrier to its dreams, embracing outer objects as part of them, meeting everyday people as if they, too, lived the interesting vivid life that is in books, seeing the eternal significance of all their gestures. And this interest of the artist both in the thing as seen and the thing as felt is not a



"INEZ"

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY



"THE CONVALESCENT." FROM THE OIL
PAINTING BY AMBROSE MCEVOY
(By Permission of Messrs. Carfax & Co., Ltd.)

division of his mind disastrous to craftsmanship, as some—Max Nordau, for one, I believe—would have us think. It is in vain even for so clever a writer to ask for this inhuman divorce between an artist's imagination and his sense of sight, the sense which throws most light into the soul. It is to ask him not to equip or to express his spirit to the full as other men, lest he lose a machine-like power. He cannot sacrifice himself thus for others, even were it possible for his art to help their development thus at the cost of his own.

Though Mr. McEvoy seems to me eminently a painter of interiors, his spirit has not been shut in by doors and windows. All his landscapes have that freshness, that sense of the sun and wind, which perhaps no one enjoys so acutely as one who is accustomed to the artificial weather of a London room. In the painting of *Bessborough Street* we are shown the outside of houses, such as were once inhabited by the ladies whose spirits in his art he invokes, and whose bodies are long since dead of one of those graceful illnesses which, if there is any truth in fiction, belonged to that age, and, we think, to that age alone. There is little indication of weather in this painting. Why should there be? It is the portraiture of some two or three houses. No doubt somewhere a house is commemorated, as that in which Thackeray lived. With greater genius Mr. McEvoy has commemorated in this painting the kind of house in which a Thackeray character would live.

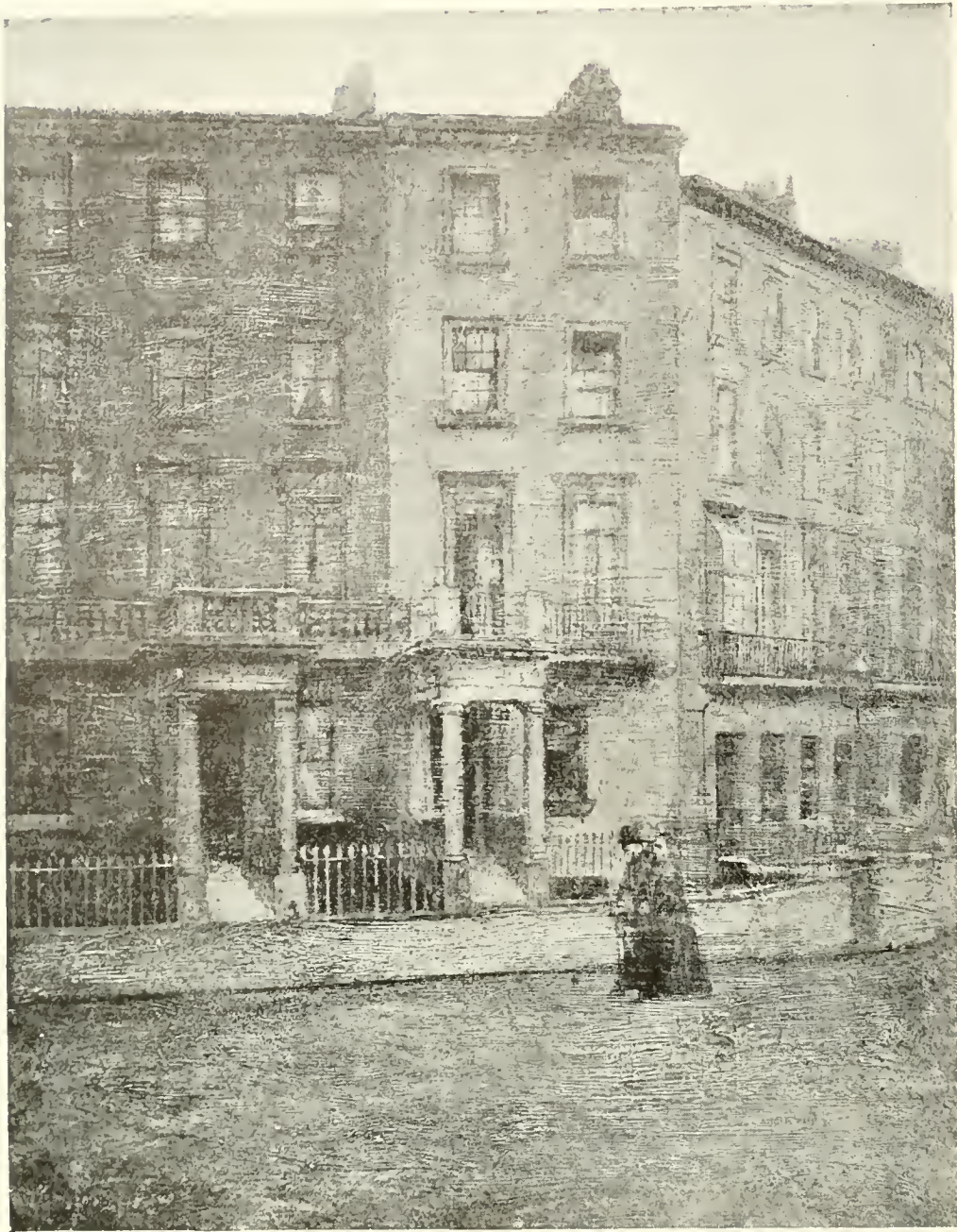
It is perhaps worthy of comment that Mr. McEvoy has not, as far as I can remember, taken a character or situation from an author. Recognising that his own art meets the fiction writers on their own ground, he has created his own characters and situations. And at this point we come, I think, upon the limitation of his art—if it is a limitation. From the situations which arise every moment

in the life to-day around him he never selects. One wonders why. The art of which we have been speaking is, after all, a very subtly-arranged intellectual mood, sustained elaborately by a closing of the eyelids when anything vividly modern goes by, when anything passes which belies what I think Mr. McEvoy likes to believe, viz., that he has never let King Edward ascend the throne, that he has kept the late Queen for ever at middle age, kept only the earliest form of horse-bus, and arrested fashion. It is true that a powerful artist is as powerful as that—that whilst the rest of the world is carried swiftly to a noisy destiny, he just drops behind and refuses to go on; and then finding that he is left alone, that all the people he wished to remain with are dead, he raises their spirits in his art. We have just spoken of the houses he has painted and called *Bessborough Street*. For once he was not an artist, or he would not in this picture have given a name to that street. Go softly by such windows—behind them some one with a temperament may be raising ghosts!



"AUTUMN"

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY



"BESSBOROUGH STREET"

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY

in which it should be approached, and whether we can let our own thoughts dwell in that atmosphere with pleasure or not, whether we respond or recoil, by our feeling that a spell has been thrown we acknowledge in this art that which pertains to the highest art—the power to prompt and suggest our mood, or provide the environment, if we will, when in certain moods we deliberately turn to art for protection from reality.

In concluding this brief characterisation of Mr. McEvoy's art, mention should be made of the fact that the pictures from which the accompanying illustrations have been reproduced, including *The Convalescent*, which is given as a coloured supplement, formed part of an exhibition of the artist's works held at the Bury Street Galleries of Messrs. Carfax & Co., Ltd., some three or four months ago.

T. M. W.

It is, I think, the poet in Mr. McEvoy, which with all the rest of his nature must find expression in his art, that has up to the present made him reject to-day in favour of yesterday, and in his pictures we may see the drama of uneventful daily life as we cannot see it when it is quite near. With so delicate an indication of sentiment to be made, prettiness must at any cost be avoided, and the realism of the treatment must show that a mirror has thus been held up to life at its stillest moments. To where in art such moments are reflected many of us would for preference turn, but the by-gone environment to which the artist has elected to return, and which he has realised with unmistakable genius, is not, as he has reconstructed it, congenial to the thoughts of the writer of this article. That, however, is merely an affair of temperament, and it must be recognised that art such as this has an atmosphere all its own, itself prompts the mood

A WALLOON SCULPTOR: VICTOR ROUSSEAU. BY FERNAND KHNOPFF.

IN the introduction to his study on the "Renaissance of Sculpture in Belgium" ("The Portfolio," November, 1895), M. G. O. Destrée brought out the fact, little known by the public, that Belgian sculpture during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance was not exclusively Flemish; that, on the contrary, its appearance and its early development occurred in the Walloon provinces, and, further, that this Walloon school, which remained very brilliant till the end of the sixteenth century, created an individual style. The writer added that the school in question seemed likely to be revived in the persons of three young sculptors whose work he proposed to examine—MM. Achille Chainaye, Jean-Marie Gaspar, and Victor Rousseau.



"THE RICKYARD"

(See previous article)

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY

Again, in 1904, in an article on Rousseau contributed to the magazine "L'Art Flamand et Hollandais," M. Paul Lambotte writes: "In Belgium a wrong comprehension of Flemish traditions, an absurd misapprehension of the temperament of the race, have led many artists astray. Marvellous but uncultivated technicians, incapable of deep thought, they know not what to do with their talent; and relieve the necessity to produce by which they are tormented in the realisation of pleasing, aimless works, such as fine animal forms (should they be sculptors), or, in the case of painters, in pictures of sumptuous colouring like a rich piece of still life. All this is nought but a sterile side of art, and our artists have proved it abundantly in the past."

The precise characteristic of the art of Victor Rousseau is that he has never been content with easy

of spoiling the *ensemble* effect, the mystery, the savour of a work by carrying his details to its extreme limits is a thing unknown to him. He possesses the capacity to remain broad and great without *figuolage*, while modelling with impeccable

production of this sort, but has always striven to present the plastic expression of some lofty idea. He declines to give but the empty form, the simple *morceau bien venu*; each of his works must grip the attention, and charm not alone by its beauty of execution, but also by its well-thought-out composition provoking meditation. Nevertheless, as it has been well said, each *morceau* from the hands of Victor Rousseau displays an attempt to achieve an invariable perfection; the artist is no less a producer of fine work (what we term *bel ouvrier*), than a sculptor of inventiveness and profound thought. The fear



"THE GOLD SHAWL"

(See previous article)

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY

touch the most delicate extremities of a statuette no higher than one's fist.

Victor Rousseau was born at Feluy-Arquennes, a village in the province of Hainaut (Belgium), on December 16, 1865. His father was a stonemason.

"From my earliest years" (he writes to M. Du Jardin, author of "L'Art Flamand") "I was set to study my father's calling. It was not till I was nearly fifteen that I began to attend the night classes at the Brussels Academy, then going to the drawing school at St. Josse-ten-Noode (one of the suburbs of the capital) in order to learn ornamental sculpture, for during the daytime I used to carve stone and marble until I had nearly reached the age of nineteen. At that time, having attracted the notice of Houtstont, the sculptor-decorator, I entered his modelling rooms, and did not leave them till 1890.

"In my odd moments, from the year 1887, I had devoted myself to the study of statuary; and thus it was I became the pupil of Vanderstappen at the Brussels Academy in 1888-9, and laureate of his class in my first year. This, I may say, was the first figure class I had attended. But for three consecutive years I followed the dissecting course at the University, and I drew a good deal. I won the 'Godecharles' prize (a travelling scholarship) with my *Tourmente de la Pensée* at the Brussels triennial Salon in 1890, and in that same year I married Françoise Delœul. Then, during the years 1891, 1892 and 1893, I travelled in England, France and Italy, and exhibited successively in the Salons of the 'Pour l'Art' club the following works: *Puberté* (torso of a young girl); *L'Amour Virginal* (a low relief, which appeared also at the Brussels triennial Salon of 1893; this was the first of my works to attract the notice of artists and connoisseurs); *Cantique*

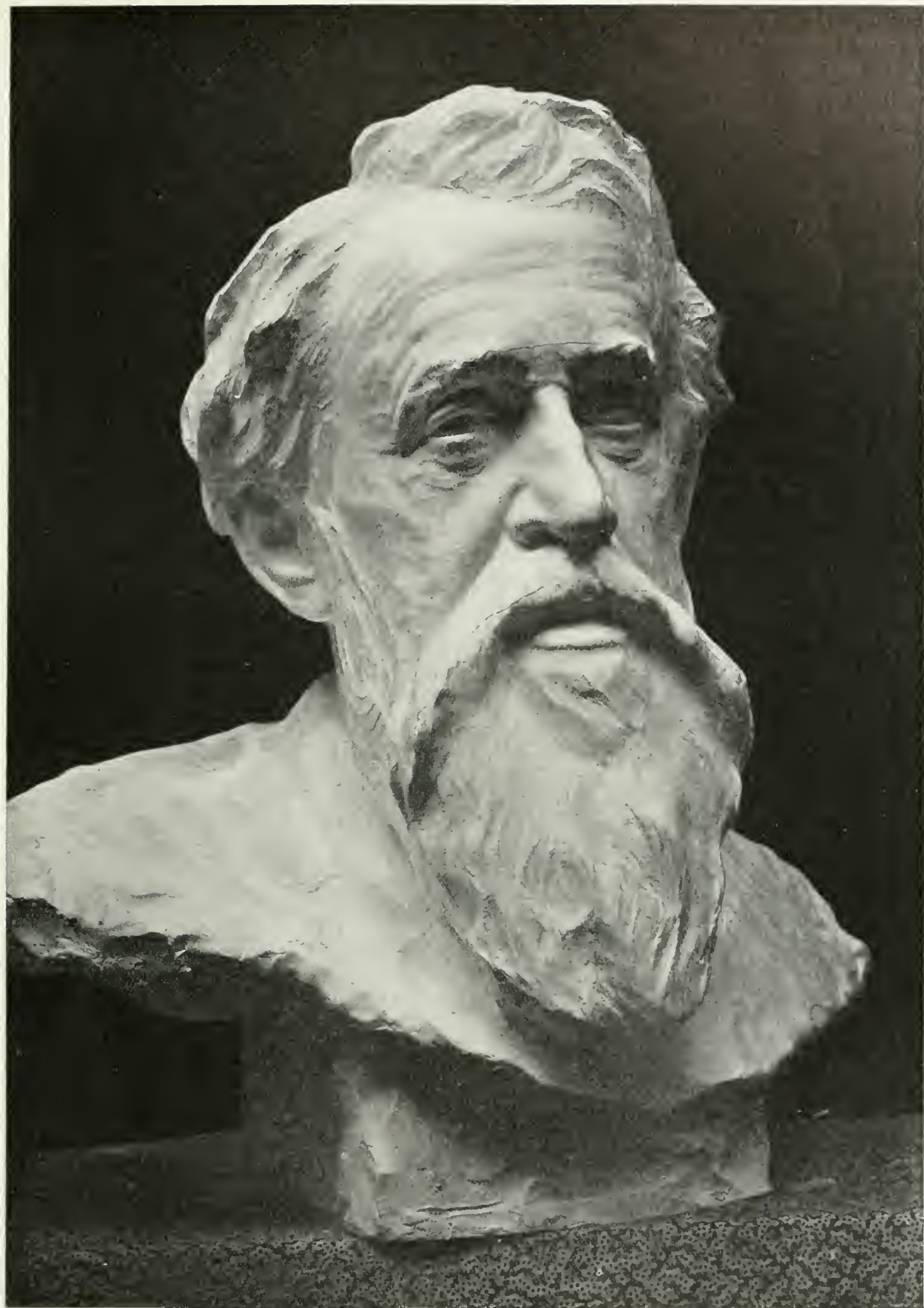
d'Amour, *Orphée*, the *Liseur*, *Demeter*, and' (in bronze) the *Coupe des Voluptés*, *Danse Antique*; some candelabras intended for the Botanical Gardens in Brussels, and two statues, *Le Jeu* and *Le Vent*. I devoted myself to the restoration of the 'Maison des Boulangers,' one of the gems of the Grande Place, Brussels, and I am responsible for the commemorative *plaque* in connection with the restoration of the ancient house in the Grande Place. This *plaque*, which the artists dedicated to M. Charles Buls, the burgomaster, is incrustated in the wall of one of the houses in the Rue Charles Buls, facing the Hôtel de Ville."

In 1902 appeared *Les Sœurs de l'Illusion*, the fruit of several years of labour, and, so far, the young artist's most important work. This group of three young women, of rather more than life size, symbolises the Past, the Present, and the



"L'OFFRANDE"

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU



BUST OF CONSTANTIN MEUNIER
BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Future. The figures are seated, and are united in a most harmonious movement.

"The eldest of the three" (writes M. Lambotte), "suffering already from the realities of life, takes refuge in the sadness of her deception. Full of bitterness, and living again in an irrecoverable past, she bends forward, motionless, with all the scorn of her useless strength, and, nobly resigned, is the incarnation of the contemplative life. The second woman is represented in an instantaneous gesture: leaning towards her younger companion, she counsels an active life; but the maiden with eyes closed to the external world remains wrapped in her inviolate dreaming. The whole future, in all its force, lies beneath her smooth brow, her fair illusions are not yet vanished, the *brutalité* of the present, no less than the rancour of the past, has no effect upon her hopes. This work combines with beauty of imagination a perfection which is quite astonishing. The accuracy of proportions, the nobility of gesture, the aristocracy of the types, the harmony and the amplitude of the grouping, together with the technical knowledge shown in the realisation, combine to make up an *ensemble* the charm of which is undeniable."

No less remarkable than his imaginative works, the portraits—and they are many—already produced by Victor Rousseau, proclaim the deep and virile nature of his marvellous talent. Without exception these portraits reveal something more than a mere superficial and passing aspect; they form—it has been well said—"plastic interpretation of brains and temperaments, and they have a generalised but definite resemblance which counts for much more than mechanical observation."

One of his first successes was the truly masterly bust he did of Madame Françoise Rousseau—"the companion with the great heart and the lofty mind, who sustains and aids the artist's efforts with admirable conscience."

In his busts of children the subtle sculptor has taken a pleasure, one may

say, in following the complex modelling of these faces, with their outlines at once so precise and so indefinite. In his busts of women he has gladly emphasised the delicacy of the features and the suppleness of their movements, always displaying proof of a most personal method of interpretation. If, for instance, the small bust of Madame de Gerlache in terra cotta and onyx, in its mode of presentation, recalls the French art of the eighteenth century, it is nevertheless impossible to assert that it brings back the memory of any particular work of that period.

The same with a little bust of a young girl, intended to form part of a decorative *ensemble* in the style of the Italian Renaissance. It is so ingeniously composed in all its parts that it never brings to the mind any suggestion of copying or of imitation.

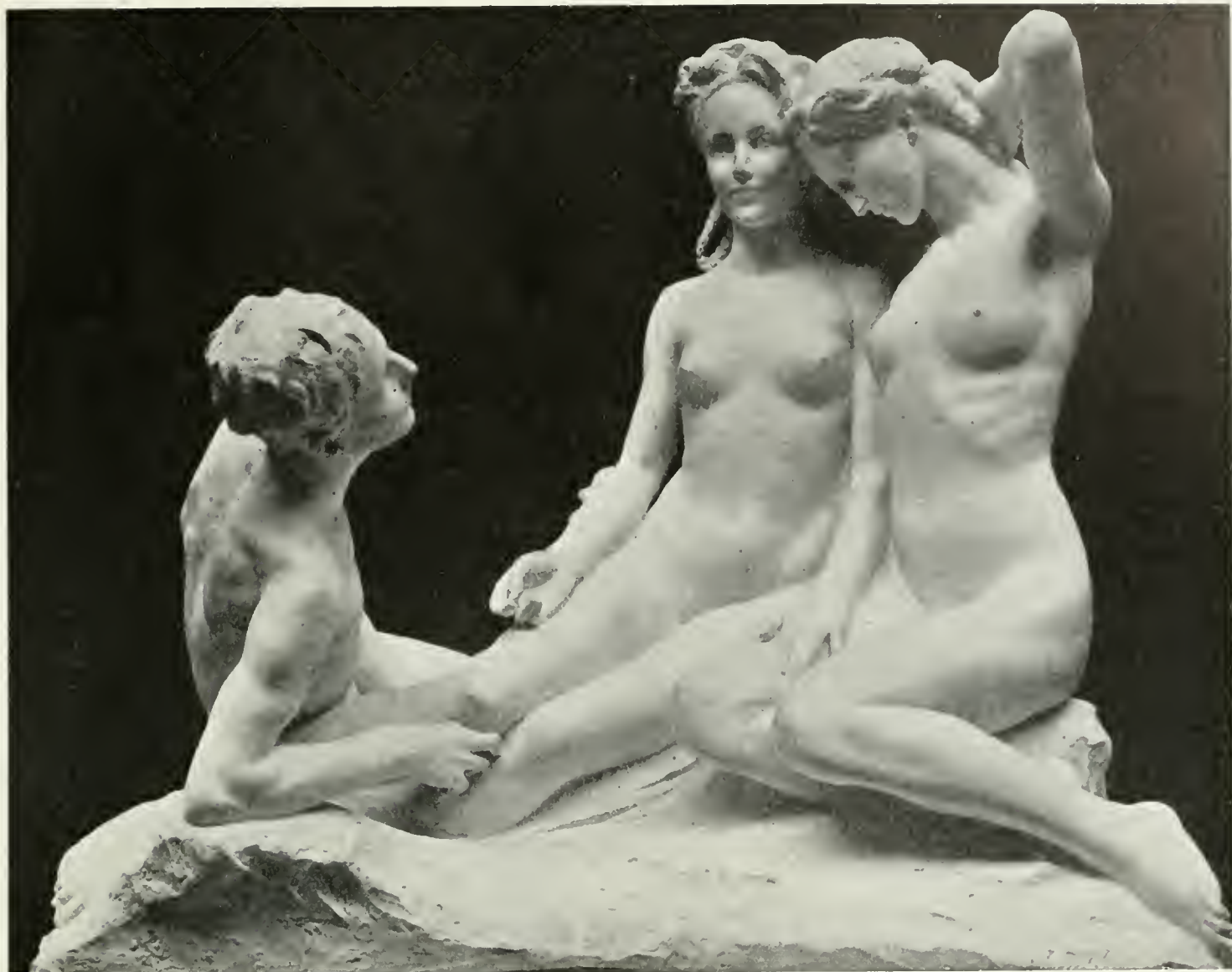
In the reproduction of the bust of Mlle. S. now given (p. 108), one sees with what pleasure the artist has displayed in definite fashion the curious beauty of this young girl, the strange charm of her ingenuous features, the suppleness of the graceful curve of her neck.

But it is in the very fine bust of Constantin Meunier, also reproduced here, that the young sculptor has risen to the greatest height. Meunier



"L'ÉTÉ"

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU



"LES ADOLESCENTS"

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

is indeed here, and for ever, the good and great artist who was beloved by all who knew him. Here is his face, infinitely "respectable," with his brow all wrinkled by the effort of thought and the weight of care, with the pale eyes so kind and so firm in their gaze, the strong lips, whence came the slow, soft speech, the broad shoulders sunken with the burden of toil and of existence. Indeed, artist and model were worthy the one of the other.

At the same time—as M. Lambotte has most judiciously remarked—the works most characteristic of Victor Rousseau's talent—one might even say of his manner—are those of small dimensions, and generally executed in bronze; they are rendered infinitely precious by the refinement and the precision of their execution. These works, which form a numerous and very varied series, seem all akin, by reason of the artist's constant care to achieve a definite composition, a consecutive form, a suppleness of line and a *facture* at once minute and broad of faces and extremities. One may discover therein also a certain predilection for two very special types—a young man of supreme grace

of proportions and movements, and young girl, of ingenuous grace and charm.

The *Coupe des Voluptés* is perhaps the marvel among this series of little marvels, which includes—to name but a few—*Vers la Vie* (Brussels Gallery), *Les Curieuses*, *Sous les Etoiles*, *La Femme au Chapeau*, and *L'Été*.

By way of concluding this short notice one cannot do better than again borrow from M. Lambotte, and employ the terms in which he himself sums up his subject: "Victor Rousseau constitutes an individuality clearly characterised. Like Rodin, and like Lambeaux, but in another way and with his own means, a form restrained and everywhere definite, with no concession to the unexpected, the incomplete, he realises masterpieces of palpitating life, of dreamy intellectuality. He in his turn ranks among the masters of our marvellous present school of sculpture: he is himself, and indeed one of us, despite his clear conciseness and his conception of a sober beauty." F. K.

(Two further illustrations to this article are given on the next page.)



BUST OF MDLLE. S.

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU



BUST

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

SOME RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE POTTERY WARE OF THE MARTIN BROTHERS.

WE have on several occasions drawn the attention of readers of *THE STUDIO* to certain features in the pottery of Japan which are usually ignored by students of ceramic art, although, as a matter of fact, they display evidences of the most skilled craftsmanship. The idea that art is only exhibited in pottery when it is covered with painted ornament is still very firmly impressed in the minds of many people, who would deny all æsthetic qualities of the potter's craft which do not show the painter's craftsmanship and skill. In saying this, it must not



FIG. 1. "SLIP" DECORATION

be thought that we underrate the painter's beautiful art when applied to the decoration of porcelain or earthenware; our preferences are, however, for those features which are essentially characteristic of the potter's craft—the manipulation of clays of varied texture and of coloured glazes, and of such decorative treatment as essentially belongs to the potter's art, and bears no resemblance to that of other crafts. The work of the old Japanese potters is particularly rich in these qualities. Kenzan, Ninsei, Rokubei, and many others produced wares which were full of individuality, and displayed the intimate and extensive knowledge which they possessed of their craft, and an æsthetic per-

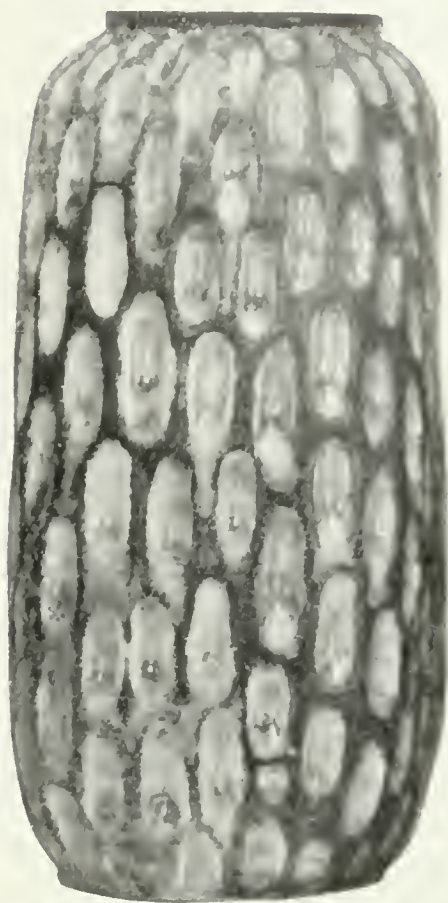


FIG. 2. INCISED DECORATION

ception which is too often lacking in modern European and American productions.

Indeed, it is rarely that the separate achievements of any Western potter contain evidence of such comprehension and skill as may be found in those of the Far East. Yet, it may gratefully be admitted that there have been a few workers in France, Germany, and England, who, in recent years, have taken some delight in developing the true qualities of their craft, and have given to each object which



FIG. 3. MODELLED DECORATION

has come from their hands a distinction not to be found in the general mass of contemporary ceramic work. Among the honoured names of such craftsmen those of the Martin Brothers, of London, are especially worthy of distinction. For many years past these artists have produced from year to year a few objects, which have been for the most part eagerly sought for by collectors and others. Much of their early work depended for its main interest on the incised decoration of birds,

examined with advantage from two points of view—one in relation to the technical qualities of their production, the other to the characteristics of their ornament. Of their technical qualities it

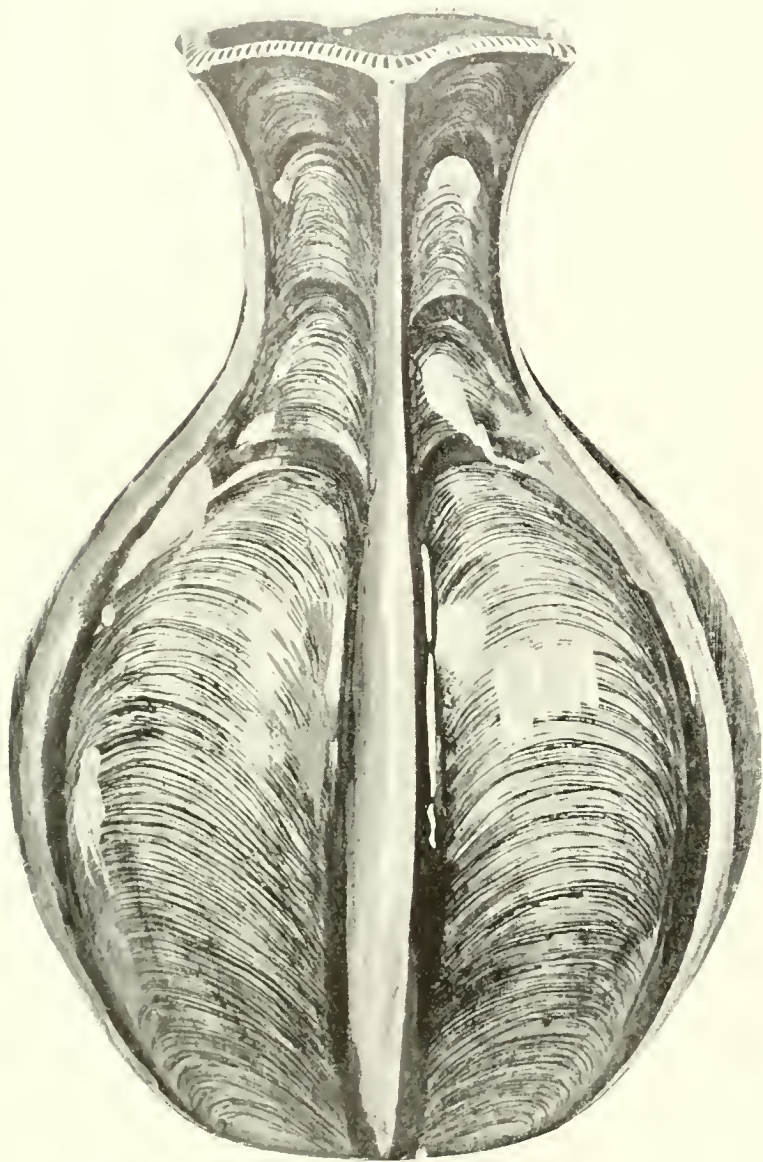


FIG. 4. MODELLED AND INCISED DECORATION

fish or flowers with which it was enriched. But during the last few years they have materially broadened their point of view, and have sought after and obtained many original modes of expression which lend to their productions a charm which, without being in any way imitative, recalls the work of the old potters of Japan. We shall purposely confine our remarks to these later features of their work, as we consider them to be of especial interest at this time.

The few examples we now illustrate may be



FIG. 5. INCISED DECORATION

may be remarked that the earths employed, while varied in character, are uniformly dense in consistency and of excellent quality. The decoration is usually obtained by the use of "slip," either incised in the *Mishima* style of Japan, or applied to the

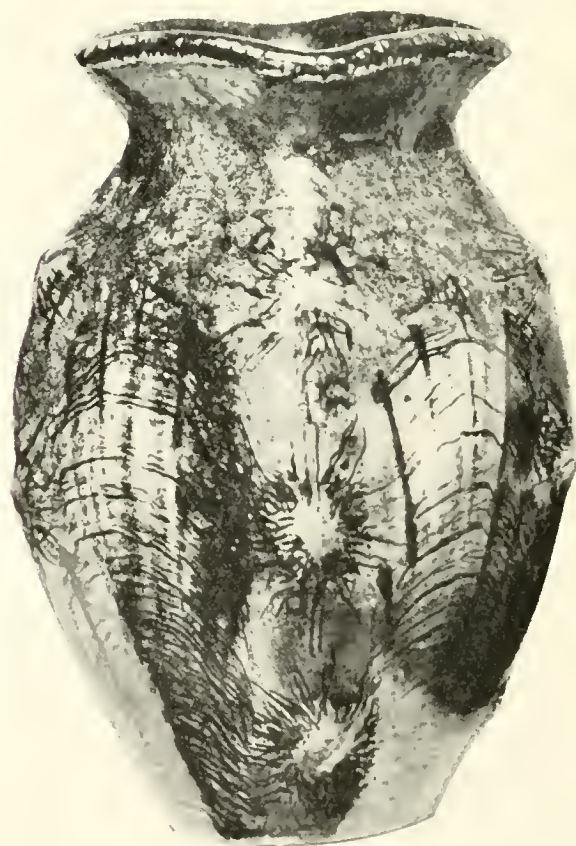


FIG. 6. MODELLED AND INCISED DECORATION



FIG. 7.
"SLIP" DECORATION

surface with a brush. Salt glaze in connection with coloured enamels is judiciously employed, and the makers have been especially successful in the production of a very fine dullish black, which has all the excellent qualities of the best Chinese prototypes. The quaint and irregular shapes given to the various objects are uncommon without being bizarre. The decoration is, for the most part, intimately connected with the manufacture of the object, and not, as it were, an afterthought. In this respect their later work differs materially from some of their earlier, and is proportionately the more commendable.

When Nature decorates her own productions, such as an egg, a shell, a flower or a fruit, she

does not reproduce the forms of other natural objects. She does not paint a lily on an egg, a bird on a shell, a fish on a flower, or the portrait of a man on a fruit. Each



FIG. 8. MODELLED DECORATION

one of these objects has a simple type of decoration of probably more or less use to its existence, or it may be the outcome of form and growth.

It would seem to us that the Martin Brothers, consciously or unconsciously, have endeavoured to follow these precepts of Nature,

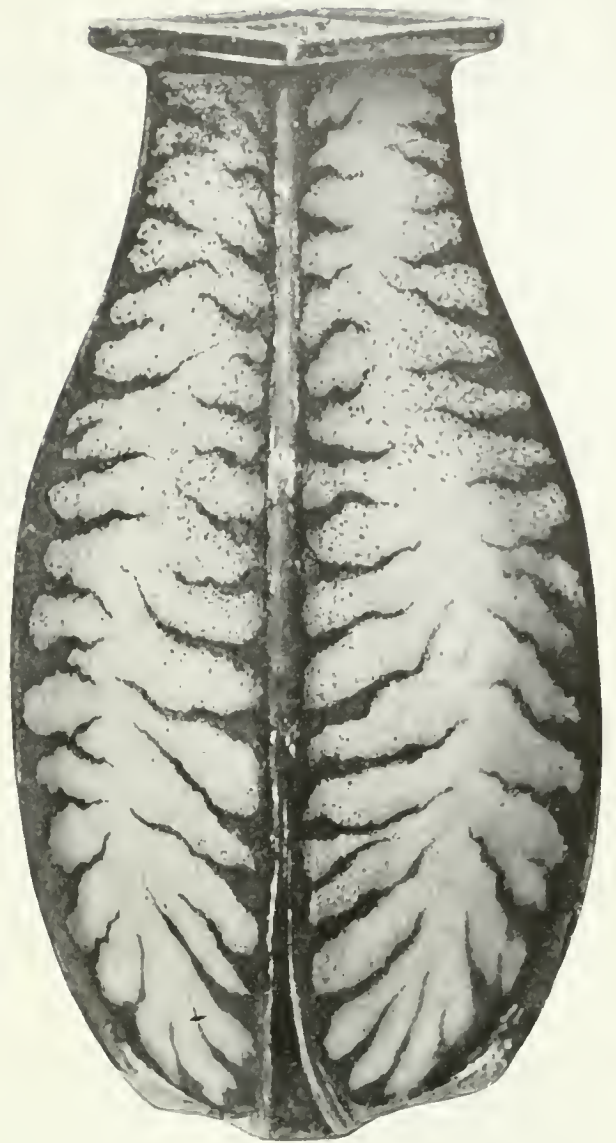
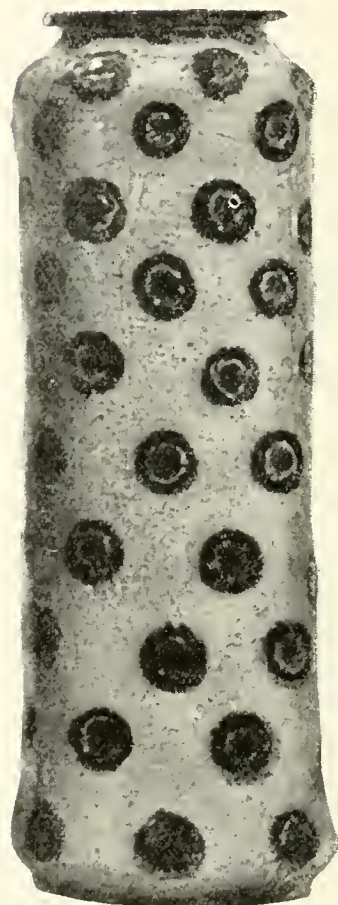
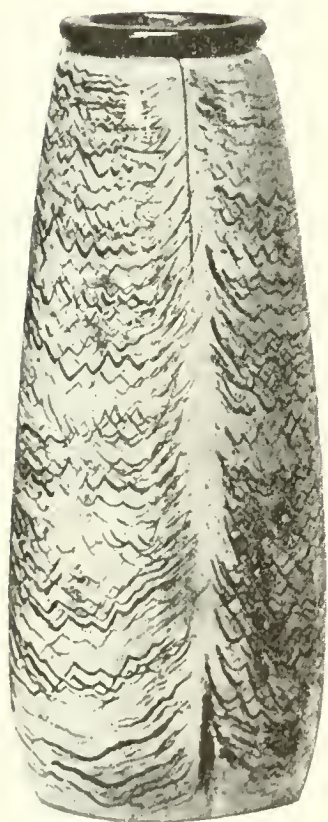
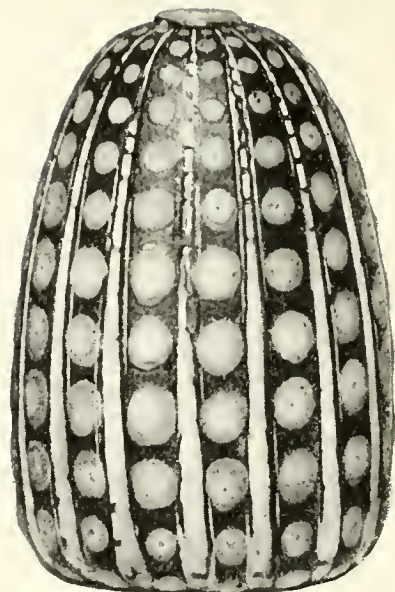
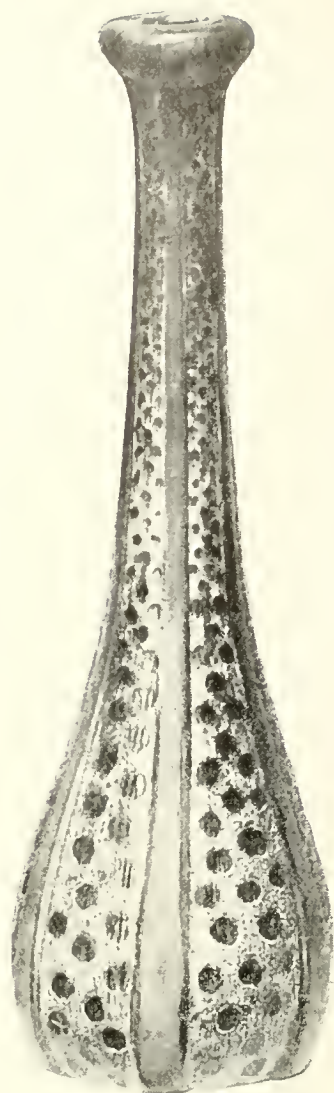


FIG. 9. INCISED DECORATION

and in doing so have borrowed many ideas from eggs and shells and other natural forms, not in strict imitation, but as suggestions for suitable ornament. For example, the "slip" decoration on Fig. 1,



FIG. 10. MODELLED DECORATION



FIGS. 11 TO 16. MARTIN POTTERY
INCISED (MISHIMA) DECORATION

Martin Pottery

without being a copy of the markings upon a melon, seems to us to have been suggested by them ; that of Fig. 2—an excellent one to bring out the “broken” colour of running glazes—might have resulted from the appearance of a corn-cob, from which the grain has been extracted. Figs. 3, 4, 5 and 6 have characteristics of surface, form or decoration, which remind one of certain sea-shells or sea-weed ; Fig. 7 displays the net-like structure of certain organisms ; Fig. 8 has a texture not unlike that of a cabbage ; Fig. 9, the skin of a wild animal ; while Fig. 10 simulates in its colour and texture an egg. To have imitated exactly such objects

device apparently selected with the same object in view. Figs. 3 and 4, with their shell-like qualities



FIG. 17. MODELLED AND INCISED DECORATION

would have been inappropriate and inartistic ; but to have allowed them to suggest a scheme of ornamentation adapted to the technical requirements and qualities of the material is entirely permissible.

The striations on Fig. 1 follow and accentuate the form of the vase, breaking up the surface into pleasant irregularity, and display the coloured enamel to great advantage. Fig. 2 is simply another



FIG. 19. MODELLED AND INCISED DECORATION

of surface, are admirable examples of the clever manipulation of glazes—Fig. 4 being, indeed, a *chef d'œuvre* of the potter's art—alike perfect in potting and glazing. The striations in the panels are incised and not painted.

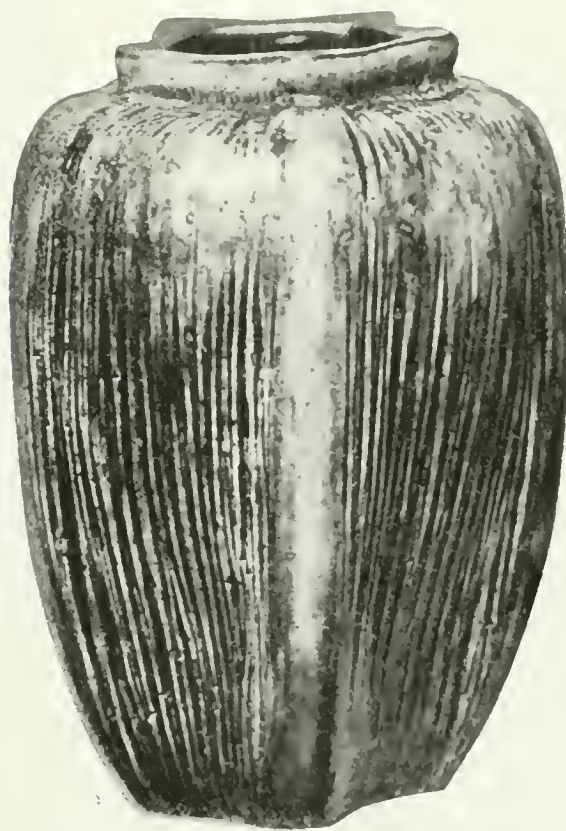
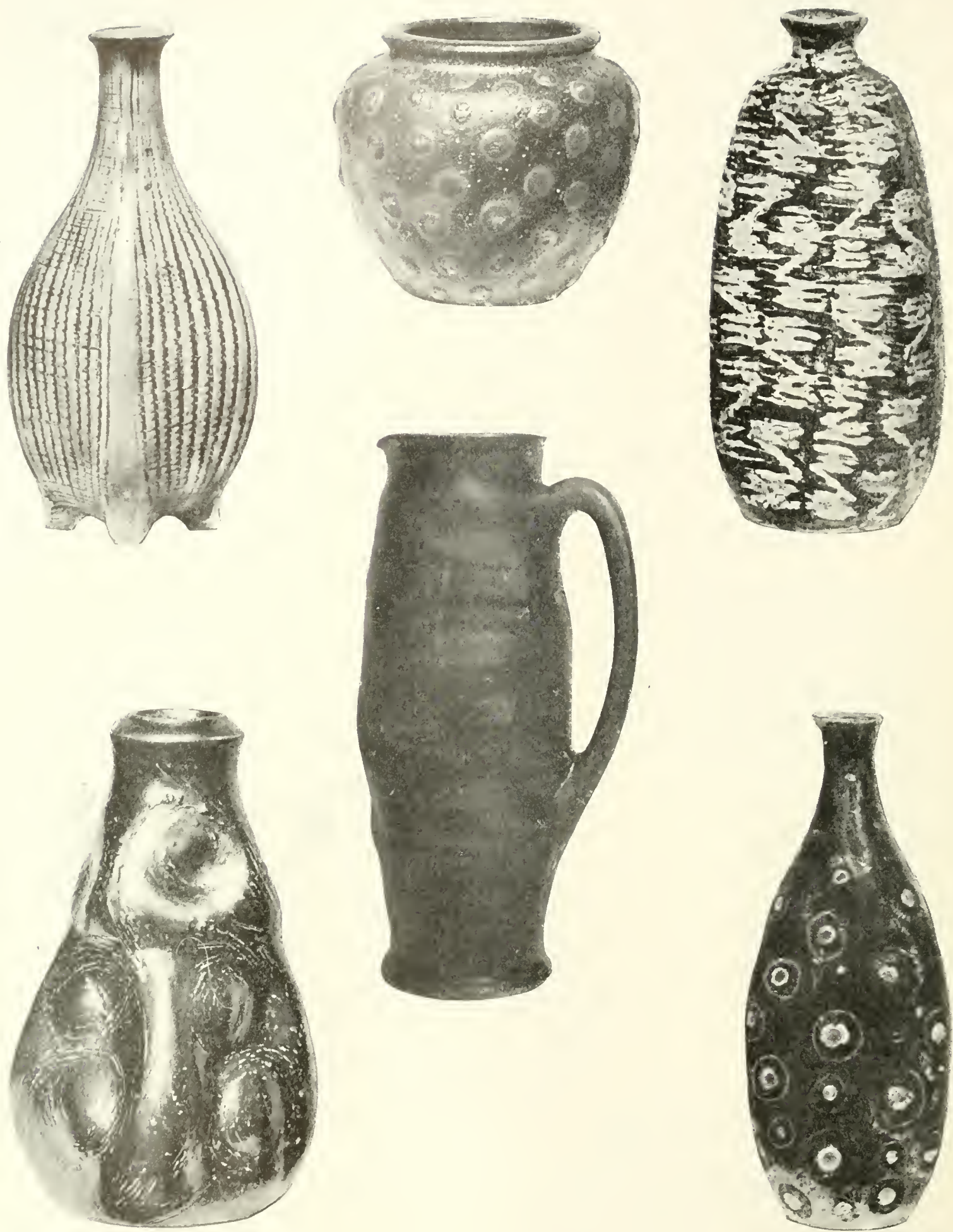


FIG. 20. MODELLED AND INCISED DECORATION



FIG. 18. MODELLED DECORATION

Incised pattern filled in with paste of a different colour to the body of the ware, which we have referred to as *Mishima*, was a favourite method of decoration of the old Corean and Japanese potters. It is a class of ornamentation which can only be produced by the potter himself, as it must be completed while the clay is in a damp state, before it is fired. It is one which has been somewhat neglected in Europe. In recent years the



FIGS. 21 TO 26. MARTIN POTTERY
MODELLED, INCISED, AND "SLIP"
DECORATION

Dutch potters have practised it to a limited extent, but no work has been produced in the West of this character to compare in excellence with that of the Yatsushiro potters. Figs. 11 to 16 are types of this class made by the Martin Brothers, and they have the merit of being quite original in conception. The other examples here illustrated are selected to show a few more of the many varieties of form and treatment, and help to display the makers' power of invention and diversity of treatment.

One is apt, without careful examination, to fail to give full credit to the potter for the laborious and skilful manipulation necessary to the successful production of *Mishima* decoration. The Martin Brothers have been singularly happy in their efforts in this direction, and their departure in style from all previous examples is most commendable. This inlaid work is open to numerous variations and developments, and there will be no necessity for them in future years to repeat their earlier successes. And of this there need be no fear, if they continue to work upon the admirable lines they have hitherto followed.

The Martins have an excellent plan of incising in the foot or back of each piece their name and the date of its production. One may thus trace the special successes of each year, and all spurious imitations may be readily detected. By the avoidance of imitation and repetition, and by the faculty of invention and knowledge of the possibilities of his craft, there is no reason why the potter should not in the future, as he has done upon rare occasions in the past, rise to the greatest distinction as an artist, and we cannot but feel that the Martin Brothers are on the right road to such an eminence.

Our thanks are due to the Artificers' Guild, Maddox Street, London, for their permission to illustrate the examples reproduced in Figs. 1, 2, 16, 24 and 26 from their varied collection.

THE PAINTINGS AND PASTELS OF ISOBELLE DODS-WITHERS.

ARTISTS in this decade have lived in fear of the word picturesque—but there is a new



“THE CASTLE OF CŒUR DE LION”

BY ISOBELLE A. DODS-WITHERS

picturesque of which the art of Mrs. Dods-Withers may be taken as a specimen. We cannot think of another artist who has dwelt with so much affection upon the subject of lonely and impressive buildings, unless we recall those terribly lonely-looking chateaux which Victor Hugo used to draw with his pen in the moments when that vivid pen was not writing. It is so easy to be theatrical and so very difficult to lift the few sweeping main lines which give the grandeur of these scenes into the border-lines of a canvas in a manner that is beautiful and impressive: this Mrs. Dods-Withers succeeds in doing, for one of her gifts is the selection of the point of view which can give her the most impressive aspect of her subject. Art of the pompous kind is always marching through our exhibitions, but the light of "the true romance" is only glinting here and there.

The charm of Mrs. Dods-Withers' work is that it seems inspired by the historic associations of those places she depicts. Nearly all her canvases are left empty of figures, that we may people them from our own thoughts. She prompts our imagination with her manner of presenting her subject: heavy white clouds embattling the sky above the *hauteur* of a castle wall which has remained to an age that has forgotten how to fashion such architecture. It was when the armed knights came out of the gates of these places for the last time that Romance entered in and made her dwelling. Of stirring mediæval times there is a whisper in the trees which stand as sentinels, whilst the many houses for the tourist advance to the foot of the hills, where these ancient houses still

parade forlornly and reproachfully their ancient beauty.

If thus lightly we have sketched her motives, it is because they are so completely revealed in her craft, and the craftsmanship of a true artist is always so personal a matter that it is not to be analysed. Craftsmanship which is not subordinated to subject, but which goes through its tricks prettily without losing itself in some personal aim, is not to be very highly considered. The technique of Mrs. Dods-Withers is unaggressive, it loses itself in the subject—but though her art is often very dreamy, it is never unreal. Truth of shape in the



"LE CHATEAU DE NEMOURS"

BY ISOBELLE A. DODS-WITHERS



Isobelle Dods-Withers

masses which the lines of her composition define, and truth of tone, help her art in its persuasive statement of how fair this world is in certain places. The simplification of masses of form which is an instinct with her, gives significance to those few things which she elects to emphasise in the representation of a complicated scene on canvas. She is drawn to trees of a certain formation, representing them as many times as possible, as if to say over again to every friend her art makes for her how much the beauty of their shape has given her pleasure. Such affection for some particular shapes in nature, a preference for them over other shapes, belongs to everyone. They are fortunate who identify their preferences with those of this artist, for whatever she feels she expresses with that certainty which conveys to her art the rare quality which is known as charm. Some day all her canvases will be separated from each other, if they are not so already ; various purchasers of her works will have carried them off in different directions,

so it is comforting to reflect that certain notes which she can strike with a magic that gives them so much meaning have been struck by her many times, her real feeling for a few things insuring with every repetition of them spontaneity and grace. The quality of Mrs. Dods-Withers' technique is of that refinement that adds to the poetry of her subject.

As happens with only the few, Mrs. Dods-Withers seemed Minerva-like to come equipped as an artist to our exhibitions, without undergoing training, with the exception of some short study under Mr. Alexander Roche, R.S.A., and the late Miss Christina Ross, R.S.W., of Edinburgh. Recognising her individuality, both these teachers quickly let her take her own way. But not at first apparently did the artist realise the measure of her gifts. It remained for others to appreciate them ; and only during the last five years has she taken her art seriously. During that time success has not lagged. Lately the Museum of Düsseldorf has



“ON THE TARN AT ALBI”

BY ISOBELLE A. DODS-WITHERS

bought her picture *The White House by the River*, after its exhibition with the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, in London. The artist is at present holding a small exhibition of her pictures and sketches at the Lyceum Club, while at the exhibition of the Society of Twenty-Five Painters, which is at present being held in London (and to which an article is devoted in this number), her picture *Gerona* is an important feature. She is a member of the Pastel Society, and it is at the exhibitions of this society that one meets with a most delightful phase of her art, such as our coloured reproduction represents, in which her delicate low-toned colour and appreciation of pastel quality give us a result eminently sympathetic.

Hitherto Mrs. Dods-Withers has out of love for one kind of landscape, rendered it so well; but the world is wide, and though the brief period during which she has painted for exhibition could

not possibly have enabled her to cover a wider field with such important results, these results teach us to anticipate many things for the future, when, roaming further, her romantic vision makes conquests in other fields. Only it is to be hoped that subjects such as those illustrated with this article will still receive interpretation through her brush, otherwise regret would follow the ending of such a fascinating chapter.

The old-fashioned painters, who were deliberately picturesque, spoke of putting "life" into their pictures by the introduction of a human figure. It remains for so truly modern an artist as Mrs. Dods-Withers, painting for the responsive imagination of the sensitive modern public to content herself with the life which belongs to any place in which human history has once been made. Her colour and form, as we have indicated, are controlled by the spirit in which she works. With an almost topographical regard for reality in choosing



"GERONA"

BY ISOBELLE A. DODS-WITHERS



"STIRLING BRIDGE." BY
ISOBELLE A. DODS-WITHERS

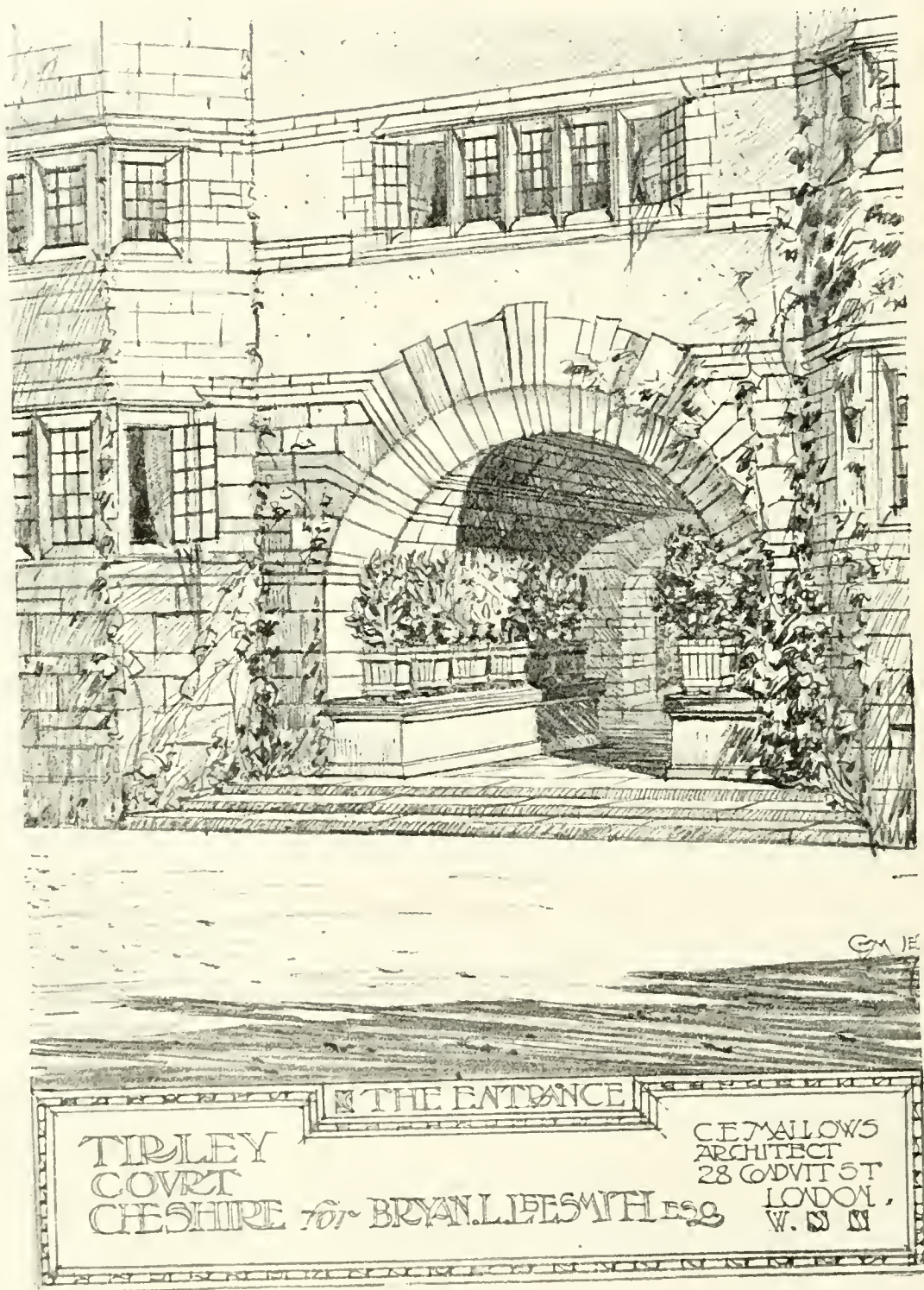
her subjects, she yet always escapes that realism of mud and mortar which is almost the only rendering that we see of these historic walls. Perhaps in this all too short article we have been able to cite more than one reason why this art has immediately called attention to itself, and to a certain type of mind makes special appeal.

T. OLDFORD.

Under the auspices of the Royal British Colonial Society of Artists and an influential body of Colonial guarantors, an important exhibition of works by British artists is to be held in Melbourne during the months of March, April and May of next year. The society was inaugurated by a few well-known painters in 1886, under the title of "The Anglo-Australian Society of Artists," for the purpose of organising exhibitions of pictures, both for sale and for educational purposes, in the Australian colonies, and successful exhibitions were held in 1889, 1890-1 and 1891-2, but that held in 1893, the disastrous year of panic and bank failures, proved a heavy loss to the guarantors. The exhibition about to take place is the first promoted by the society (which received its present title in 1904) since that time, and will comprise three sections, viz.:—a corporate exhibit of works by members of the society; a specially invited section of notable pictures; and a small British loan section, including already promised works by Watts, Sargent, Millais, Burne-Jones and other painters of eminence. Mr. Joshua Lake, M.A., who acted as managing director for the colonial guarantors in connection with the earlier exhibitions, is again acting in the same capacity.

RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

LAST month we reproduced various architectural designs which had been on view at this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, and we now have pleasure in reproducing some interesting designs by Mr. C. E. Mallows, F.R.I.B.A., which also figured on the walls of the Architectural Room at the Academy. The first four illustrations are from drawings of Tirley Court, a house now being built at Tirley, near Tarporley in Cheshire. It is fortunate in possessing what is probably one of the finest sites in that county, being on the southern side of one of the highest hills in Cheshire, affording

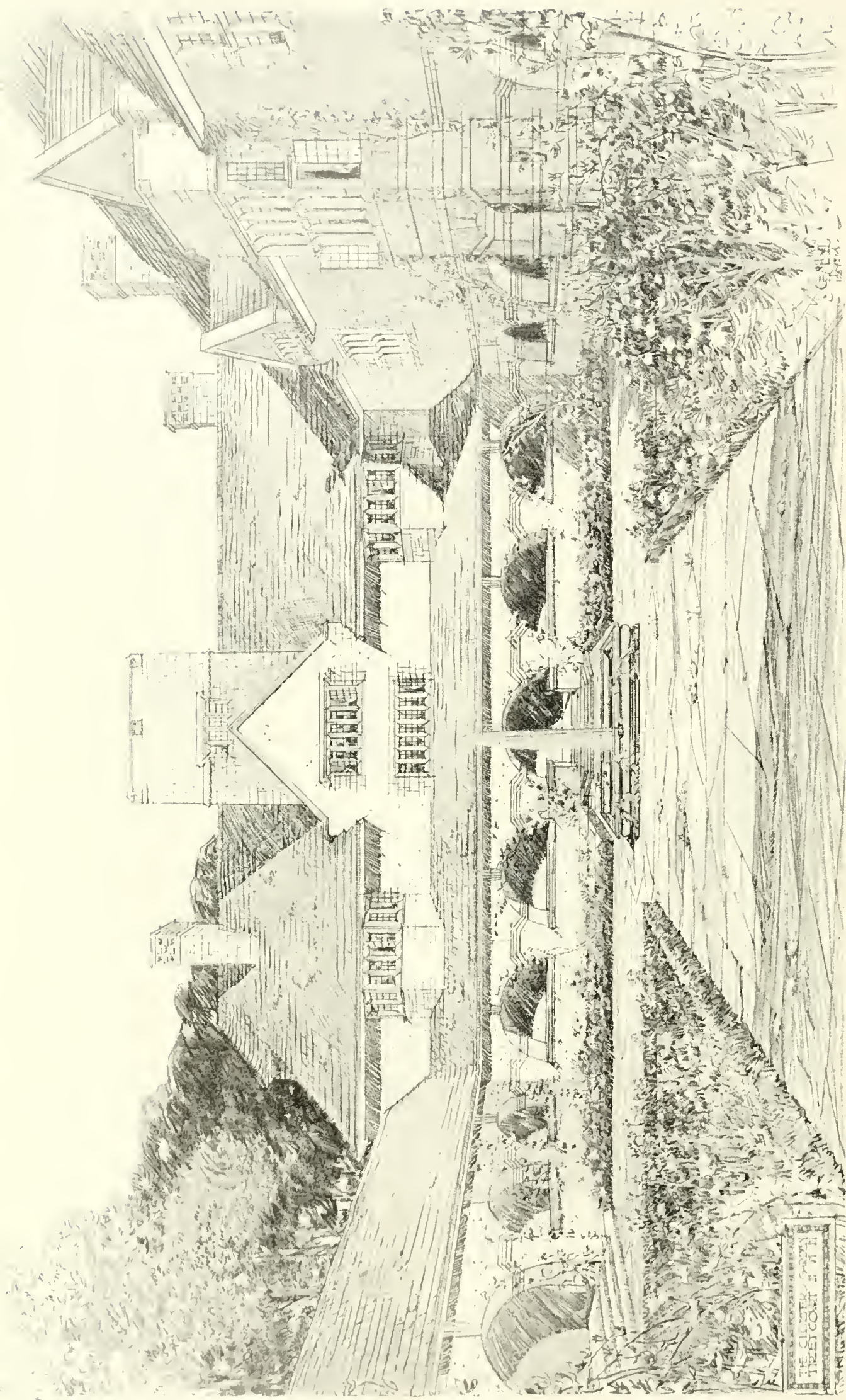


TIRLEY COURT, CHESHIRE : THE ENTRANCE

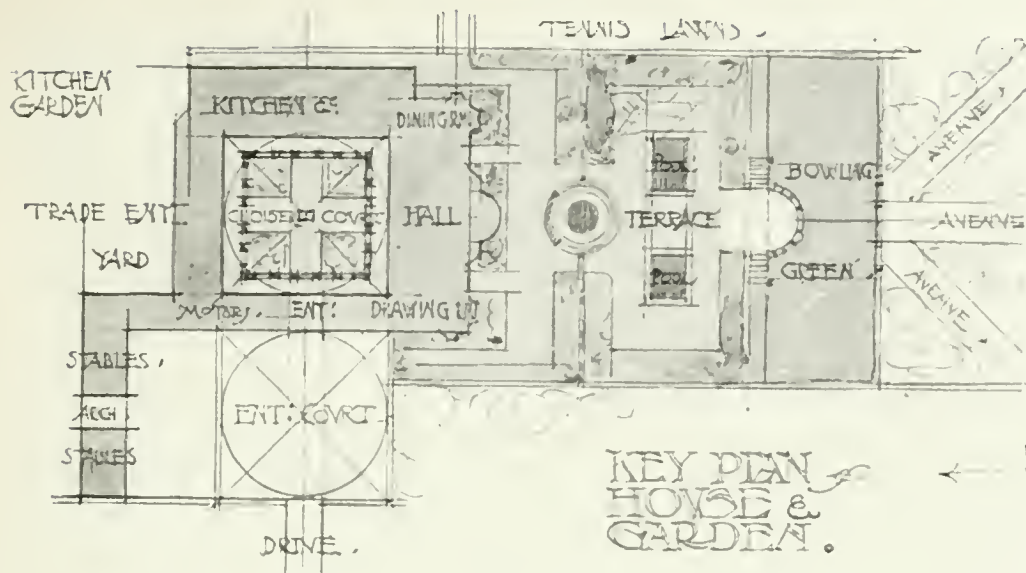
C. E. MALLOW, ARCHITECT



TIRLEY COURT, CHESHIRE: SOUTH FRONT
C. E. MALLOWS, ARCHITECT



TIRLEY COURT, CHESHIRE: THE CLOISTER
GARDEN. C. E. MALLOWS, ARCHITECT



PLAN OF TIRLEY COURT

C. E. MALLOWS, ARCHITECT

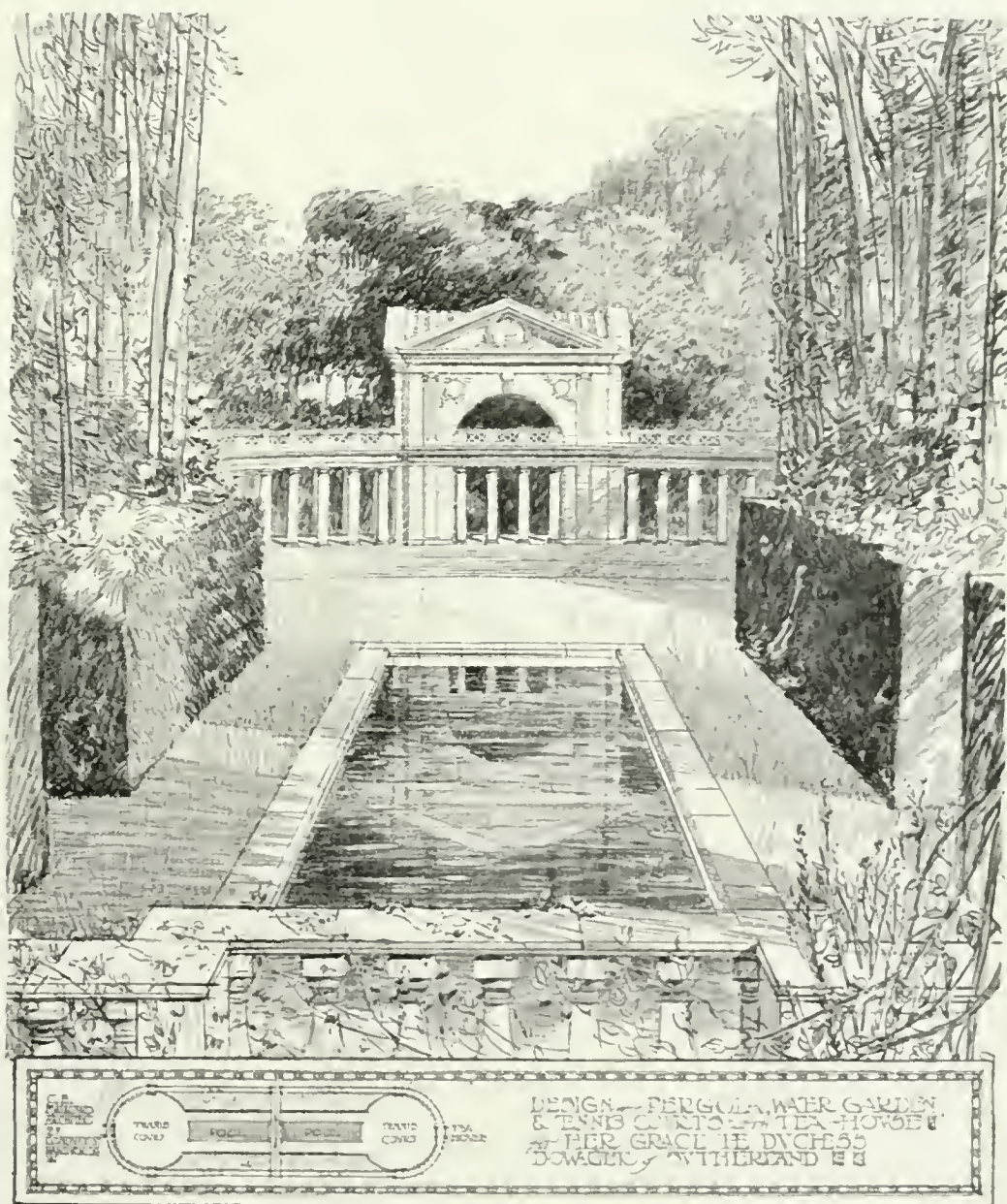
magnificent views from the principal fronts and gardens over a beautiful valley which has the Welsh hills as a distant background. The drawings reproduced illustrate only a portion of the general scheme of house, garden, stables, double cottages, and lodges all of which are now being carried out from Mr. Mallows' designs and under his supervision. The materials which are being used are Hollington stone and rough-cast for the walls, and Yorkshire graded stone slabs for the roofs as indicated on the drawings. All the windows with their mullions are of Hollington stone, except those under the cloister walks, which are of English oak. English oak will also be used for the internal joinery and for floors to the principal rooms. Elsewhere the floors will be of American maple, and the joinery of Canary white wood, which in time tones to varying shades of brown with very delightful effects. The design of the gardens, a portion of which only is indicated on the outline plan, has received particular care and attention both from the owner, Mr. Leesmith, who has already

made many successful efforts in that direction elsewhere, and from the architect. The cottages, lodges, and stables forming part of the general scheme, follow the general character of the house and are built of the same materials.

The other design by Mr. Mallows here reproduced, namely, that for a water-garden, tennis court, pergola, etc., is a detail from a general

scheme for a large house and garden for her Grace the Duchess-Dowager of Sutherland, proposed to be constructed on the Warren Estate at Crowborough.

Our next illustrations are those of a house at Knutsford, of which Mr. Percy Worthington, M.A.,



DESIGN FOR PERGOLA, WATER-GARDEN, ETC.

BY C. E. MALLOWS

is the architect. *Apropos* of this house our Manchester correspondent writes:—"In 'Woodgarth' the architect, aided by the practical artistic appreciation of his client, Mr. Wragge, has produced what will rank as one of the beautiful homes of England. Lying off the beaten tract in the heart of a silver birch and pine copse, and approached through a circular-topped oak gateway, the house, being L-shaped, seems like two out-held arms, the main door and vestibule filling the centre angle; on the left the loft, stabling, kitchen and servants' rooms; on the right the hall, dining, study, billiard and overhead bedrooms. The roof, of many-coloured stone slabs, makes a delightful scheme, from which the rain-water heads and down pipes form, practically and artistically, a strap-like part of the exterior decoration in oak, alternately checked in black and white. At the back one empties into a green barrel, forming a unique contrast with the side of the yard arch, the plain upper portion of the wall relieved by the careful arrangement of a sundial above the keystone. From the top of the steps on the left, leading up to the back entrance, a view is obtained of the wild woodland, in harmony with which is the pergola at the lawn end, where, as in the adjacent copse, the feathered songsters can build and rest in peace. The wood-work of the hall (see page 128) is dull oak panelled, finished by slight moulding, in line with the door tops, and above a frieze of white plaster; the ceiling of the same material, relieved by an elliptical mould, intersected in four by excellently modelled cherub heads. The chimney-piece is in harmonious stone, forming a framework for the delicately coloured side-tiles in green, pale rose and

orange, and a plain, self-coloured background for the quaintly squared grate. The rugs and carpeting are in keeping with the tile colouring, and the dark oak furniture of old English design selected with much thoughtfulness. A lighter note is struck in the dining and breakfast-room (page 129), with its beamed ceiling, white plaster walls, green casement curtains, and the richly designed beaten brass canopy, the silver grey strip marble border and cream tiles. The furniture, which is made of deep-toned mahogany, and consists only of such pieces as are of use and in unity with the entire surroundings, completes a room of new life and peaceful association. In the study the same quiet restraint is carried out. In the billiard room (see illustration on page 129) comfort and freedom constitute the pervading melody. The walls are oak panelled to the



"WOODGARTH," KNUTSFORD: BACK VIEW

PERCY WORTHINGTON, ARCHITECT



"WOODGARTH," KNUTSFORD : FRONT VIEW

PERCY WORTHINGTON, ARCHITECT

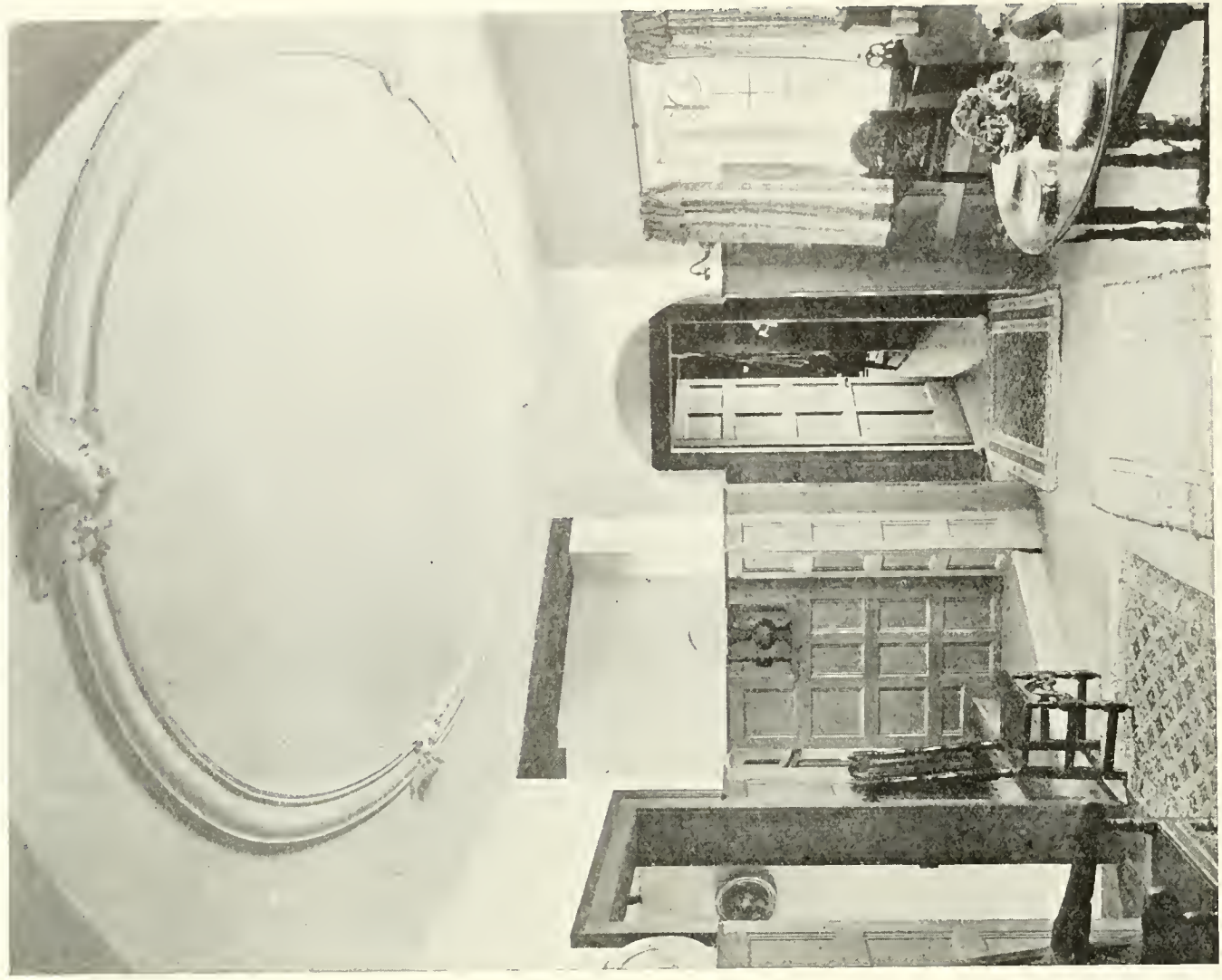
ceiling, and the constructional beams are left bare. A log fire blazes under a wrought-iron canopy, and the flames flicker round the large square green tiles which line the recess and reflect both light and warmth; the hearth itself is of unglazed red brick, set under an archway of grey stone, surmounted by a projecting overmantel decoration of alcoved figures. The uncarpeted oak stairway leads hence along a corridor of white plaster, strapped alternately by the natural finished woodwork, where each unpolished white door and black homely latch admits to the bedrooms, in which the same prevailing dignity, thoughtful furniture and unaffected decoration are in evidence. Throughout the house, in fact, this thoughtfulness of design and excellence of workmanship are everywhere

noticeable. It is a home, too, where the servants are considered human, and as much interest brought to bear upon the decoration and comfort of their sitting and bedrooms as is bestowed upon those of its owners."

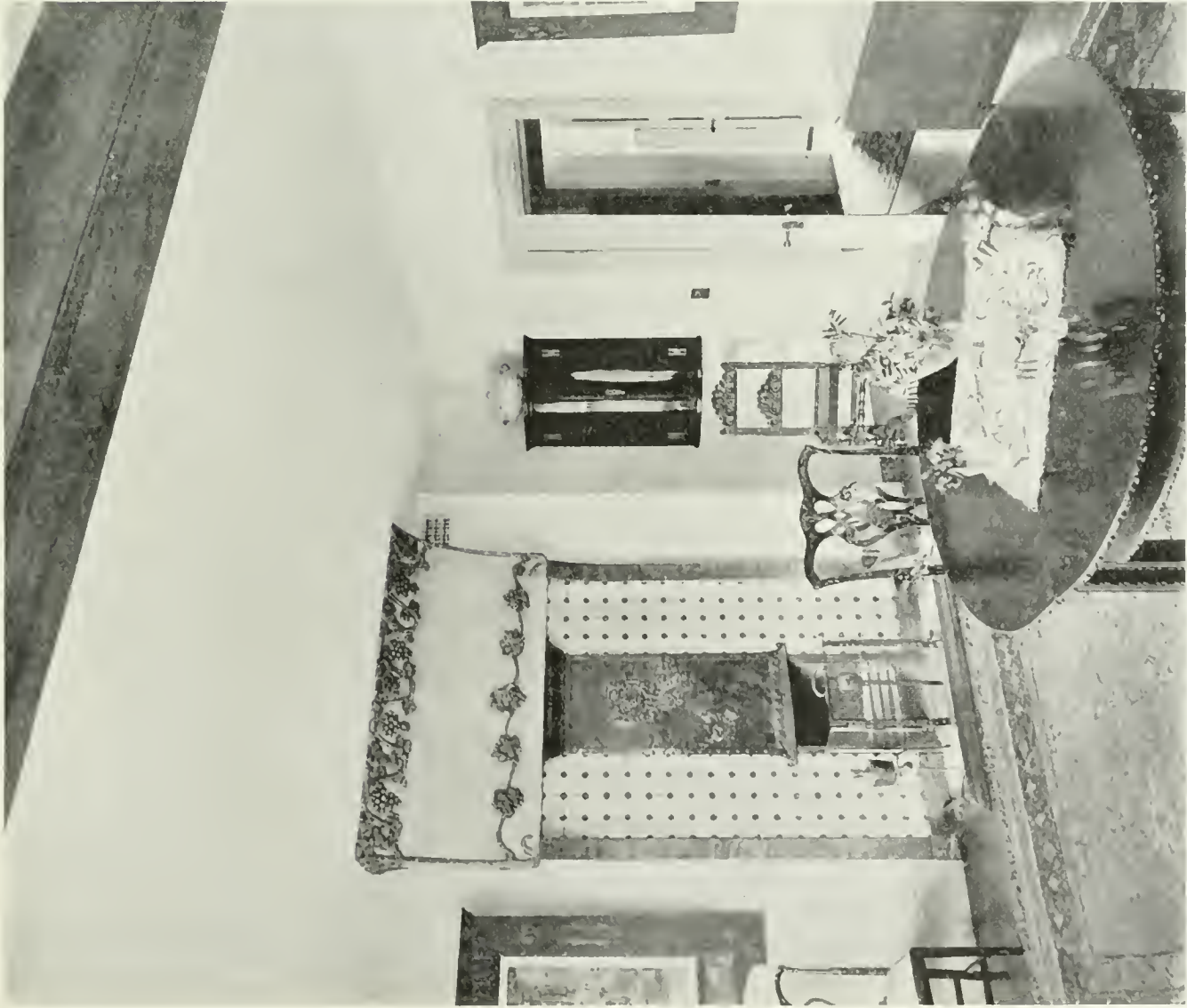


"WOODGARTH," KNUTSFORD : FRONT ENTRANCE

PERCY WORTHINGTON, ARCHITECT



"WOODGARTH," KNUTSFORD: THE HALL
PERCY WORTHINGTON, ARCHITECT



"WOODGARTH," KNUTSFORD: DINING
ROOM AND BILLIARD ROOM
PERCY WORTHINGTON, ARCHITECT

THE THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF TWENTY-FIVE PAINTERS.

THE exhibition of the "Twenty-five" at Messrs. Marchant's Goupil Gallery starts the important exhibitions of the season, and it marks the return of some well-known artists to town. The clock-work of the exhibition season in London to some extent regulates the coming and going of artists, and in the case of an exhibition held close upon their return to London there must be something different in its nature from exhibitions towards which painters work through the long dark days of winter in their London studios, separated sometimes by many months from direct intimacy with nature, whose promptings come in a very thin voice by the exhibitions of the spring.

A society such as the "Twenty-five" is not without significance in the politics of current art. In its formation one may look for something more than the mere agreement of twenty-five individual painters to exhibit together—one looks for something they have in common, though the group comprises painters with quite dissimilar motives and styles. An examination individually of the aims of some of the members, as apparent from their work, was attempted last year in these pages when noticing their second exhibition. In dealing with the subject then our consideration was very largely given to the figure-subject painters, and it were well perhaps on this occasion to devote most of our space to the landscape side of their exhibition.

Last year we noted that the landscape painters who exhibited had, for the most part, this trait in common, a regard for

the elegancies of picture-making which the first impressionists so roughly set aside; yet on this occasion they show themselves distinctly "on the side of the angels"—of light, let us add. They are all impressionists, meeting Nature outside the ancient landscape garden from which impressionism was the gate. Our illustrations will emphasise our meaning. It is not difficult to see in all the work a high regard for the great tradition of *composition*, which the extreme impressionists ignored, or, at all events, defined in such a way that anything on the face of the earth which could be pictured within the limits of a canvas was considered *composition*.

Whether this idea of how to make a picture was brought to birth with the advent of the camera, or whether the camera has since come fully into play and partly killed it, no one can say—but of this



"THE BACK DOORWAY"

BY W. LEE HANKEY



"THE BROKEN BOW"
BY W. LLEWELLYN



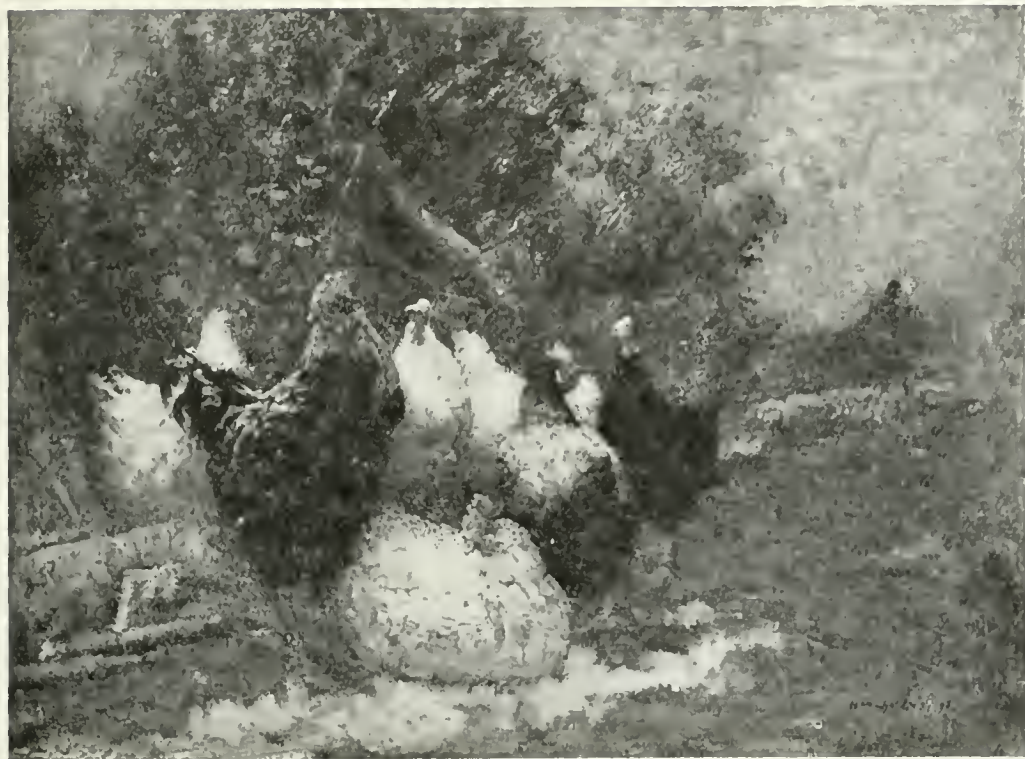
"LLANBEDROG BAY"

BY J. R. K. DUFF



"THE MOUTH OF THE EXE, DEVONSHIRE"

BY H. HUGHES STANTON



"FOWLS"

BY H. M. LIVENS

snapshotting from the colour-box there is hardly a trace in the exhibition of which we write. On the other hand we have such work as Mr. Hughes Stanton's and Mr. Russell's, with that quality of emotion which has always belonged to English landscape—the emotion which has quickly tired of those intellectualities of impressionism which suited the colder genius of France. Uncertain clouds drifting over open country in conflict with the sunlight — such moods in nature have always seemed subtly responsive to human feeling; and in the rendering of such an effect upon his canvas Mr. Hughes Stanton has, by "lyrical facility," anticipated in his result the coldest arithmetic of *tones*. But then, as a landscape artist Mr. Hughes Stanton has not many rivals.

Somehow when modern work departs from the consciously scientific attitude towards nature, or from its opposite, that pretty, superficial imitation of nature which bulks all too largely in every exhibition, we are left with an art which takes romantic shape, as the will of its composer builds it

to suit his mood. Where his mood is not sincere and cannot sustain itself, we get perhaps the most objectionable shape of landscape art, that empty formalism, in the escape from which the past exciting history of modern landscape painting has been written. The best landscapes in this exhibition are romantically composed; soon a circle will be completed, and landscape art will unreservedly acknowledge the traditions of pre-Turner days. But in again taking up the creative ideal in place of the interpretative one,

they will not be able to rid themselves of the responsibilities which have since been laid upon them by the analysis of science through which their art since then has gone.

Because of the interesting problems which modern landscape art presents as to its intentions in the future, we have welcomed the opportunity of reading from this exhibition some sign of the times. In regard to the figure painting, here also do we



"THE RIVERSIDE—EVENING"

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON



"SPRING"

BY GEORGE HOUSTON

find only artists with that dignified conception of their business which has come to seem a rare thing. The public whom we address are very familiar with the stand which such painters as Mr. R. Anning Bell and Prof. Gerald Moira have made for art which has troubled to learn certain old recondite rules for which the vulgarity of much modern brushwork makes a declaration of distaste.

The splitting up of the art world into communities is a much discussed question. Modern art in the various recognised forms of its heresy has assumed almost as many diverse shapes as religion has in the United States, and a narrow view of truth has accounted for such segregation in nearly every case; hence there is something attractive in a society which allows to each of its twenty-five members a point of view entirely his own. In this exhibition we have the prototype of that unity of aim with difference of inspiration which it may be hoped will some day reconcile the factions in London who at present

turn each other's work out of doors. All the painters have in their turn interested different sections of the public in the chief London exhibitions. Each one enjoys a unique place, somewhat away from the beaten track that is trodden, say, to the Royal Academy Exhibition; though there, as elsewhere, their work is always largely represented. The public will know how to find their own favourites in the exhibition without any leading from us, and they have this guarantee from the nature of the society's formation, that no work which has not already

established its reputation can find its entry therein. At the Barcelona Exhibition eight of the awards for painting which have just been made fell to members of the society, and seven of the works bought by the Barcelona Art Museum were also painted by its members. In indicating how thoroughly this group of artists is representative of important work of the day, our task has perhaps been unnecessary in the case of the majority of



"ST. IVES"

BY SYDNEY LEE

The Society of Twenty-Five Painters



WOODLAND LANDSCAPE

BY DAVID MUIRHEAD

the society is the excellence of its organisation and the unanimity of intention on the part of its members. To the perfection of the society's arrangements some of the pleasure which the pictures here excite is undoubtedly due, for a well-hung exhibition, with an orderly arrangement of the various members' contributions, does help the visitor to concentrate entirely upon the pictures and to address himself simply to the task of studying the same.

readers of this magazine, but there must still be people for whom the combination of forces made by a particular group of artists has at first little significance. To those who are well-informed on the subject of current art it is hardly necessary to do more than mention the names of the members who constitute the society to show what tendencies are uppermost. In addition to those whose work is here reproduced and Mrs. Dods-Withers, to whom we devote an article in this number, the society is composed of Messrs. Melton Fisher, Bertram Priestman, Grosvenor Thomas, Terrick Williams, R. Anning Bell, Oliver Hall, Dudley Hardy, J. L. Henry, E. A. Hornel, Gerald Moira, Cecil Rea, W. W. Russell, Montagu Smyth, and Miss Constance Halford, several of whom have already been the subject of separate and recent notice in these pages.

The exhibition has been admirably hung at the Goupil Gallery; indeed, a feature of



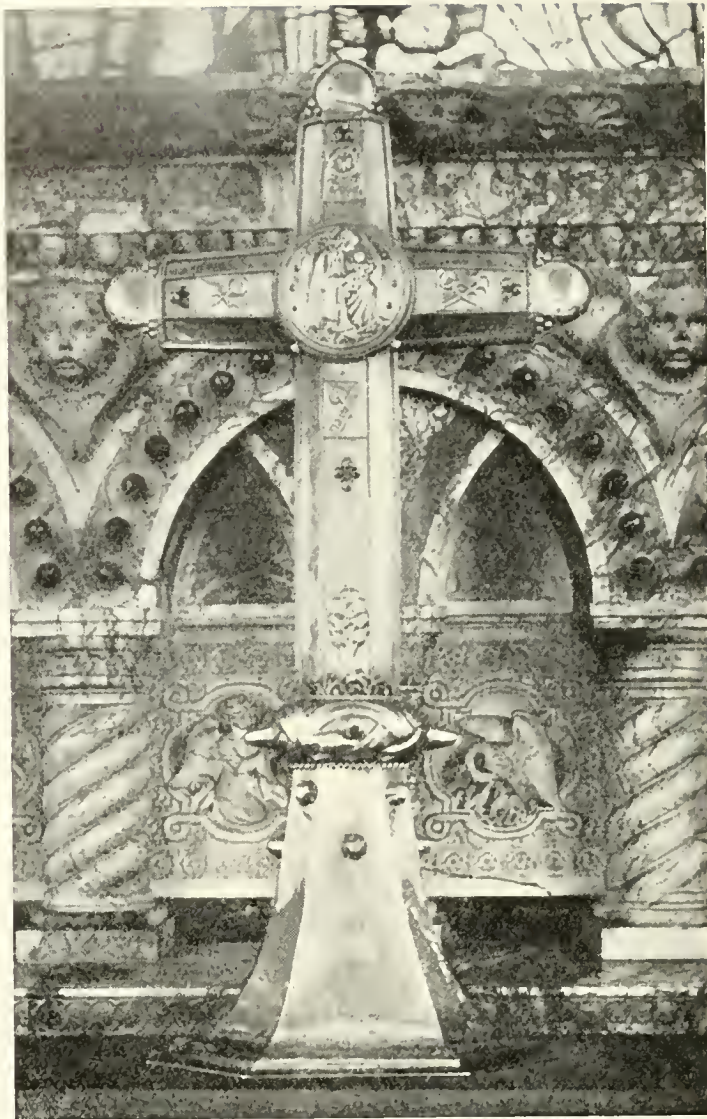
"LA FONTAINE DE NEPTUNE, CARCASSONNE"

BY ALFRED WITHERS

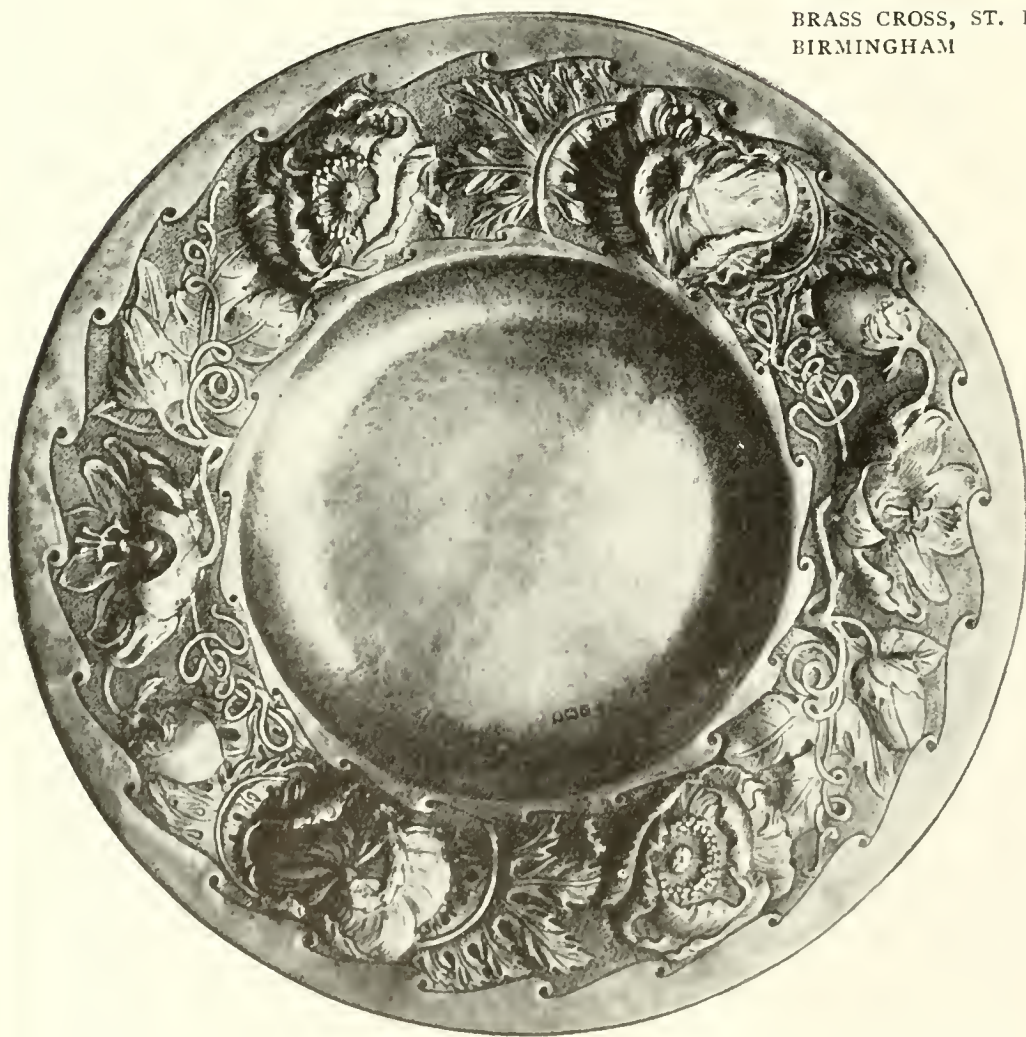
STUDIO-TALK

(From our Own Correspondents)

LONDON.—The subject of our frontispiece this month is the picture by J. McN. Whistler which was bought by the National Art Collections Fund from the memorial exhibition of his works at the New Gallery, and presented to the nation. In the Tate Gallery, where it hangs, it is entitled *Old Battersea Bridge*, but to anyone who has closely studied Whistler's art this title will at once appear incorrect, as the bridge in the foreground is but an accessory, an inner frame as it were, through which we look at the exquisite harmony of colour produced by the golden sparks of the expiring rocket as they fall slowly through the sky into the mystery of the distant horizon with its tender lights reflected in the still river. It is a perfect realisation of an effect which is rarely seen elsewhere than on London's river, and which passes almost as quickly as the sparks of the fireworks die away. It is interesting to recall the fact that this was one of the pictures produced at the Whistler v. Ruskin trial, and was the subject of much cross-examination by the counsel engaged.



BRASS CROSS, ST. PHILIP'S CATHEDRAL CHURCH,
BIRMINGHAM
BY J. PAUL COOPER



SILVER DISH

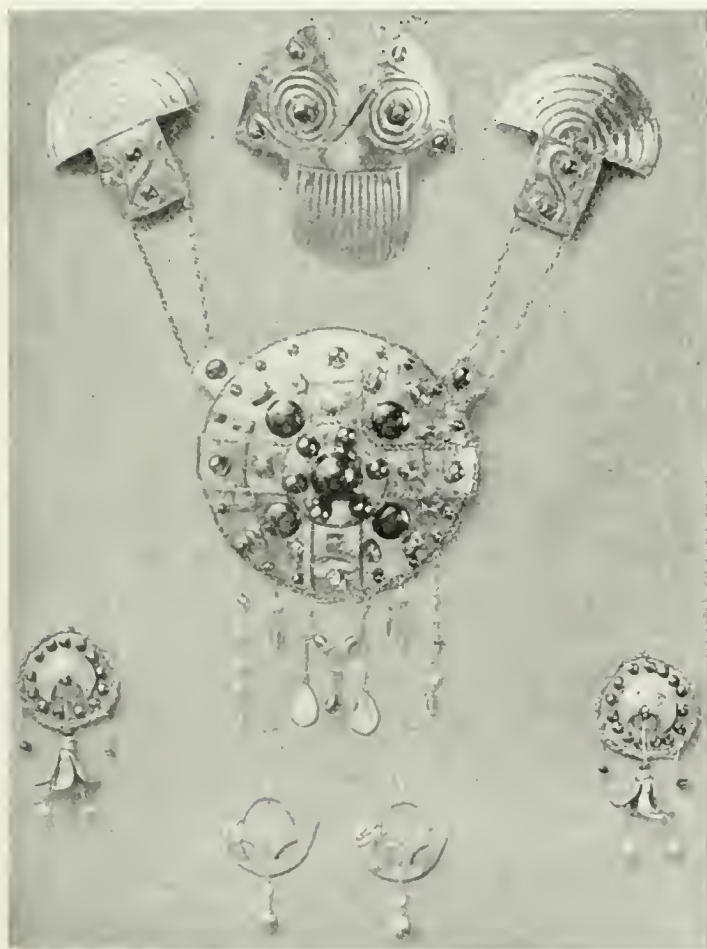
BY CHRISTINE CONNELL

The case of the United Arts Club, to which reference was made in our September number, was to have come before the Court of Appeal last month, but from a communication which reached us just before going to press with the present number we were glad to learn that there was a possibility of the case being settled out of court, and that in view of this the hearing of the appeal had been postponed.

The silver dish by Miss Christine Connell, given on this page, is representative of her bolder designs in metal; it has some faults as a design, but these are balanced by the thorough

knowledge of her material shown in the treatment of intricate relief-work.

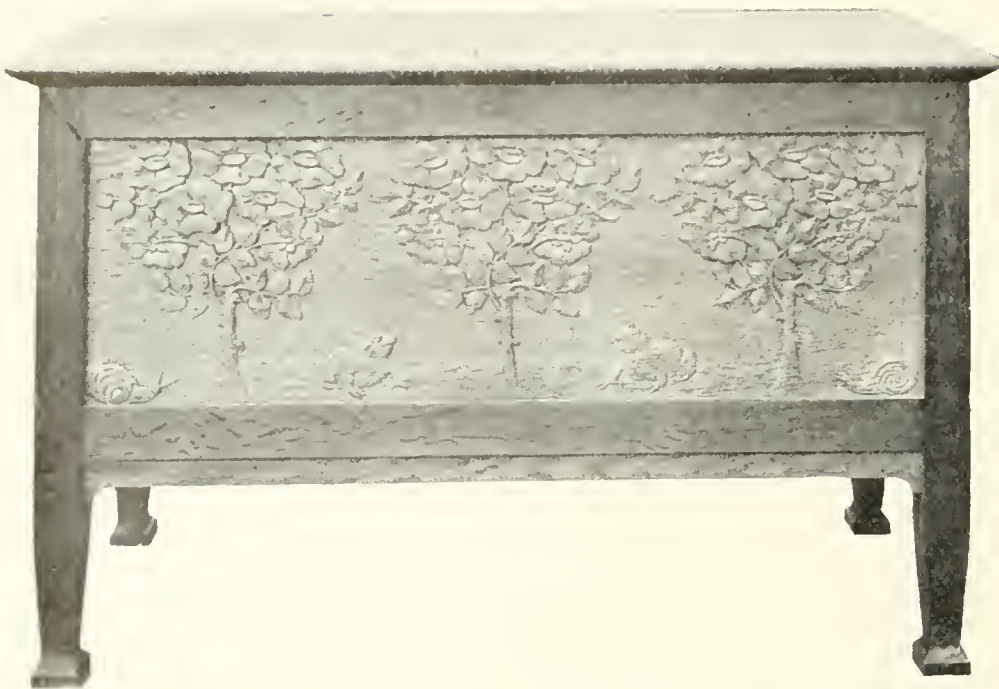
The brass cross by Mr. J. Paul Cooper here illustrated is a recent example of that artist's ecclesiastical work in metal. The cross is a little over 4 ft. high, including the base. The central panel is a chased medallion of the Virgin and Child,



STAGE JEWELLERY USED IN "ATTILA" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE
DESIGNED BY CHARLES RICKETTS
EXECUTED BY MRS. GWENDOLEN BISHOP

STAGE JEWELLERY USED IN "ATTILA" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE
DESIGNED BY CHARLES RICKETTS
EXECUTED BY MRS. GWENDOLEN BISHOP

with seven sapphires set in the background. The four panels on the arms of the cross represent the instruments of the Passion. At the foot of the cross proper is the tree of life growing out of a setting of roses. The knop below is formed by a serpent turned round crystals in high settings. The stones on the arms of the cross are cabochon cut amethysts.



CHEST

DESIGNED AND CARVED BY MISS F. B. ADAM

Illusion, which is the beginning and end of the art of the theatre, is not insured by the imitation of real objects, but by the study of how to produce under arranged conditions the effect of real objects. Obvious as this seems those responsible for the stage art of London theatres appear to have awaited enlightenment from the designs of Mr. Charles Ricketts for "Attila," lately played at His Majesty's Theatre. The stage jewellery which we reproduce from his designs has been executed by hand with ingenuity, and a regard to beauty, by Mrs. Gwendolen Bishop, out of such inexpensive materials as brass, copper, gilded leather, coloured beads, etc. This was probably the first play of modern times where even the smallest jewels were made by hand, Mrs. Bishop making some 130 after Mr. Ricketts' designs. Apart from the scholarship and art in these designs, perfect adaptability to their purpose is their supreme merit.

We reproduce a wood carved chest by Miss F. B. Adam, a pupil of Miss M. Moller, whose wood-carvings are well known

to readers of THE STUDIO. Miss Adam has undoubtedly received some influence from Miss Moller's designs, but her work nevertheless is distinctive, and the plant forms carved on the chest are very happy in their character.

In Mrs. Borough Johnson's work there is displayed an interest in some of the more ordinary aspects of life. Mrs. Johnson has acquired a technique with the pencil scarcely less interesting than that of her husband, whose drawings are so well known. In the drawing which we repro-

duce, the study has been made of a phase of life that is seldom treated by such a reverent pencil,



ENAMEL PANEL: "THE QUEEN OF CHARITY"

BY ALEXANDER FISHER



STUDY FOR "THE SLEEPY BABY."
BY ESTHER BOROUGH JOHNSON.



"THE MILL RACE, MARTIGNY"

BY WYNFORD DEWHURST

for it is the humorous artist who generally turns for subjects to the little-known life of the working classes, to reveal it in another spirit to that which animates the work here under consideration.

In view of the somewhat meagre facilities hitherto existing in London for obtaining first-class instruction in enamelling and kindred crafts, it is interesting to note that Mr. Alexander Fisher, of whose recent work we give an example on p. 138, has just opened another studio in Kensington, where, assisted by experts, he will hold day classes for the purpose of giving instruction in these crafts. Hitherto Mr. Fisher has been able to receive only a limited number of pupils for private tuition at his studio; but by taking this extra studio, where practical demonstrations of every process in these crafts will be given to each student individually, many whose means will not permit of the more exclusive method of private tuition will be enabled to profit by association with a master whose experience and knowledge in this class of work are unique.

The more scientific aspect of impressionism has no follower in England with more enthusiasm than

Mr. Wynford Dewhurst. He has allowed the analysis of light to preoccupy him throughout a long series of canvases, in the dates of their execution now extending over some years. He has not shown at any time indecision as to the direction which he believes the modern artist must follow. This fixedness of purpose has enabled him to pursue his path without that loss of time and energy which many artists suffer in exploring theories and methods with which their own temperament cannot in the end find affinity. The fact that Mr. Dewhurst commenced his studies under Gérôme is known to us only because it is included with biographical information at hand. It has left no impression which is traceable in his work. The sunny banks of the Seine invited him away from the atmosphere of the studios, and there he was fortunate in making the friendship of some of the French impressionists. It was watching such men as Saintin, Raffaëlli, and others at work that Mr. Dewhurst was finally emancipated from academic influence and received "impressionism" as a revelation. He has constantly advocated it since in his art and in writing. His work on the French impressionists and his essays in *THE*



"AN ORCHARD IN FRANCE"

BY WYNFORD DEWHURST

STUDIO have helped to educate public feeling, preparing a favourable reception for impressionists' works in this country.

Mr. Dewhurst's own reward has perhaps come indirectly in the interest which his exhibits have always aroused. The *luministes* in this country can almost be counted upon one hand. Theirs was the last form of impressionist painting to find acceptance in this country. The changed attitude towards this art is notable, but Mr. Dewhurst was in the field before such change was apparent. He can now rely upon the appreciation of the same public which was erstwhile antagonistic.

For the first time during an artistic career extending over a period of about seventy years, the veteran painter, Mr. William Callow, has been induced to hold a "one-man" exhibition. At the Leicester Galleries last month between sixty and seventy of his water-colour drawings were dis-

played to the evident satisfaction of his numerous friends and admirers. For just seventy years he has been a member of the Old Water-colour Society, during which time he has sent to its exhibitions over fourteen hundred drawings, some of which were to be seen again at the Leicester Galleries. His early training was carried on under the direction of Theodore and Thales Fielding, brothers of Copley Fielding. For many years he resided in Paris, while some of his most successful work was done during his various tours abroad. Mr. Callow has faithfully upheld the best traditions of the old British school of water-colour painting, and as one of its last exponents his work is always interesting to the student. In 1839 Thackeray wrote in the "Critical Review": "A new painter, somewhat in the style of Harding, is Mr. Callow,

and better, I think, than his master or original, whose colours are too gaudy, to my taste, and effects too glaringly theatrical"—a verdict which will be fully endorsed by those who have visited the recent exhibition.

Few more interesting exhibitions have been held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery than that now being held there. It is exclusively devoted to "Animals in Art," and emphasises the fact that the delineation of animal forms has been a favourite exercise of artists from the earliest times. A series of *surimono*s and *kakemono*s with animals and birds drawn and painted by some of the greatest artists of Japan demonstrates beyond question their superlative mastery in this special field. The paintings and drawings by European masters include works by Reynolds, Turner, Gainsborough, Landseer, James Ward, and, among living artists, by Mr. Swan, Mr. Briton Rivière, Mr. Joseph Crawhall, the brothers Detmold, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Stott, and Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch.

GLASGOW.—It was highly appropriate that an exhibition of the art of Arthur Melville should be held at Glasgow, for, while to Edinburgh might belong his birth qualification, and that introduction to a life career so full of meaning to an artist, it was at Glasgow he found companionship and encouragement in pursuit of an idea destined to raise the city by the Clyde to a position of pre-eminence in the world of art. It is an open question with some of Melville's early contemporaries whether *Audrey and her Goats* was the initial effort of the modern Glasgow school, as has been claimed; it certainly, on early exhibition in London, arrested public attention, and directed it to the impressionist method soon to become most active. It is interesting, then, to find this remarkable picture to-day in its almost barbaric strength of colour, fresh as when it left the palette, the conspicuous centre, around which is grouped a charming representation of the artist's work, in its rich variety of colour, bewitching delicacy of treatment, and amazing intricacy of detail.

Looking at the three rooms at the Royal Glasgow Institute, where a hundred and thirty-eight pictures bearing the Arthur Melville signature were recently gathered together, one was tempted to marvel at the industry of the man who died at forty-five, but more at the genius that could at such an age achieve so great a distinction. In the collected work of an artist, representative of an extended period, one can perceive the process that leads to success, the scaffolding used and then discarded, to borrow a simile of the artists; with Melville this process is more apparent in his work in oil.

In the case of a daring colourist like Melville, it

seems at first sight contradictory that the eye could find satisfaction in a combination such as that in *The White Piano*, or delight in such tonal effects as the *Capture of a Spy* reveals. In the one a strong purple gown is placed against a background of violent red, green, and blue, with an all-over simple pattern, but the effect is decoratively pleasing, and entirely appropriate to *Miss Margerison*; in the other a complete colour antithesis is reached—delicate contrasts of white and blue; clear, sparkling touches of green and red in horseman's doublet and steed's trappings; purest blue in atmosphere beyond, visible through the arched doorway; interest carried into shadowy places by skilful lighting effects, all rendered with unerring draughtsmanship and exquisite tenderness.

Much has been written regarding Melville's work in oil; if here the measure of success has been less



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

BY ARTHUR MELVILLE
(The property of W. Graham Robertson, Esq.)



Arthur Melville 95.

"CAPTURE OF A SPY"
BY ARTHUR MELVILLE



"PRINCE CHARLES STUART RIDING THROUGH GLASGOW": ONE OF A SERIES OF DECORATIVE PAINTINGS FOR THE GROSVENOR RESTAURANT, GLASGOW, BY ANDREW LAW AND W. W. ANDERSON

conspicuously complete it must be remembered that time was denied in which to reach to that high standard the artist had set. In the case of any other painter it would have counted much to have been early associated with a school of painting that within a generation has earned world-wide fame; in Melville's case his inimitable work in water-colour is the standard of comparison. In the series of panels designated *Christmas Carols* there is the pregnant pathos of interrupted labour, and the promise of things great. To set up a model in the open by moonlight to obtain a new delicacy and refinement in shades of purple, grey, and pale blue, and the tempera-like quality in the remarkable panel *And there was no room for them at the Inn*, was much more original and practical than Leonardi da Vinci's elaborate suggestion for obtaining a night effect. In some of the later portraits, notably *Opal and Grey*, that of *Mrs. Arthur Melville*, and *The Portrait of a Lady*, there is rare decorative quality and force of expression. The whole treatment of the first might suggest the influence of Whistler, but while Melville had the highest admiration for the Chelsea master's work, he had penetrated all the secrets and mastered all the charms of delicate colour harmonies before becoming acquainted with his style and method. *The Portrait of a Lady*, first exhibited at the

Champs de Mars, is cleverly impressionist and full of subtle colour harmonies.

Where every picture is a study, claiming minute attention, it is invidious to particularise, but it is difficult to get away from *Audrey and her Goats*, turbulent and forceful, precursor of a school; *Torre Pachecos*, eloquent of atmospheric and architectural Spain; *Tobbit's Mill*, expressive of the rare beauties of a Surrey landscape; *The Snake Charmer*, convincing epitome of Arabian life, character, custom and architecture; *Interior of a Barge*; *The Music Boat*; and *Henley Regatta by Night*; to name these is like counting but a few pearls at random on a string where all are of rare quality and charm. If regret at the irreparable loss to art of such an artist can be mitigated, it will surely be in the knowledge that he has left so many unequalled achievements behind.

"The Grosvenor" Restaurant, which boasts some fine sculptured work by Hodge, is now more notable by reason of a remarkable scheme of decoration just completed by Andrew Law and W. W. Anderson. The opportunity was a great one—a dome of ample proportions, divided by prominent ribs into eight panels, offering an aggregate surface of seventy square yards, well lighted by



"ORANGES AND LEMONS." FROM THE
PEN-DRAWING BY ANNIE FRENCH

the cupola immediately overhead; a convenient circular gallery underneath; a city with a history rich in incident and a record for progress at which the world marvels. This was the position as it presented itself to the artists, when they determined to take a series of outstanding incidents in the city's history, and make each panel interesting with an event as remote as a fifth century miracle, by which Saint Ninian restored lost health and sight to King Totael (an act that led to the consecration of the ground on which the cathedral now stands, and incidentally to the genesis of Glasgow); or as modern as an eighteenth century episode in the stirring and romantic period of '45.

The work demanded research, for the age is critical; patient concentration, occupying as it did the greater part of a year, and decorative ability of a high order, all which it received at the hands of the collaborators. The Law-Anderson treatment is well suited to the occasion; in flat low tones it harmonises with the environment, and brings into prominent relief the bright spots like a fifteenth century citizen's doublet, or a Jacobite partisan's tunic. To deal with subjects embracing a period of eleven centuries, to carry out the work away from the position to be finally occupied, to fix the large canvases on the coved, tapering panels, and find accurate proportion, pleasing harmony, and complete unity of effect, is surely a tribute to the care and skill with which the work has been carried out.

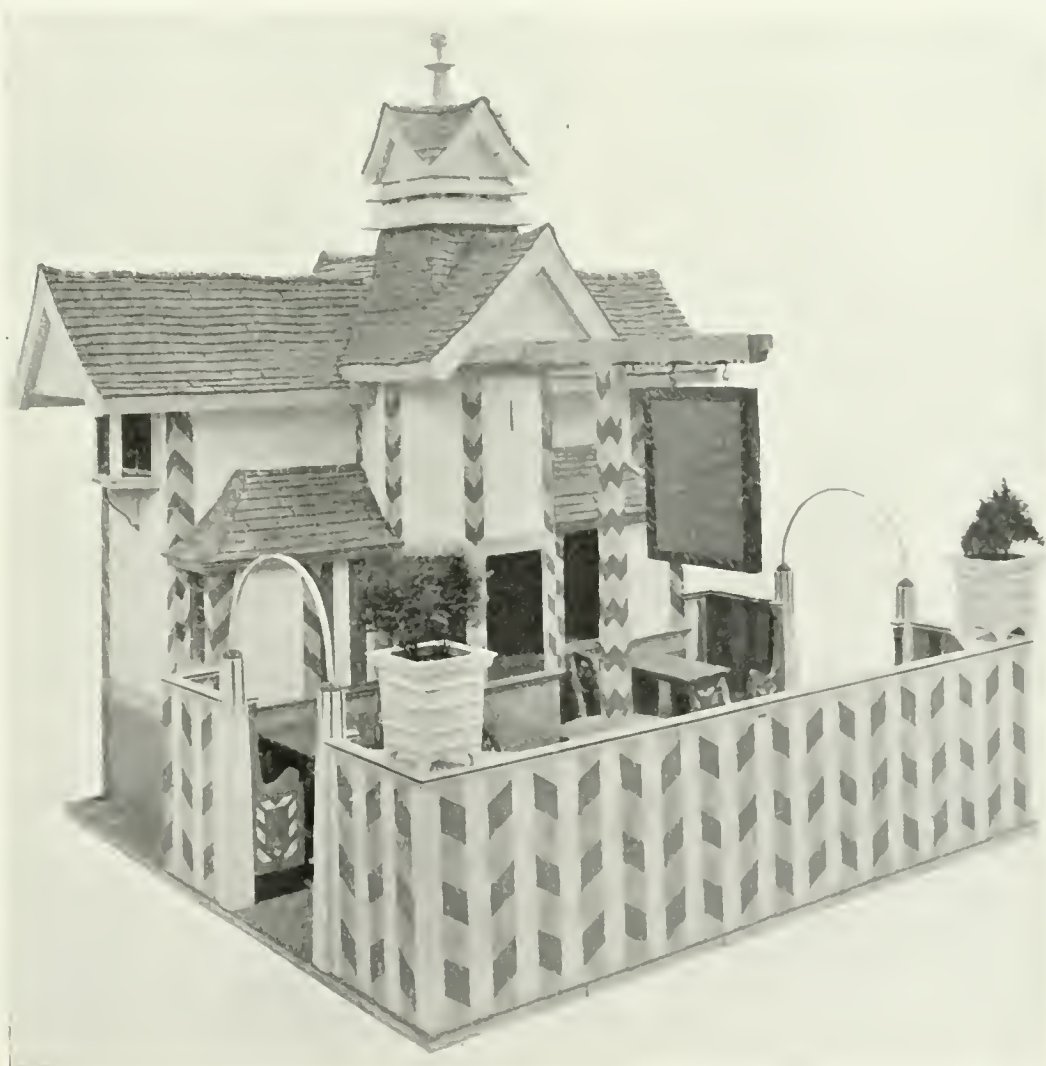
In addition to the one reproduced on p. 145, the subjects illustrated are "The Healing of King Totael," "The Birth of Kentigern," "Kentigern Preaching to King Redrath," "Building Glasgow Cathedral," "A Fair at Glasgow," "Proclamation of Papal Bull, Constituting Glasgow University," "Presentation of Leets to the Archbishop," and "A Glasgow

Fair." Landscape, architecture, and figure enter largely into the composition, and the utmost care was taken to ensure accuracy in conception and detail.

J. T.

Readers of *THE STUDIO* are already familiar with the work of Miss Annie French. The drawing reproduced on the opposite page was one of many attractive features in a recent exhibition at the Baillie Gallery in London.

BIRMINGHAM.—We give here an illustration of an exhibition pavilion, designed by Mr. James A. Swan for Messrs. Cadbury Bros. The pavilion is constructed chiefly of oak and American white wood, the roof being covered with oak shingles. The scheme of colour is yellow, green and red bands on a white ground. The furniture was specially designed in oak, inlaid with sycamore, stained green and white; the seats are upholstered in pig-skin. The sign is fitted with electric lamps for displaying a transparent advertisement inserted therein. The length of the pavilion is about 20 feet.



EXHIBITION PAVILION FOR MESSRS. CADBURY BROS.

J. A. SWAN, ARCHITECT

LIVERPOOL.—The captious critic attempting to disparage the Thirty-seventh Autumn Exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery is less likely to find himself in agreement with general opinion the more the exhibition is studied. If no remarkable or ambitious picture can be found eclipsing its neighbours in a marked degree, it is satisfactory to note that the average capability of the work presented is not behind that of its thirty-six predecessors. Many of the chief attractions of the London exhibitions are to be seen, and there is a room devoted to Continental art; but only a brief notice can be accorded here to a few of the two hundred local exhibitors, who may be seen to advantage in well-allotted positions.

In foremost rank are the portraits of *The Rt. Hon. John Japp, Lord Mayor of Liverpool*, *Sir Thos. Hughes, J.P.*, and *Robt. Gladstone, Esq.*, all by R. E. Morrison; *Sir Wm. B. Forwood, D.L.*, *Alfred Rutherford, Esq., Mayor of Bootle*, and *Taliesin Rees, Esq., F.R.I.B.A.*, by Geo. Hall Neale. Clerical sitters are admirably presented by W. B. Boadle and J. V. R. Parsons. *A Souvenir of the Liverpool Pageant* has afforded Frank T. Copnall an effective portrait study of a knight in chain armour; and notable success has been attained by Mrs. Maud Hall Neale in her fine representations of *Mrs. John Rankin* and *Mrs. Oswald Murphy and Little Girl*. Jas. Hamilton Hay, A. E. Brockbank, and Helen McLay each deserve mention for the excellence of their portrait work.

The more noticeable of the oil paintings are *The Golden Legend*, by R. G. Hinchliffe; *Resting*, by Wardlaw Laing; *The Annunciation*, by Miss May Cooksey; *Good Samaritans* by J. V. Dawbarn, M.A.; and *A Young Fisherman*, by the late John Finnie, R.E. Out of the wealth of fine

landscapes in oil, reference must be made to *Arenig Fawr*, by Thos. Huson, R.I.; *Margin of the Mere*, by J. Follen Bishop; *After the Hailstorm*, by Richard Hartley; *Market Place, Honfleur*, by Miss M. C. Palethorp, Enid Rutherford's *Quai du Miroir, Bruges*, David Woodlock's *A Venetian Vista*, Joseph Kitchingman's *Amidst the Dolomites*, J. Hamilton Hay's *Seapiece*, also *A Lancashire Epic*, by Robert Fowler, R.I.; *Milking Time*, by J. T. Watts, R.C.A.; and *Conway Castle*, by Harold Rathbone.

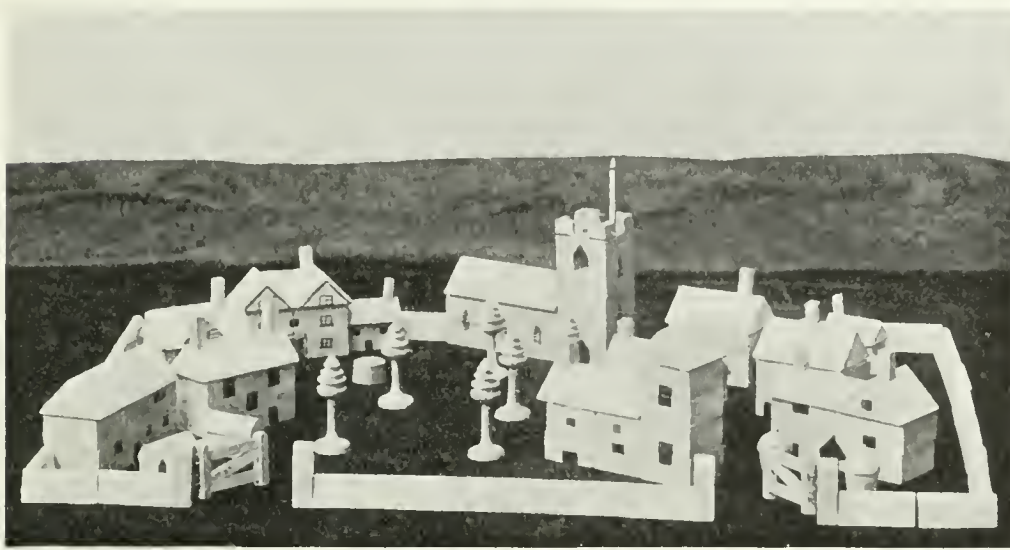
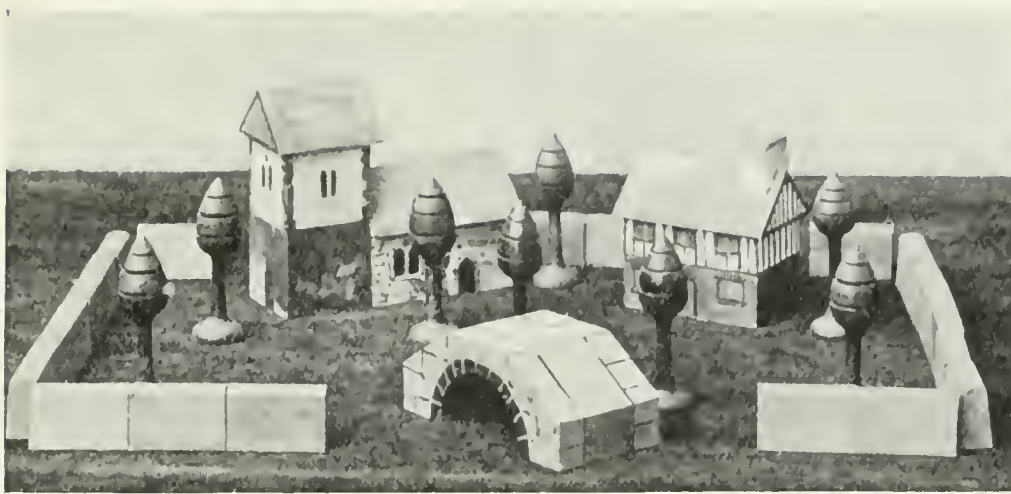
Together with some of those just named, the following Liverpool artists contribute interesting water-colours: Joseph Kirkpatrick, Harold Swanwick, R.I., Creswick Boydell, W. Egginton, Miss B. A. Pughe, Isaac Cooke, R.B.A., Geo. Cockram, R.C.A., John McDougal, R.C.A., F. W. Dawbarn, M.A., and Miss Mary McCrossan.

Our reproduction of *Agriculture* on this page is one of the groups of sculpture on the Liverpool Victoria Memorial by Charles J. Allen; other



"AGRICULTURE": GROUP FOR LIVERPOOL VICTORIA MEMORIAL

BY CHARLES J. ALLEN



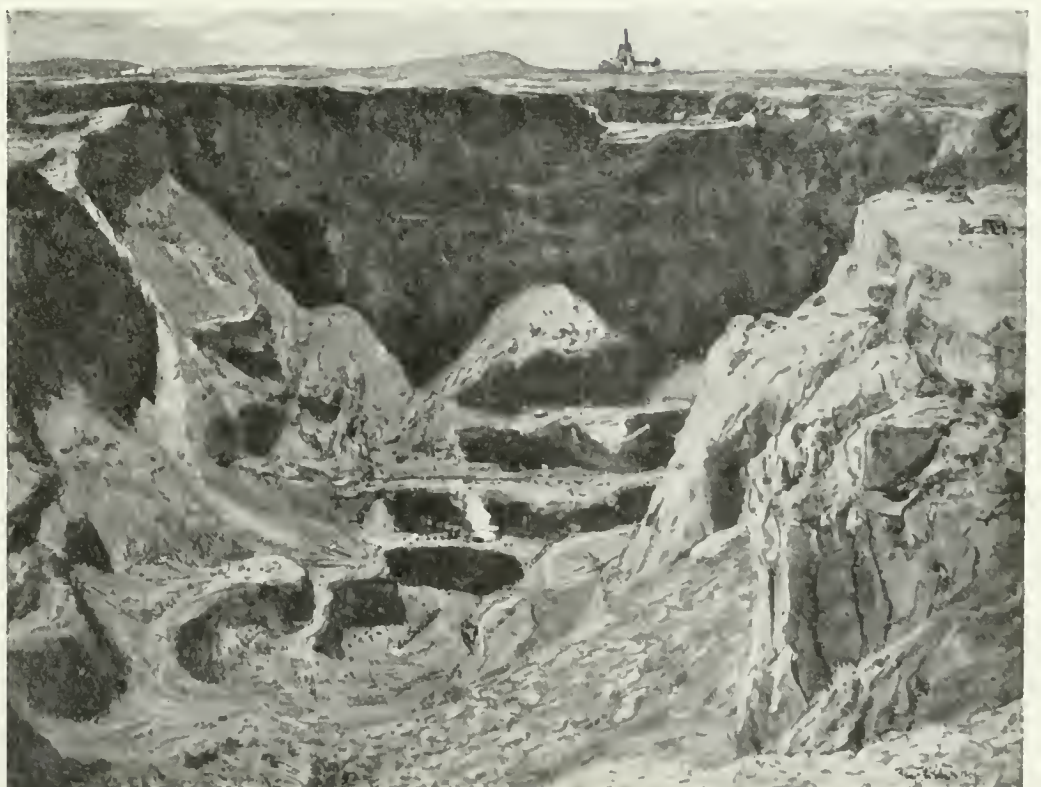
TOYS MADE IN WORKSHOP FOR UNEMPLOYED STARTED BY THE SCARBOROUGH WINTER INDUSTRY

portions of the memorial have previously been illustrated in *THE STUDIO*. The whole work is now nearing completion. H. B. B.

SCARBOROUGH.
—Many visitors to the seaside in holiday season must wonder what becomes in the winter of the various people whose summer occupation seems itself nothing but pleasure. What *does* become of them? Many emigrate to the large cities and seek or engage in winter employment there; others—too many others it is feared—remain behind living carefully upon the earnings of the summer

and hoping for something to turn up. Their existence cannot be the happiest; certainly it is not the most useful. Distress often comes to them when they are least prepared to meet it, and it comes to a class who, as a whole, will not beg for help, that is to say, charity, or accept it if offered. There are many such. How, then, can *they* be helped?

—
This was a question which was put to a meeting of ladies and of gentlemen who met at the Friends' meeting house last winter. Many schemes were discussed, but the toy-making industry was selected. The promoters of the Scarborough Winter Industry, as it is called, decided to start in a small way, and, indeed, so quietly did they work that the funds upon which last winter's work was carried out were



“WESSELTON MINE, KIMBERLEY”
(See *Berlin Studio-Talk*)

BY HANS VÖLCKER



"THE VALLEY OF DESOLATION, CAPE COLONY"

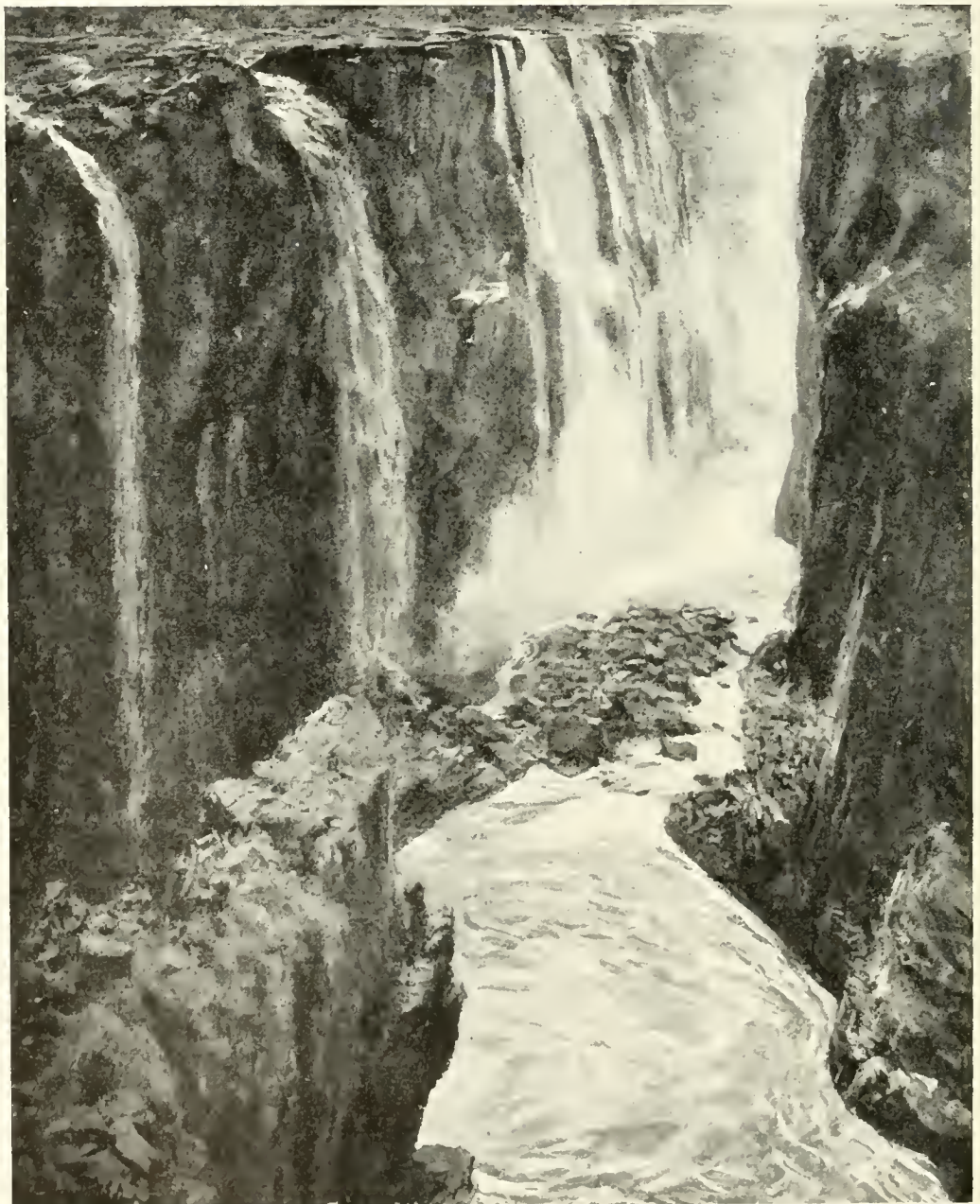
BY HANS VÖLCKER

subscribed by about twenty-five persons, and no donation was greater than £5. They obtained the services of an instructor—a retired joiner—whose hobby was model-boat-building. They took a room in an unoccupied part of a warehouse in the town, and about six workmen who were out of employment were allowed to attend at the workshop and make toys. Members of the industry committee (or council, as it is called) sent designs to the instructor, and toys were made in accordance with those designs, of which two groups are shown in our illustrations on the previous page.

Of course, the toys, as toys, are far more expensive than the usual class of toy one is able to buy in any shop in the street, but then they are better articles altogether. Everything is

hand-made. The promoters of the industry do not seek to compete with the foreign toy. They want in the first place to teach the helpless how to help themselves, and to make the teaching pay for itself. There is, of course, no question of profit-making; all that is sought is to find work which the workless may take up if he will, either at his own home or at the workshop. S. J.

BERLIN.—In the September exhibition at Schulte's we



"VICTORIA FALLS: DANGER POINT"

BY HANS VÖLCKER



"A TRANSVAAL RIVER"
BY HANS VÖLCKER

felt thankful for the opportunity of enjoying the well-known qualities of Prince Troubetzkoy and F. Thaulow, each in a collective show of half-a-hundred numbers. Troubetzkoy impresses us again as the master in rendering human and animal form, and his monumental sculpture is as convincing as his miniature work. It is quite a delight to see this impressionist sculptor express to perfection aristocratic nonchalance as well as deepest emotion and robust energy. We do not agree with his method of immortalising a sketchy style in bronze or marble, but we cannot help admiring the perspicacity of the psychologist and the unfailing grasp of the realist in the portraiture of the types of our time. Thaulow's firmness, pictorial power, and delicacy of value are alike remarkable in his usual northern landscapes and in some Spanish and French pictures.

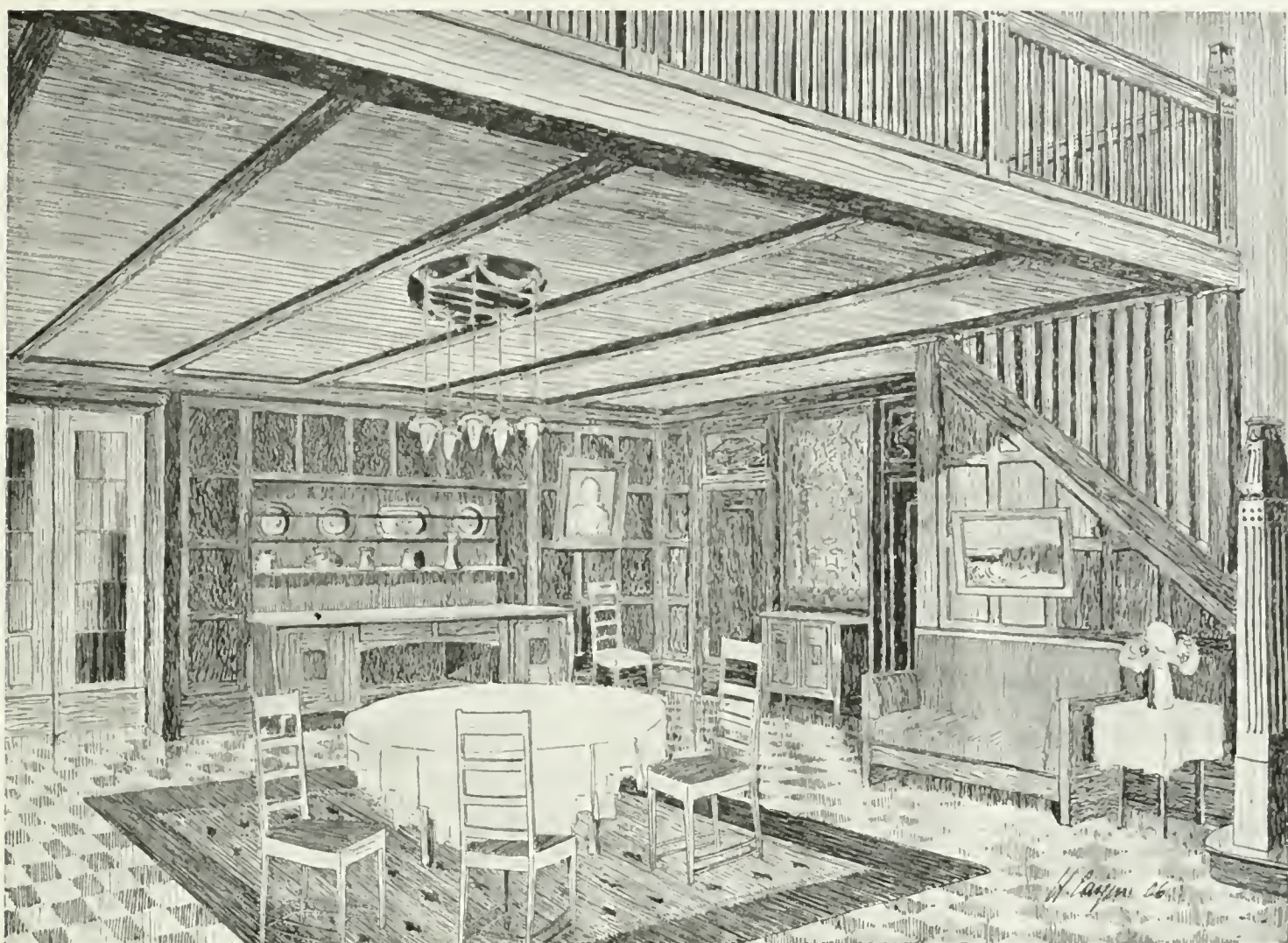
Uncommon interest is roused before the African landscapes of Hans Völcker, a Brandenburger by birth, who is now living in Wiesbaden. This

painter, a master-pupil of Hans Gude, has gone to Africa with the intention of awakening the interest of his countrymen in our days of colonial endeavour for these unknown climes. He renders very faithfully, and we are surprised on looking at some of his pictures to feel a sensation of something homelike, whilst many others fascinate in their exotic strangeness. The waterfalls, valleys and rivers look like dear old haunting-places, but the queer table mountains, the aloes, ostrich flocks, and the mighty terraces of the Kimberley mines impress one by their unlikeness to anything we are accustomed to. The tempera-medium of the painter lends itself well to the depiction of Karroo and water, and it attains considerable effects in certain weird moods of that Southern nature. The vaporous ghostliness of rising mist, moonlight in the stony solitude round the grave of Cecil Rhodes, the phosphorescence enveloping some boats in the Indian Ocean at night, communicate poetical pathos, and even, in some cases, metaphysical strangeness. Almost idyllic in its



"A CAPE COLONY FARM"

BY HANS VÖLCKER



DESIGN FOR HALL DINING-ROOM

BY PROF. HEINRICH LASSEN

peculiar charm is the colonist's farmhouse, round which horses are peacefully pasturing, half hidden by pines and backed by the colossal Table Mountain. A study of such art is the best plea for African attractions.

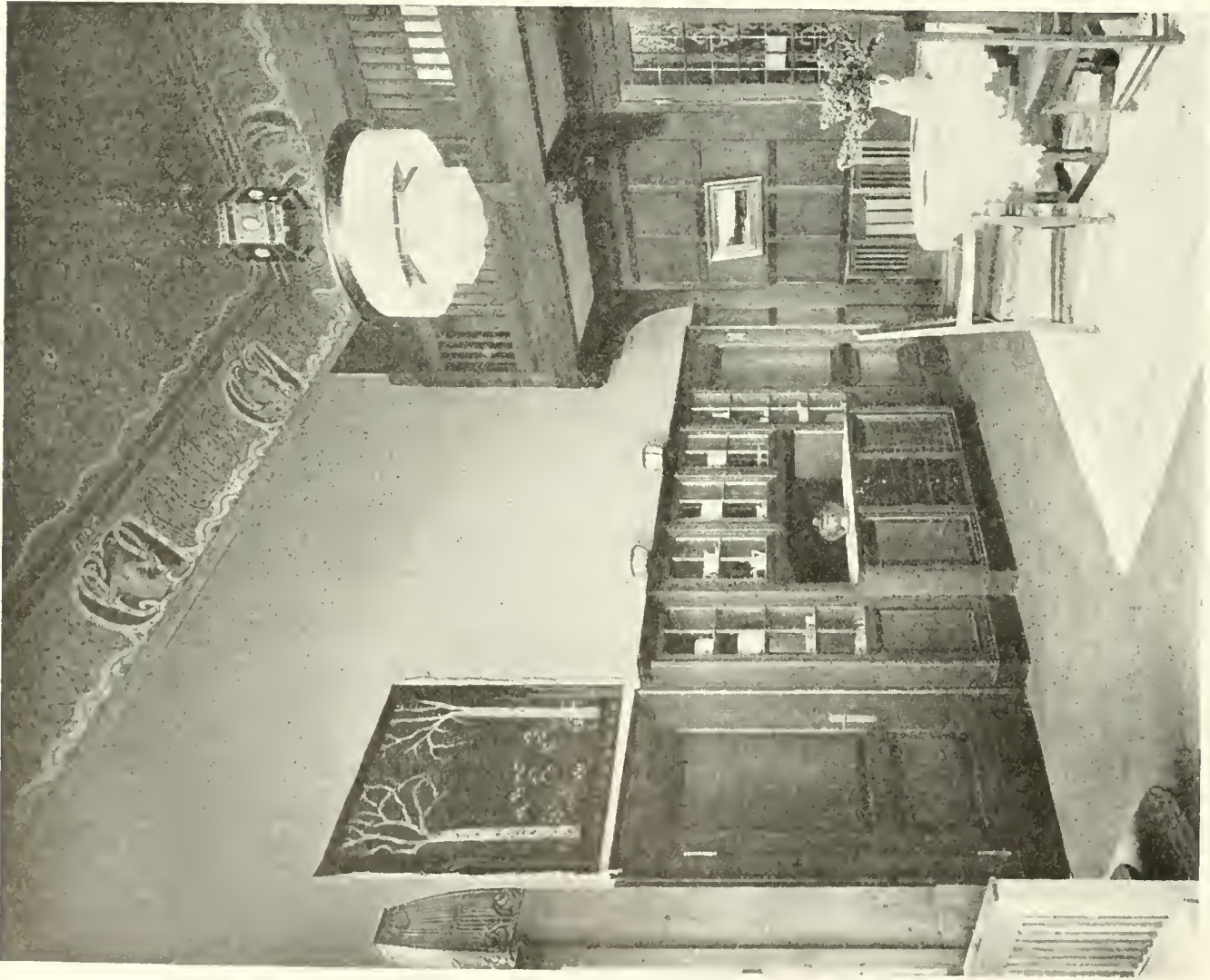
At the Künstlerhaus a comprehensive collection of Charles Cottet convinces us of this artist's greatness as a painter of Brittany and its heavy types of fishermen and peasants. Yet something of this character of heaviness sometimes weighs down also the colouring of the artist, and makes us feel the touch of a rather homely hand. However, the excellence of French technique is generally visible, and the element of soul makes him particularly dear to German taste.

Another numerous collection at the Künstlerhaus was that of the late Otto Faber du Faur, the Munich soldier-painter. It was very interesting as a demonstration of a most striking impressionism; a powerful hand here showed its facility in dominating living masses. Scenes from the Franco-German War and Oriental horsemanship are grasped in all the furore of their tempo, and yet

rendered in the fascination of almost visionary colours.

J. J.

BREMEN.—The interior which forms the subject of the two illustrations on page 154 was designed by Prof. Heinrich Lassen to serve the twofold purpose of a hall and dining-room in a country house. The design has been carried out on simple lines, and at comparatively moderate cost. The whole of the woodwork is of dark-brown fumed oak; for the walls a deep ochre tone has been employed, and they are kept quite plain, while the ceiling above has had a considerable amount of ornamentation bestowed upon it. The hanging shown in one of the illustrations represents the Finding of Moses, and is the work of Otto Ewel of Dresden. In the apartment illustrated on this page, also designed to serve the same twofold purpose of hall and dining-room as the other, the yellow wood panelling extends to the lower ceiling, and has been brown polished in order to emphasise the natural grain of the wood. The plaster surfaces are here plain white, and the floor surface is tiled. The upper part has been so arranged as to serve the purpose



HALL DINING-ROOM FOR A COUNTRY
HOUSE. DESIGNED BY PROF. H. LASSEN
(FURNITURE EXECUTED BY RADTKE & CO., KÖNIGSBERG)

Studio-Talk

of a breakfast room. Prof. Lassen only came to Bremen a short time ago, where he has taken up an appointment ; previously he was at Königsberg, in the north-east corner of Prussia.

VIENNA.—Richard Lux and Ferdinand Gold are two young Viennese artists who are devoting themselves to etching. Both studied at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, Vienna, under Professor Wilhelm Unger, whose etchings have earned for him an international reputation. Prof. Unger is not only a great artist, albeit with more leaning to the old than to the modern school, but he is also a great teacher. Gifted with a quick perception of a student's capabilities, he makes it his aim to encourage each one to develop according to his particular bent, instead of blindly following the methods of the instructor;

and so it happens that a number of young men trained by him, counting among them some who have already attained to fame, are breaking new ground in their art. The two artists who form the subject of these notes are only just entering on the path they have marked out for themselves, yet both have already achieved really good work, though on different lines ; they are both prizemen, and etchings by both of them have found their way into many of the Continental galleries.

Richard Lux is at his best in landscapes, of which he has etched a considerable number, and none of them are so attractive as those which depict broad streams and running waters. Especially noteworthy are those he has done in colours, and of these an example is furnished by the reduced facsimile reproduction which accompanies these



SELF-PORTRAIT (DRY POINT)

BY RICHARD LUX

favourite *motifs*. In this plate, *Persenburg on the Danube*, we have a panoramic view, excellently rendered both as regards atmosphere and light, of a part of the noble river between Vienna and Linz which offers the artist an abundance of picturesque material.

Besides landscapes Lux has done some excellent figure subjects in dry point. Of these latter two are here reproduced — *Mother and Child* and a *Self-Portrait*. These serve to show the artist's power and prove that he is worthy of encouragement. In the former he strikes a homely note: it is just an ordinary mother, one of the people, as her garb implies, and an ordinary infant, but both are clearly and truthfully depicted. It is a simple and faithful delineation of human nature, and it is exactly in the simplicity of his means that the artist convinces. His *Self-Portrait* is, perhaps, a more characteristic performance, showing concentration of thought and energy.

Ferdinand Gold's strength lies in depicting animals, preferably beasts of burden and particularly horses. He works entirely with the dry point, and he intends devoting himself mainly to this branch of graphic art. He has spent much time in studying the movements and habits of animals at the Zoological Gardens, but has, he confesses, learned more from observing them in the streets, on the roads, and in the fields. He has watched horses dragging heavy loads over hill and over dale, watched them, too, when they returned home wearily dragging their tired limbs to

enjoy a well-earned rest. In all his etchings of horses, such as those here reproduced, this intimate



"MOTHER AND CHILD" (DRY POINT)

BY RICHARD LUX

notes, for it is the Danube itself with the places on its banks which has furnished the artist with his



knowledge is manifest, as is also the artist's sympathy for the creatures he depicts. And manifest too is the note of freshness which belongs to them; and it is for the reason that this effect is best achieved with the dry point that the artist has chosen this means of expressing his art, although but very few good proofs can be produced from a single plate.

The toy-shops are full of modern toys, but these are all made in Germany, for so far no manufacturer has been found who is willing to take the risk of making the beautiful Viennese and other Austrian toys of which examples have been reproduced in past numbers of *THE STUDIO*. Still, the interest

in this branch of art is not diminishing, but, on the contrary, is certainly growing in the Austrian dominions. This fact is due in large measure to



"THE TANDEM TEAM" (DRY POINT)

BY FERDINAND GOLD



"THE RELAY" (DRY POINT)

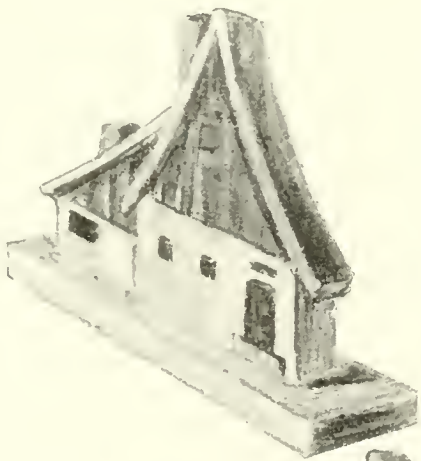
BY FERDINAND GOLD



"COAL TEAM HOMEWARD BOUND" (DRY POINT)

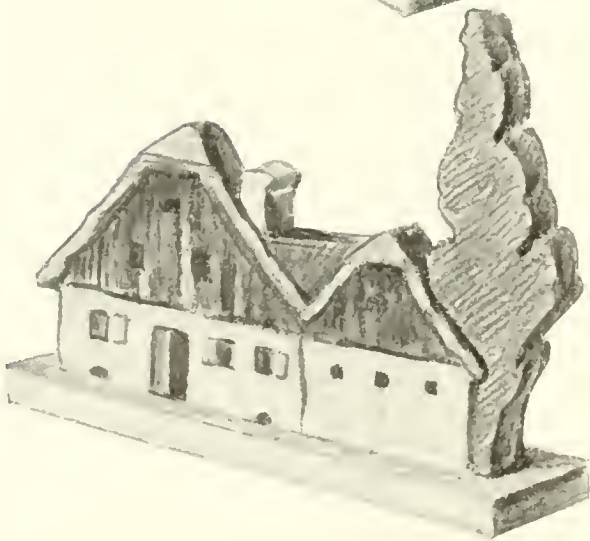
BY FERDINAND GOLD

Dr. Julius Leisching, Director of the Museum of Art and Industry at Brünn, Moravia, who, by arranging a series of exhibitions of modern toys in the various chief cities of the monarchy, has succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of designers and the public generally. Another factor is the move-



DESIGNS FOR TOYS

BY PROF. WAHN



DESIGNS FOR TOYS

BY PROF. WAHN

ment designated by the phrase "Kunst im Leben des Kindes," a movement which seeks to promote the application of art to matters affecting the lives of children. As far back as 1902 the Hagenbund here in Vienna devoted their autumn exhibition entirely to this subject.

Among those whose sympathies and talents have in this way been enlisted on behalf of children is

Studio-Talk

Professor Wahn, of Troppau, in Silesia. He commenced by producing types of the homes and people around, his aim being to teach children to appreciate and understand their immediate surroundings before going farther afield—a well-recognised pedagogic principle, approached in this case from an artistic standpoint. After this he proceeded to design Viennese types, and is now gradually extending his horizon. His method of making toys will be understood from the accompanying illustrations. First drawings are made, and these are then transferred to thin pieces of fairly hard wood, cut with the grain lengthwise, to prevent breaking. The next step is to neatly saw them with a fine fret-saw, the edges being smoothed afterwards with sand or emery-paper. To make the figures stand upright they must be stuck on to thicker pieces of wood at



DESIGN FOR TOY BY PROF. WAHN
(By permission of "Wiener Mode")



DESIGN FOR TOYS BY PROF. WAHN
(By permission of "Wiener Mode")



DESIGN FOR TOY BY PROF. WAHN
(By permission of "Wiener Mode")

the base. The painting is the last step, the colours, of course, depending on the character of the figure. These toys are comparatively easy to make.

Differing considerably from Professor Wahn's toys are others here reproduced, the figures of which are turned by the turner on his lathe, and afterwards painted by the artist. Architect Emil Pirchan is a pupil of Prof. Otto Wagner, and a man who has won some acknowledgment in his own particular profession. The figures illustrated represent a procession such as may often be seen in Catholic countries. There are priests and acolytes, trumpeters and drummers, as well as peasants of various ages and sizes.

The figures are all made in one piece.

Fräulein Marianne Roller's toys also represent everyday scenes; in this case a market-woman and her stall. Her playthings won



TOYS

BY MARIANNE ROLLER

much admiration at the Edinburgh Exhibition last year. She is a sister of the well-known Professor Roller, and studied at the Erzherzog Rainer Museum in Brunn, where Dr. Leisching is director,

much success in applied art generally and also in her toys. Frau Zakucka-Harlfinger's toys have already been noticed in *THE STUDIO*. They were much appreciated at the Edinburgh Exhibition,

and is a pupil of Professor Novak, a distinguished member of the Vienna Secession. She is herself a teacher of arts and crafts to the Frauenerwerbverein in Brunn.

Frau Johanna Peller-Hollmann studied under Professor Moser at the Vienna Kunstgewerbeschule. She is the daughter of a cabinet-maker, and from her earliest childhood was interested in various kinds of wood, the knowledge of which, combined with her artistic training, has helped her to achieve



TOYS

BY FRAU JOHANNA PELLER-HOLLMANN



TOYS

BY EMIL PIRCHAN



TOYS

BY FRAU ZAKUCKA-HARLFINGER

and many of them have found their way to remote parts.

A. S. L.

VENICE.—The works sold at the recent International Art Exhibition here represent a sum amounting to more than £15,000.

The principal sales were noted in *THE STUDIO* for August; among the more recent ones is another oil painting by Anna Boberg, the Swedish artist, purchased by the Queen-Mother.

BOSTON, Mass.—The national art exhibit in Washington gives a deservedly high place to the work of a Boston artist, Walter L. Dean. Born and brought up

by the sea, his paintings show the strong fascination which it has held for him. Cruising off the banks with Gloucester fishermen, sailing up and down the coast in his private yacht, he has studied every changing mood and colour of the restless waters, their loveliness on quiet, moonlit nights, their awful grandeur when lashed to fury by wind and storm, as well as the life of the man who wrests his living from their depths. These are the subjects that appeal to him, that he endeavours to reproduce on his canvases. Even his landscapes talk to us of the sea; they are always of the marshlands close to the water, where only fisher people dwell. It is to such conscientious workers as Mr. Dean that America looks for the upbuilding of her future art—

men who study nature patiently, sincerely, who are uninfluenced by popular "fads," who paint for the joy that they find in the work, and who give the world, for its refreshment, the sane, vigorous fruit of their labours.

A S. S.

MILWAUKEE.—Seventy-five per cent. of the entire population of Milwaukee are of German descent, and the remainder either of Irish or Hungarian origin. This has produced a rather peculiar community—at least, from an æsthetic point of view—as neither the German-Americans nor the Irish-Americans are noted for a keen appreciation of art. The city is clean and truly beautiful in parts, its women are known far and wide as the "fair daughters of Milwaukee," but the interest in art matters seems to be at a total standstill on the shores of Lake Michigan. Not that its citizens have no taste whatever for that kind of luxury; on the contrary, round sums of money have been paid quite frequently for foreign, and even for home, productions. But the interest in painting concentrates entirely on pictures of the anecdotal order; it is the ideal place for the

story-telling picture. The Layton Art Gallery (a private donation), filled with *genre* pictures of every nationality, typifies the taste of the town.

Among the resident artists Richard Lorenz, the horse painter, has the biggest reputation. He is rather photographic at times, but his best pictures are rendered with a good deal of poetic sentiment. Other painters of note are Geo. Raab, a portrait painter of considerable technical skill, and, for Milwaukee, exceedingly *modern* in feeling; Alexander Mueller, a landscape painter with a decided grasp on poetic and strikingly picturesque subjects; and Robert Schade, a versatile talent who is at his best in unpretentious still-life. Also the landscapist Franz Bieberstein, and the water-colourist F. W. Heine, must not be forgotten in this enumeration. The Layton Art Gallery contains a few valuable specimens of our earlier American art, notably a Venice scene, by Daniel Huntington; *New York Harbour*, by Arthur Quartley; *Washed by the Sea*, by Edward Gay; and a veritable *chef d'œuvre* of *genre* painting, *The Old Stage Coach*, by Eastman Johnson.

S. H.



"THE FISHING FLEET"

(See Boston Studio-Talk)

BY WALTER L. DEAN

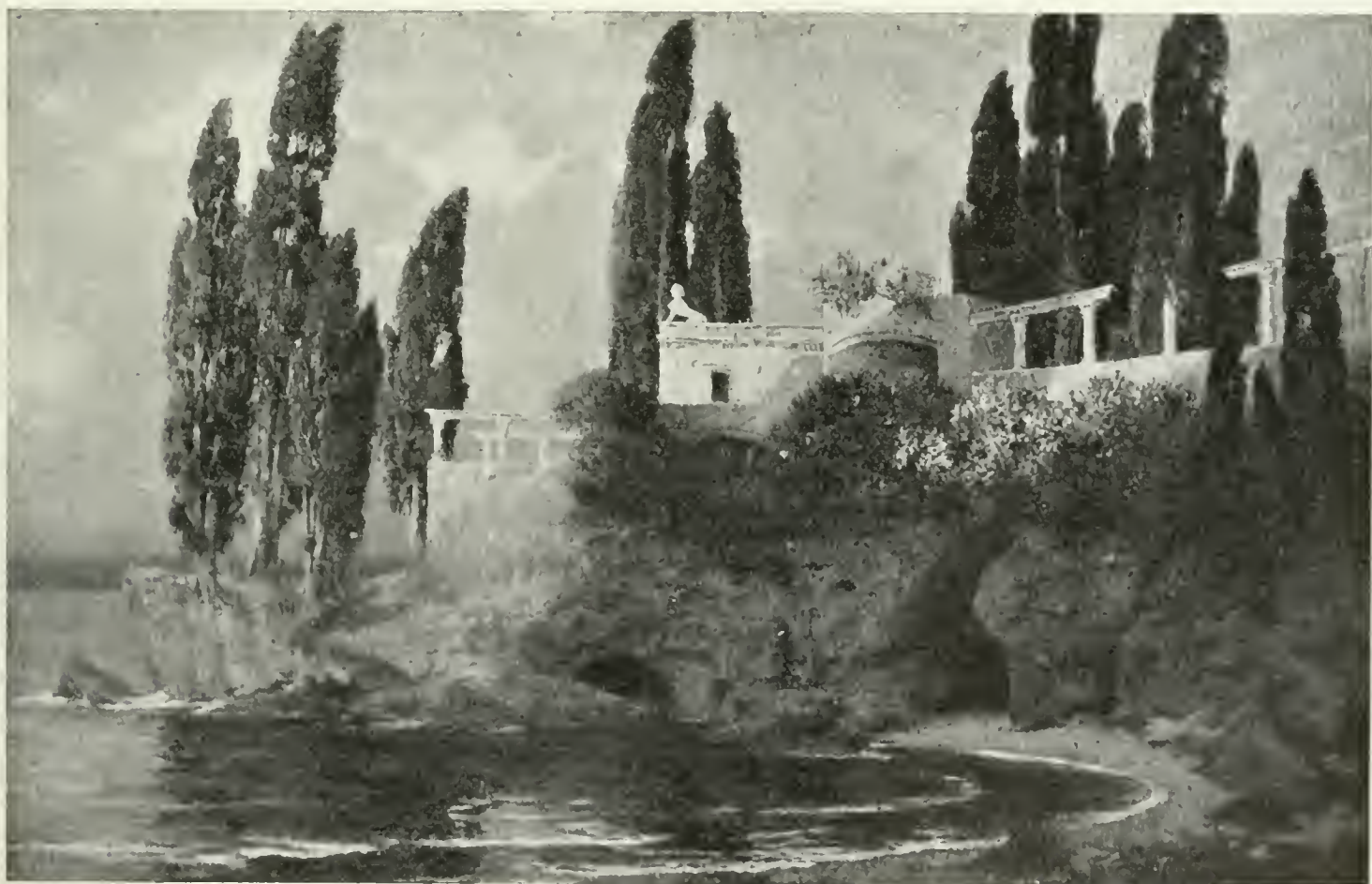


“NEW YORK HARBOUR”

BY ARTHUR QUARTLEY

MELBOURNE.—The Victorian Artists Society, who have been holding their annual winter exhibition in Melbourne, showed a creditable display of work in spite of the prevalence of the “one-man”

shows prior to the opening. To this fact may also be credited the absence of representative work from various prominent members. The principal works in the North Gallery were Mr. Bernard Hall's portraits, *Sylvia* and *Le Choiseau Noir*, showing sterling



“VILLA ON THE ADRIATIC”

BY ALEXANDER MUELLER



"MOUTH OF THE ERSKINE RIVER"
(Victorian Artists' Exhibition)

BY JOHN MATHER

technical qualities ; Mr. Tom Carter's portrait of a lady—refined, dainty and charming in colour ; and Miss V. Teague's small portrait of Miss Elles call for especial mention. Among the landscapists, Mr. A. McClintock showed exceptional ability, his work being one of the features of the exhibition. Mr. Ene's *Middle Harbour* and Mr. Reynold's *Lazv Courts*, with Mr. Mather's fine studies in Fitzroy Gardens, were also noticeable contributions. In the vestibule, devoted to black-and-white and water-colours, could be seen some fine work by Mr. W. N. Anderson and some etchings by Mr. Victor Cobb and others. In the South Gallery Mr. Ford Patterson's *White Road* served as a reminder of the *Croydon Coterie*. Mr. Hal Waugh, Mr. Wilkie and others were also prominent exhibitors in this gallery. Mr. Waugh's horses and Mr. Delafield Cook's landscape work showed an advance on previous years.

Two noteworthy "one-man" exhibitions were held before that of the Victorian artists. The first was that by Mr. Arthur Streeton, with a collection of works in oil and water-colour. Prior to his departure for Europe fifteen years ago, he had established a reputation for fine work as a

landscape painter and colorist of the highest order ; and during this brief visit to his native land he clearly demonstrated by this exhibition the fact that his hand had lost nothing of its cunning. The large *Windsor Castle* and the various street scenes, including a fine *Trafalgar Square*, all showed the influence of English environment and ideals ; while his *Mount Macedon* and *Coogee* recalled his earlier Australian period. The other show was that held by the drawing instructor at the National Gallery, Mr. McCubbin,

prior to his departure on a visit to Europe. Mr. McCubbin's work has always been noted for its sterling qualities, good construction and fine technique. The principal work, *Lost*, showing a boy who has become hopelessly "bushed," was splendidly painted ; and the portraits included those of Senhor Loureiro and Mr. Panton, P.M., two canvases of exceptional merit.

The decision of the trustees of the Felton Bequest Fund to purchase the famous *Bent Tree*, by Corot (from the Alexander Young Collection, and lately illustrated in *THE STUDIO*), is a matter for congratulation among those who



"OVER THE HILLS" (Victorian Artists' Exhibition)

BY A. MCCLINTOCK

Reviews and Notices

take a keen interest in the National Gallery Collection. The acquisition of pictures of this character is to be thoroughly commended as a means of raising the whole tone of the collection, which in the past has shown a tendency to run towards the "popular picture" of doubtful merit.

J. S.

(In the *Melbourne Age* of July 15 reference is made to the existence of two similar paintings by Corot bearing this title, a fact disclosed by comparing the picture purchased by the trustees with one reproduced in the Special Number of *THE STUDIO* on "Corot and Millet." Apparently the discovery occasioned some surprise, but we may point out that Mr. Halton, in his article on the Corots in the Alexander Young Collection (*THE STUDIO*, October 1906, p. 9), stated that there was another *Bent Tree* in the Collection, and that it was an evening effect. It is generally acknowledged that the one purchased by the trustees is far superior to the other, and is, perhaps, the finest Corot in the Collection. The two paintings are of different sizes; the scene, however, is the same, and the difference in details is so slight as to be overlooked in a black-and-white reproduction.—*THE EDITOR.*)

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

An Artist's Reminiscences. By WALTER CRANE. (London: Methuen & Co.) 18s. net.—Mr. Walter Crane has for many years moved as a prominent figure in the circles of artistic society. Of the circumstances under which he has met many of the celebrated men of the latter half of the Victorian era, and in his records of some Continental travel, the author has abundance of recollections. The story of his own success is modestly revealed. The book shows that among the many crafts in which Mr. Crane has been interested that of the writer is not excepted. It is from his close association with the revival of the arts and handicrafts that some of the best reading in the book derives its interest. In any history of the art of the last century in England the beginnings of this renaissance will always provide an important chapter, and Mr. Crane's connection with it is one that cannot be forgotten. In recording his contribution of an article on gesso-work to the second number of *THE STUDIO*, and in a reference to Aubrey Beardsley which follows, Mr. Crane is in error in attributing the acceptance of that artist's early work by this magazine to Mr. Gleeson White, who, as a matter of fact, joined the staff shortly afterwards, not as its first editor, as stated by Mr. Crane, but to assist in its production jointly with its present editor. The inclusion in his book of post-cards and certain notes of extreme brevity from well-known persons we should scarcely have thought necessary either on account of the matter in them or as supplementing the

esteem in which Mr. Crane and his art as a designer have for so long been held. The book is illustrated in a very interesting manner with plates of various places and incidents connected with the artist's life and with some illustrations and pictures of his own.

Goldsmith's and Silversmith's Work. By NELSON DAWSON. (London: Methuen.) 25s. net.—The author of this latest addition to the useful Connoisseurs' Library, who is himself a practical craftsman, has approached his subject from the point of view, not so much of the collector and professional connoisseur, who have been liberally catered for by others, but from that of the cultivated public, who, though rarely able to purchase the treasures that from time to time come into the market, can yet instinctively fathom the secret of their charm. "The joy and pleasure of a collector who has become possessed of a good piece," says Mr. Dawson, "must indeed be great, but it is questionable whether it equals the joy of an artist who, looking at the same thing . . . sees that the craftsman who produced it infused so much of his character into it that it became imbued with a certain quality of life, that every fresh curve and form that catches his eye is like the turning over of a new page of some interesting book, yet," he adds, "no desire to possess enters his mind, indeed, possession would almost spoil appreciation." His aim thus clearly set forth, the eloquent author invites his readers to come and share his enjoyment of the beautiful examples described and reproduced, prefacing his actual examination of them by excellent definitions of the essential qualities of gold and silver ore and their alloys, passing thence to review the work of the past in those materials in chronological order, beginning with the so-called peasant jewellery of the Mycenæan period and bringing his narrative down to modern times, tracing, wherever possible, the evolution of later from earlier forms. Specially interesting are the chapters on Anglo-Saxon and Irish metal-work, the illustrations including reproductions of the famous Jewel of Alfred, the Ring of Ethelwulf, the Ardagh Chalice, and the fine bas-reliefs of the Domnach Shrine, the special interest of which, Mr. Dawson points out, is "that they show the transition of Irish Celtic work from the Celtic into the Gothic period." But there is really not one dull page in a publication that will no doubt appeal alike to the antiquarian, the student of ecclesiastical history, the artist and the craftsman.

The Matterhorn. By GUIDO REY, with an Introduction by EDMONDO DE AMICIS. Translated

from the Italian by J. E. C. EATON. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) 21s. net.—Probably nine out of ten people who take up this book will utter the exclamation with which Sgr. de Amicis begins his introduction—"A whole book about a mountain!"—and a bulky book too with its three hundred odd pages of letterpress and about three dozen plates, some printed on cardboard and mounted. But it is a well-printed book, and once having begun to read, it is difficult to know when to leave off, and by the time the end is reached one feels with Sgr. de Amicis that the work is all too short. From the very first page, where the author summons up a vision of the process by which this mountain received from the Creator its wondrous form, down to the last, where he concludes a thrilling narrative of a perilous ascent which he undertook by way of the terrible Furggen ridge some eight years ago, every page has its fascination. The author has the gift of fluent and vivid language, whether he is describing the majestic scenery of the Alps or whether he is recording the sensations experienced in his daring exploits—especially, for instance, where he gives an account of his first ascent of the Matterhorn, and again where he narrates his ascent by the Furggen ridge just mentioned. No better characterisation of the book can be given than that which we find in the Introduction—it is "a treasure of knowledge, of observations, and of ideas, only to be found in those books that are the spontaneous product of a great passion and of long experience, the intellectual offspring of a man's whole life." The illustrations are both numerous and excellent: some of them are reproduced from drawings by Edoardo Rubino, in black-and-white on a greenish-grey ground, others are pen-sketches by the same artist, and there are about a dozen capital photographs, which we presume were taken by the author himself—he is of course well known as an accomplished photographer.

The Ceramic Gallery. By WILLIAM CHAFFERS. Second edition, revised and edited by H. M. CUNDALL, I.S.O., F.S.A. (London: Gibbings & Co.) 35s. net.—The first edition of this work, published over thirty years ago in two volumes as a pictorial supplement to the well-known "Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain," by the same author, has long been out of print, and copies have fetched prices far beyond that at which it was published (four guineas). In this edition the illustrations were printed by the Woodbury process, and had in consequence to be separated from the text. In the present edition they have been reproduced by

the half-tone process, and are inserted with the letterpress referring to them—a much more convenient arrangement. It has been found possible also, notwithstanding the inclusion of a hundred additional illustrations from important collections, to make one volume serve in place of the two bulky ones which were required for the first edition, and as this one volume is not inconveniently large, the usefulness of the work is increased. The letterpress remains practically the same as it was left by Mr. Chaffers.

The Santuario of the Madonna di Vico. By L. MELANO ROSSI. (London: Macmillan). £1 1s. net.—Amongst the examples of Italian Renaissance architecture that still remain much what they were when first completed, none is more truly characteristic than the so-called Pantheon of Charles Emanuel of Savoy that, with its noble dome, the fourth largest and most beautiful in the world, and its towers with tapering spires grouped around its central feature, gives at first sight an extraordinary impression of vastness, dignity, and originality. Yet, in spite of its unique beauty, this grand survival of the golden age is scarcely known outside its immediate environment, being scarcely ever alluded to in works of reference, and even in local literature being very inadequately described. It is due to the energy of the accomplished scholar Signor Rossi that the unjust oblivion into which the beautiful Temple of Peace, as its founder called the sanctuary, is now a thing of the past, and all who are interested in architecture and the decorative arts, or in the political and religious history of Italy, owe to him a deep debt of gratitude for the unwearying patience with which he has collected information on his important subject, the number and beauty of the illustrations supplementing his text, and the clearness with which he has told the whole story of the evolution of the building. The corner-stone of the present Santuario, which replaces an ancient shrine sacred to a wonder-working image of the Virgin, was laid with much pomp on July 7th, 1596, in the presence of the duke and a vast concourse of ecclesiastical dignitaries and enthusiastic spectators, and in telling the later story of the building Signor Rossi dwells on the fact that Charles Emanuel, with the astuteness that characterised him, managed to skilfully reconcile his own advanced religious opinions with the superstitious hallucinations of his subjects, adding, "he longed to see the worship of the Madonna leading up to that of the Italy which did not then exist but which was to be created." It is significant of this attitude on the part of the duke that he chose the Renaissance

Reviews and Notices

rather than the Gothic style, finding in the military architect Ascanio Vitozzi a kindred spirit, fired with ambitions similar to his own. The Temple of Peace was intended, in fact, to usher in a new era, and although its founder did not live to see the fulfilment of its prophecy, it remains to this day a monument of his prescience.

George Morland. By G. C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. (London: George Bell & Sons.)—The larger and more expensive edition on which the new volume on Morland is founded having been reviewed at length in THE STUDIO, it is only necessary to say that the latter contains all that is essential in its predecessor, the text of which has been revised and condensed; that the renderings in colour of *The Reckoning*, *Horses in a Stable*, *The Door of a Village Inn*, and the *Girl Fondling a Dove*, are excellent; and that the black-and-white illustrations include four interesting sketches not before reproduced, namely, *A Snooze by the Way* and *A Tea Party*, both in sepia, and *A Scene on the Ice* and *Morland's Servant*, delicate pencil drawings, all owned by Mr. Hubert Garle.

L'Arte Mondiale alla VII. Esposizione di Venezia. By VITTORIO PICA. (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arte Grafiche.) 9 lire.—Sgr. Pica may be called the historian of the international art exhibitions at Venice, for the present publication is the fifth of the series of volumes he has written on them. Seeing that the exhibition of the present year had only just closed its doors when this volume made its appearance, the work cannot be said to be wanting in *actualité*. Dealing first with the Belgian section, he proceeds to pass in review successively those of Holland and Scandinavia, then the Russian and Austrian sections, followed by other foreign groups, including Great Britain, France, and Germany, the last two chapters being devoted to the Italians. The illustrations consist of over four hundred capital reproductions of works exhibited in the various sections.

An Introduction to Old English Furniture. By W. G. MALLETT. (London: George Newnes.) 5s. net.—In spite of its unpretending title and low price this copiously illustrated book will be of great use to the collector, for it defines very accurately and succinctly the characteristics of each style of English furniture, from the Early Tudor to the last phase of the Classic Revival. The drawings of Mr. H. M. Brock, all taken from examples that have passed through the hands of Mr. Mallett, are also excellent, for whilst catching the general character of each specimen they clearly reproduce every detail of decoration.

Messrs. Seeley & Co.'s "Library of Romance" has received two interesting additions in *The Romance of Savage Life* and *The Romance of Modern Sieges* (each 5s.).—The former, written by Mr. G. F. Scott Elliot, describes the life of primitive man, his customs, occupations, language, religious beliefs, arts, crafts, adventures, games, and sports; while the latter, written by the Rev. Edward Gilliatt, gives an account of some of the great sieges which have taken place in our own days, the most recent being that of Port Arthur. Both books are copiously illustrated and attractively bound, and both are written in a way which will ensure for them a warm welcome from boys. Messrs. Seeley have also just issued a new edition of *Cambridge* (6s. net), by Mr. John Willis Clark, the Registry of the University, whose pleasantly-written story of the colleges and other institutions of this great centre of learning is supplemented by a number of excellent illustrations after drawings, etchings, etc., by Messrs. A. Brunet Debaines, H. Toussaint, E. Hull, and A. E. Pearce, while Mr. George Morrow contributes a coloured frontispiece showing the gateway of Trinity College. We are glad to see also from the same publishers a new edition of Mr. F. G. Stephens's capital little monograph on *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (2s. net), and of Mr. W. C. Lefroy's *Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire* (also 2s. net).

The fourth and fifth instalments of the publication issued by Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, in which the designs for *The Palace of Peace at the Hague* are reproduced, contain those submitted in the international competition by Gliel Saarinen (Helsingfors); J. F. Groll (London); H. Van Buren Magonigle (New York); Prof. W. Scholter (Stuttgart); Ringuet and Alaux (Paris); F. Debat (Paris); E. Cuijpers (Amsterdam); Emil Töry (Buda Pesth); J. Coates Carter (Cardiff), and J. Eklund (Helsingfors). The work is to be completed in eight parts at 10s. 6d. net per part.

Mr. C. F. A. Voysey, whose designs for the interior of "Garden Corner, Chelsea," were illustrated in our last issue, desires us to state that the wrought-iron work for the house was provided by Mr. W. B. Reynolds, and the metal hinges, casements, and grates by Messrs. J. Elsley & Co. The electric lighting was done by Messrs. Ashby & Sons.

In reproducing Mauve's water-colour *Winter* last month (p. 10), we should have acknowledged, as we now do, our indebtedness to Messrs. Marchant & Co., as well as to Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., Paris.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON BUYING
CHEAP ART.

THERE seems to me to be a growing inclination among the buyers of works of art to regard costliness as a sort of guarantee of quality," said the Art Critic; "unless a thing fetches a large price it is despised and is treated as if it were of little importance. Why should this be? I do not see that there is any connection between money value and artistic worth—the first is a matter of fashion, the second a matter of principle."

"Quite so," returned the Man with the Red Tie; "but as fashion has always more power to sway human conviction than principle is ever likely to have, you must accept anomalies such as this."

"You admit then that money value ought not to be taken as the one and only test of merit?" enquired the Critic. "Is there no hope of establishing a more reasonable test?"

"Where is the need for it?" broke in the Plain Man. "The money test is a sensible one enough; it works well and it is easy to understand. I cannot see that there is any objection to it."

"No, I suppose it would satisfy you," replied the Man with the Red Tie, "because you are incapable of forming any opinion about subtleties of taste. You cannot see anything that is not absolutely obvious."

"Is not that enough?" asked the Plain Man. "What need is there to worry about subtleties when you are dealing with facts that cannot be disputed? I am content to take things as they are; to discuss what they might be if the world were something it is not is sheer waste of time."

"Then you think that a work of art which can be acquired for a small price must necessarily be bad?" said the Critic. "And you believe that things for which there is no market are too contemptible to have any right to exist?"

"Yes, that would fairly define my point of view," replied the Plain Man. "If a work of art is good a large number of people want it, and its price naturally is enhanced by competition. Conversely, the bad work which no one wishes to possess has to be sold for what it will fetch, and the worse it is the less chance it has of being sold at all. Cheap things must always be bad things."

"In other words," commented the Man with the Red Tie, "fashion, not taste, is the governing principle in art patronage. You are endorsing fully what I have just said. People do not think for themselves; they run after one another like boys playing follow-my-leader, and what one does

everyone else imitates. We are all descended from monkeys and we keep up the monkey habit."

"I did not know that monkeys had any convictions about art," laughed the Plain Man. "We know more about the matter than our simian ancestors and we have acquired sanity by long experience. Part of our sanity is the very reasonable belief that what people do not want is not worth having. You would not induce even a monkey to accept what he did not like."

"But the really intelligent monkey might be educated into exercising some sort of discrimination," replied the Critic; "and the monkey connoisseur might discover that by exercising his intelligence he would satisfy his tastes without having to fight for what he wanted with all the other members of his tribe. The collector who insists upon having what everyone else is striving for and then chatters with rage because someone richer or stronger takes it away is only adopting the manners of the jungle."

"Primitive instincts naturally produce primitive manners," commented the Man with the Red Tie; "we have not advanced much during the lapse of ages; we are still terribly undeveloped."

"Then there is all the more reason that we should try to find out ways of improving ourselves," returned the Critic. "Suppose we begin by realising that good art need not necessarily be expensive. I quite admit that what is popular, what is in the fashion, must be costly because it is in wide request, but I deny that this costliness is in any way a test or a proof of merit. The man who knows how to choose can surround himself with admirable examples of art work with a very small outlay. All that he has to do is to avoid what is generally sought after, and to choose things which are out of fashion and which do not attempt to satisfy the popular demand. Let him patronise discreetly and intelligently the unknown men, the artists who have ideas of their own and who are not working in accordance with a recognised formula. If he cannot afford to buy pictures let him collect drawings or etchings; if drawings or etchings are beyond his means let him buy good photographs. He has almost endless opportunities open to him if he can once get rid of the delusion that there is only one groove in which art patronage ought to travel. But, above all, he must disabuse himself of that pernicious idea that art objects should be bought for speculative purposes. This notion is responsible for many of the present-day abuses; men buy costly things chiefly because they hope to sell them again at a profit."

THE LAY FIGURE.



'THE FLOWERED GOWN.'
FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY S. MELTON FISHER.

THE PAINTINGS OF S. MELTON FISHER. BY A. LYS BALDRY.

THERE is undoubtedly in the work which Mr. Melton Fisher has done during the last few years very plain proof of the value of delicate and unforced sentiment as the foundation of serious artistic achievement. His pictures offer a direct denial to the popular belief that the illustration of some incident or the relating of some story must be regarded as essential in all pictorial effort, and they assert in a manner which cannot be mistaken the right of an artist who looks at life from an individual standpoint to choose his own way of interpreting the facts that are presented to him. In what may be called illustrative painting the subject is always more or less ready-made; it is incapable of anything but minor modifications, and the way in which it should be treated is chiefly determined by other than æsthetic considerations. It has a kind of literary purpose, an intention to realise something already pictured in words and fully described in all its main details; there is little scope left to the painter for the exercise of

personal preferences or for the development of original methods of expression.

But the man who bases his art not upon what he can derive from the ideas of others, but upon what is suggested to him by his own temperament, is not only more genuinely inspired but has an infinitely better chance of arriving at results which are of permanent importance. He offers artistic opinions which claim respect as those of an independent thinker who wishes to convey to others impressions that have affected him vividly and have stimulated definitely his imaginative faculties. These impressions, presented as they are through the medium of a personality, acquire the stamp of the artist's conviction, and take on the particular sentiment which by instinct he prefers. They become, when they are translated into a pictorial form, revelations of his beliefs and expressions of his view of his responsibilities as an art worker.

The belief that is revealed in Mr. Melton Fisher's paintings is an absolute faith in the power which abstract beauty has to appeal to the imagination and to satisfy the taste of the real lover of art. He aims at an ideal and seeks to create an atmo-



"LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT"

(By permission of Mrs. Eleanor Rawls Reader)

BY S. MELTON FISHER

sphere that will be consistent with the faith he holds, an atmosphere that is permeated with the sentiment to which he responds. That he succeeds in realising this aim can scarcely be disputed: the character and quality of his pictures, the suavity and elegance of his technical method, the dainty charm of the subjects he prefers, can all be adduced as evidence of his consistency. He uses perfectly legitimate means to make himself understood, and his art has in consequence a full measure of that frank directness which is the mark of the sincere student of nature who has satisfied himself as to the way in which he can best explain what is in his mind.

It can well be imagined that he has not arrived at his present clearness of conviction without some years of preparation. He had the advantage of a thorough training in the practical details of his craft, and what he learned in his student days he has since subjected quite thoroughly to the test of experience; and, as well, he has availed himself of special opportunities that have come to him of widening unusually his artistic outlook. Born in 1860, he received his general education at Dulwich College, where he had the benefit of practically daily contact with a collection of notable pictures by the greater masters, and was able to satisfy by

study of these masterpieces inclinations which even in his early boyhood were definitely developed. His actual training in art began when he left Dulwich, and started as a student in the Lambeth School. After making some successes there—among them the gaining of a gold medal in the National Competition—he went to France and became a pupil of M. Bonnafé, a teacher well able to guide him in his seeking after completer knowledge, and an artist with a sound understanding of many branches of executive practice.

Reversing the usual proceeding of the English art student, Mr. Melton Fisher came back from Paris to work in the Royal Academy schools. During his period of study there he proved in many ways that he had to be seriously reckoned with as an artist of more than common ability, and he ended by carrying off the gold medal and travelling studentship, the most eagerly competed for of all the Academy prizes, and the one which tests most fully the imaginative power and the technical skill of the student. As he had to spend the two years' term of this studentship abroad he betook himself to Italy, and after travelling for a while in that country he decided to settle down in Venice, where he would have the advantage of living in surroundings artistically inspiring and of



"CLERKENWELL FLOWER MAKERS"

BY S. MELTON FISHER



PORTRAIT OF MISS RODD
BY S. MELTON FISHER



STUDY

BY S. MELTON FISHER

of an artist, for at Venice he had exactly what was needed to develop the best side of his nature and to bring into full activity all the æsthetic instincts which he had been training so assiduously year by year.

During this ten years' term he made a strong bid for a definite position among the best of the younger English artists by the originality and sound quality of the pictures which he sent home for exhibition at the Academy. The subjects he chose were characteristic of modern Venetian life; his canvases were records of his observation of the people among whom he found himself, and by their brilliant reality and clever statement of picturesque facts gained the immediate approval of everyone who was qualified to judge his work. When at last he left Venice and came back to London he had a thoroughly established reputation as an artist who was not only a master of his craft, but gifted, as well, with more than ordinary perception of those refinements of expression which are necessary for the highest order of achievement. By such performances as his *Venetian Costume*

association with a number of distinguished artists who had taken up their abode in that city.

He did not return to England when his student-ship expired; he had fallen under the charm of Venice, and there he remained for ten years painting subjects drawn from the life around him, and revelling in the wealth of picturesque material which he found ready to his hand. It may be counted fortunate that he should have decided to spend in a place so satisfying to his innate love of beauty those first years of independent production which make up the most critical period in the career



STUDY FOR HEAD OF CHILD IN "THE TAMBOUR FRAME"

BY S. MELTON FISHER



"THE BLACK"
FROM THE OIL P
BY S. MELTON



“BALLERINA”
BY S. MELTON FISHER



“JUNE”
BY S. MELTON FISHER



"SLEEP." BY S. MELTON FISHER

(In the National Gallery, Wellington, New Zealand)

Makers (1888), *Festa* (1889), *La Sposa* (1890), *Una Cresina: The Confirmation of a Child, Venice* (1891), *L'Asta: A Sale by Auction* (1894), to quote the chief of the pictures he exhibited during this period, he had defined his place in the art world—and this place, it could be seen, was one of undeniable distinction.

At first he seemed inclined to continue in London the same kind of search after beauty in everyday life with which he occupied himself in Venice, for soon after his return from abroad he exhibited an important picture, *Clerkenwell Flower Makers* (1896), in which all the characteristics of his earlier style are fully displayed. But his maturing convictions soon led him to see that his love of colour and feeling for graceful line could be more completely asserted in subjects of a more abstract type; and accordingly he has for the past ten years occupied himself more and more



"POPPIES"

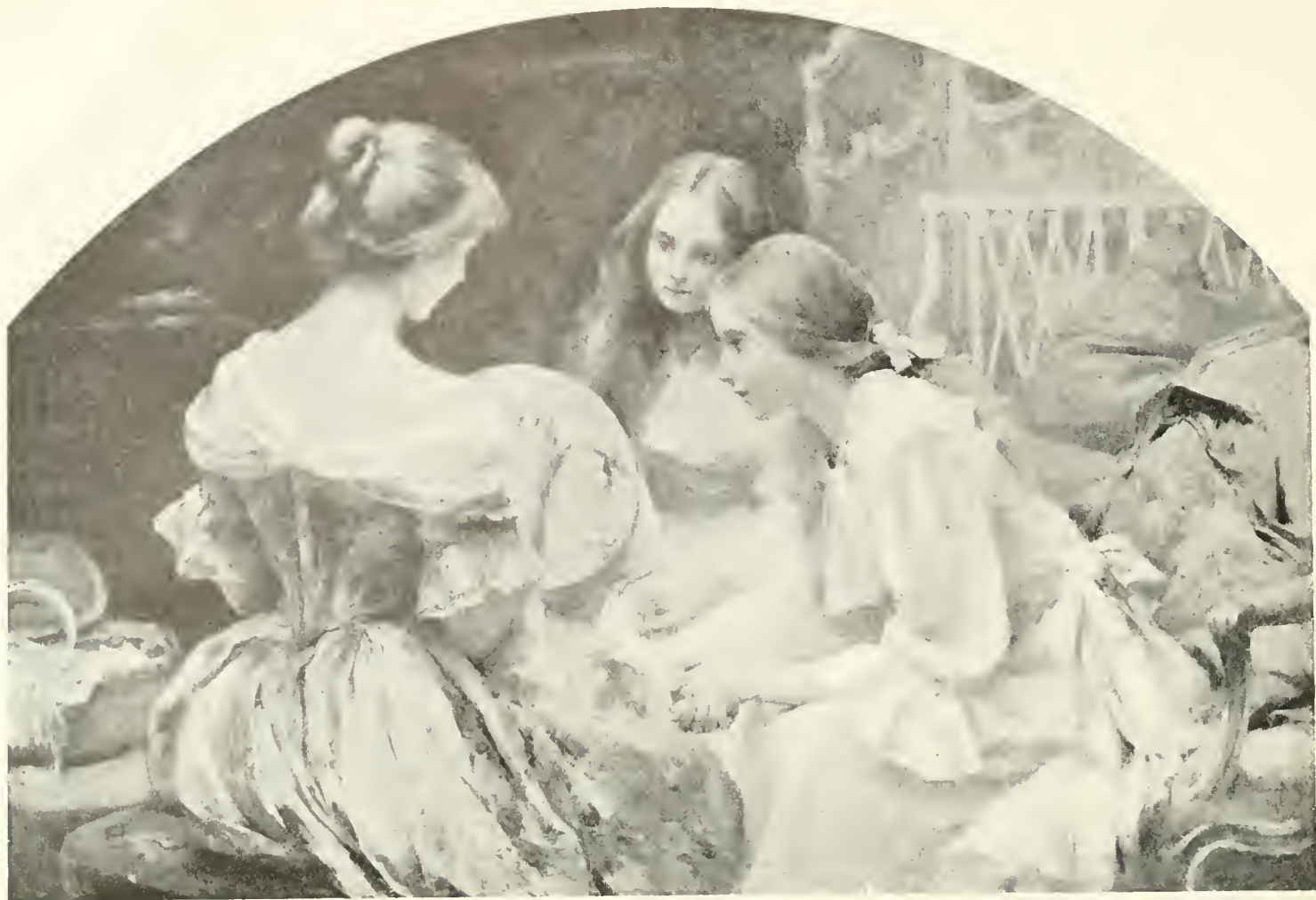
BY S. MELTON FISHER



"CLYTIE"

BY S. MELTON FISHER

with those dainty fancies by which he is best known to-day—with such delightful compositions as *In Realms of Fancy*, which was bought by the Chantrey Fund Trustees in 1898; *Sleep*, and the *Tambour Frame*, the first of which is in the National Gallery at Wellington, New Zealand, and the other in the National Gallery at Perth, Western Australia; *Poppies*; *June*; *La Belle au Bois dormant*, an exquisite example of his treatment of the nude figure: the graceful *Ballerina*, which was one of the features of the 1907 Academy; *Dreams*, which was acquired for the Corporation Gallery at Oldham; and *The Chess Players*, which was added not long ago to the collection in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool. Throughout the whole of this series there runs an obvious intention to deal with nature in a spirit of pure eclecticism, and to record only those among her many aspects which would lend themselves best to the illustration of the particular æsthetic truths which he wished to advocate.



“THE TAMBOUR FRAME”

(In the National Gallery, Perth, Western Australia)

BY S. MELTON FISHER

It is because of his success in making this intention felt that Mr. Melton Fisher has attained the wide popularity which he now enjoys. There is no taint of sentimentality in his art; indeed, delicate and daintily fanciful as it is, it lacks neither virility nor decision of manner, and with all its emphatic assertion of a belief in subtleties of suggestion it is yet free from conventionality. That he is a shrewd student of character, that he can look closely into the little details which mark the points of difference between individuals, is proved by the strength and vitality of his portraits. He paints such a piece of abstract loveliness as the head of his *Clytie* with the same sort of conviction that he shows in a portrait like that of *Miss Rodd*, and to both pictures he gives just that degree of naturalism which is needed to make them live. As a portrait painter he has done much that deserves frank commendation, and it may be noted that his happiest efforts in this branch of practice include at least as many paintings of men as of women: he has by no means limited himself only to the representation of graceful femininity.

Concerning his skill as a craftsman there can be no question; his easy, fluent draughtsmanship and

broadly simple brushwork, his sensitive management of gradations of tone and modulations of colour, his judicious treatment of subtleties of modelling, show that he has made himself completely a master of the mechanism of his art. Nor does he confine himself to only one medium; as a pastellist he has made successes quite as great as those which he has gained as an oil painter. Indeed, whatever the medium he employs, he arrives always surely at the end which he has in view.

A. L. B.

IN connection with the recent International Art Exhibition at Venice, the following awards have been made by the Jury des Récompenses. In the departments of painting, sculpture, drawing and engraving, Grandes Médailles d'Or are awarded to MM. A. Baertsoen, F. Brangwyn, A.R.A., C. Cottet, Damp, Josef Israels, Heinrich Knirr, Boris Kustodieff, Jules Lagaë, Philip László, Cesare Laurenti, E. R. Ménard, Gerhard Munthe, and J. S. Sargent, R.A. In the section of applied art, Herr Barwig, of Vienna, and M. Lalique, of Paris, receive gold medals, and special diplomas or gold medals are awarded for the decoration of certain of the salons.

A NOTE ON SOME RECENT
PORTRAIT BUSTS AND OTHER
WORK BY AUGUSTE RODIN.

AMONG the latest work of Auguste Rodin are a number of portrait busts—marvellous examples of technical skill which prove this artist's ability to handle his medium as perhaps no one has done since the great days of the Renaissance. Few painters, and no modern sculptor to my knowledge, have so revealed the inner character of his sitter. One loses sight even of Rodin's technique in this revelation of psychological power. Beginning with the strong young head of Bastien-Lepage, what a magnificent array of men and women he has bequeathed to the world! Noble, austere, pure, lovely—according to the gifts of his model, for Rodin transcribes only that which he finds in the face, the character of his sitter.

Here, then, is a field where even Rodin's enemies must yield reluctant praise. Their favourite accusation, that he takes casts from life, can no longer apply, as he does much of his work in the marble. "Does it not tire you?" I asked, when I first saw him working in the stone. "Ah, no; it is a great pleasure, a real joy." In his recent busts one feels this joy in his work, a joy which, during his long years of struggle, was sometimes overclouded, so that many of his statues seem to possess an indwelling sadness, a knowledge of life too profound to admit of gaiety. But no such thought is possible when looking at the radiant head of a young English girl that I recently saw in his studio. One knows that happiness alone has been her portion, that as naturally as the opening flower turns toward the sun this young creature turns toward the joys of life. It is the consummate expression of eager expectation, of dawning womanhood in the pure soul of a young girl. There is not a flaw in the delicate marble, nor a flaw in the perfect technique of the master.

When Rodin deems it wise to carry his modelling to the extreme of finished detail, he can do so without loss of power. Almost all his busts of women possess this attraction of exquisite finish. Many of his men, on the contrary, are blocked in with broad, powerful strokes, depending for their expression on the force, rather than the detail, of their modelling, yet always enveloped in a sort of luminous atmosphere. It is this luminous quality in the sculpture of Rodin that separates it from that of all modern masters. "This has been my life-work," said M. Rodin. "During forty years I have searched for this quality of light. I have

found it in the modelling. It is the modelling that produces the effect of atmosphere—that gives life to the statue."

In M. Rodin's hands marble becomes soft, pliant, alive—he is "a master of live stone," as the old Italians loved to call their sculptors. After that great period sculpture, like painting, became academic, and though France has led the modern world in plastic art, her sculptors have studied from the Greek rather than from life. What the men of 1830—Corot, Rousseau, and Daubigny—did for painting, Rodin has done for sculpture—carried it back to nature, thrown open the windows and flooded the *atelier* with light.

As the Court painters, accustomed to the dimness of their studios, were blinded by the dazzling brilliancy of the Barbizon School, so the Academy men of our day have been blinded by the naturalness of Rodin's art—have accused him of taking casts from the living model, of departing from the



PORTRAIT BUST

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

noble ideas of French sculpture. They cannot see that he has opened a new path, the path that leads to the heart of nature, the everlasting source of truth, of inspiration. By their bitter criticism they have added much to the difficulties of this artist's life. But those who mark out new paths are always men of great moral strength, willing to accept the suffering which must be their portion because of those who are to come after, who shall reap what they have sown.

Fortunately, Rodin is a philosopher as well as an artist; he realises that he is in advance of his time, that the world is not yet ready for psychological sculpture, the majority preferring the theatrical pose and graceful drapery of



"LE RÉVEIL"

BY AUGUSTE RODIN



"LA DOULEUR"

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

studio arrangements, whereas he gives us human figures that personate no special characters, that simply convey some distinct psychic emotion. "I name my statues when they are finished," he says, "because the public demands it, but the names convey little of their real meaning. Take, for example, the group in the Luxembourg called *Le Baiser*. The meaning is far more profound, more elemental than these words imply. Love, the union of man and woman—I have simply striven to translate this eternal truth. People tell me that I create; that is not true. God alone creates, man but reveals. The greatest poet, the greatest musician, has found his poetry, his music, in Nature. Our Gothic cathedrals, what are they but the faithful transcription of natural forms—the arching trees of the primeval forest, the birds and beasts and sea-shells? The men who gave us the churches which are to-day the greatest glory of France were passionate lovers of Nature. I am convinced that this is true of all great art periods. My one



PORTRAIT BUST
BY AUGUSTE RODIN



AUGUSTE RODIN'S STUDIO
SHOWING THE "PORTE D'ENFER"

effort is to *re-present* what I find in God's creation—above all, in the form of man, which is the highest, most perfect, of architectural constructions."

Rodin's frank joy in the nude is Greek, but his psychological interpretation of man's spirit is essentially modern, and his statues reveal the nervous life of our twentieth century, with all its perplexities, doubts, aspirations. He does not always choose the soul in its highest moments, preferring to translate life as it exists. He pierces beyond the veil to the truths which lie at the heart of humanity, and his figures palpitate with life, sensations, dreams.

Because we have been taught to find our ideal sculpture in the calm statues of the Greeks, we are shocked by his portrayal in marble of such tumultuous emotion. Unconsciously inherited traditions prejudice us against the innovator. We forget that the calmness of Hellenic art could not transcribe our restless modern life; and that Rodin, lover and devotee of ancient art though he be, is essentially the child of his age, the prophet, the seer of modernity. If we believe art to be "the

expression of the souls of great men," should we not hold an open mind for the receiving of their message, no matter in what form it be given? We must also remember that many of Rodin's groups were created for his *Porte d'Enfer*, whereon he has depicted Dante's vision of "those who go down into hell"; and that in our revolt at his too realistic rendering of these subjects we should not lose sight of the greatness of the art which portrays the passions that sway our age. But these two hundred figures can be put entirely aside: there will still remain sufficient of his imaginative sculpture to place Rodin's name on the roll-call of the great.

Nor can the value of this artist's work be judged from the æsthetic standpoint only: he is the *master craftsman* of this age, and perhaps his greatest contribution to the coming generation of sculptors is the lesson of his patient endeavour to learn well his craft. With stubborn will he set himself the task of reproducing the human form. No labour was too great to achieve this end. From early morning until late at night he worked at his modelling; thousands of hands and feet, of detached bits of anatomy in his *atelier*, prove the carefulness of his research.

As he modelled the outward form his imagination was busy with the story of the ages—the eternal story of love and birth and death—so that almost unconsciously he wove into his work the pattern of life. Thus it is that his portrait busts are representative not only of individuals, but of this age. Future generations will regard them as a page in the book of our life, and place them in their treasure-houses of art, for, as Rodin said of his painter-friend Carrière, "Better than his contemporaries those who are still to come, those who shall understand, will work out his glory."

A. SEATON SCHMIDT.



BUST IN MARBLE

BY AUGUSTE RODIN

THE Third International Congress for the Development of Drawing and Art Teaching will be held in London next August. As the Committee are desirous of knowing as long beforehand as possible the approximate number of members for whom arrangements will have to be made, they appeal to all art teachers to enrol at once. The subscription for ordinary members is 10s. 6d., and may be sent to the Organising Secretary, 151 Cannon Street, London, E.C.

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS
OF MR. ALGERNON M. TAL-
MAGE. BY A. G. FOLLIOTT
STOKES.

CARLYLE has told us that the actual well seen *is* the ideal. Keats expressed much the same thought when he sang :

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Mr. Algernon Talmage, some of whose pictures are reproduced in the following pages, has founded his life's work on this teaching. His love for Nature is deep and reverent, and he spares no pains to interpret her truly. At the same time he is careful to choose of her best and to see it under the most beautiful and often most transient aspects.

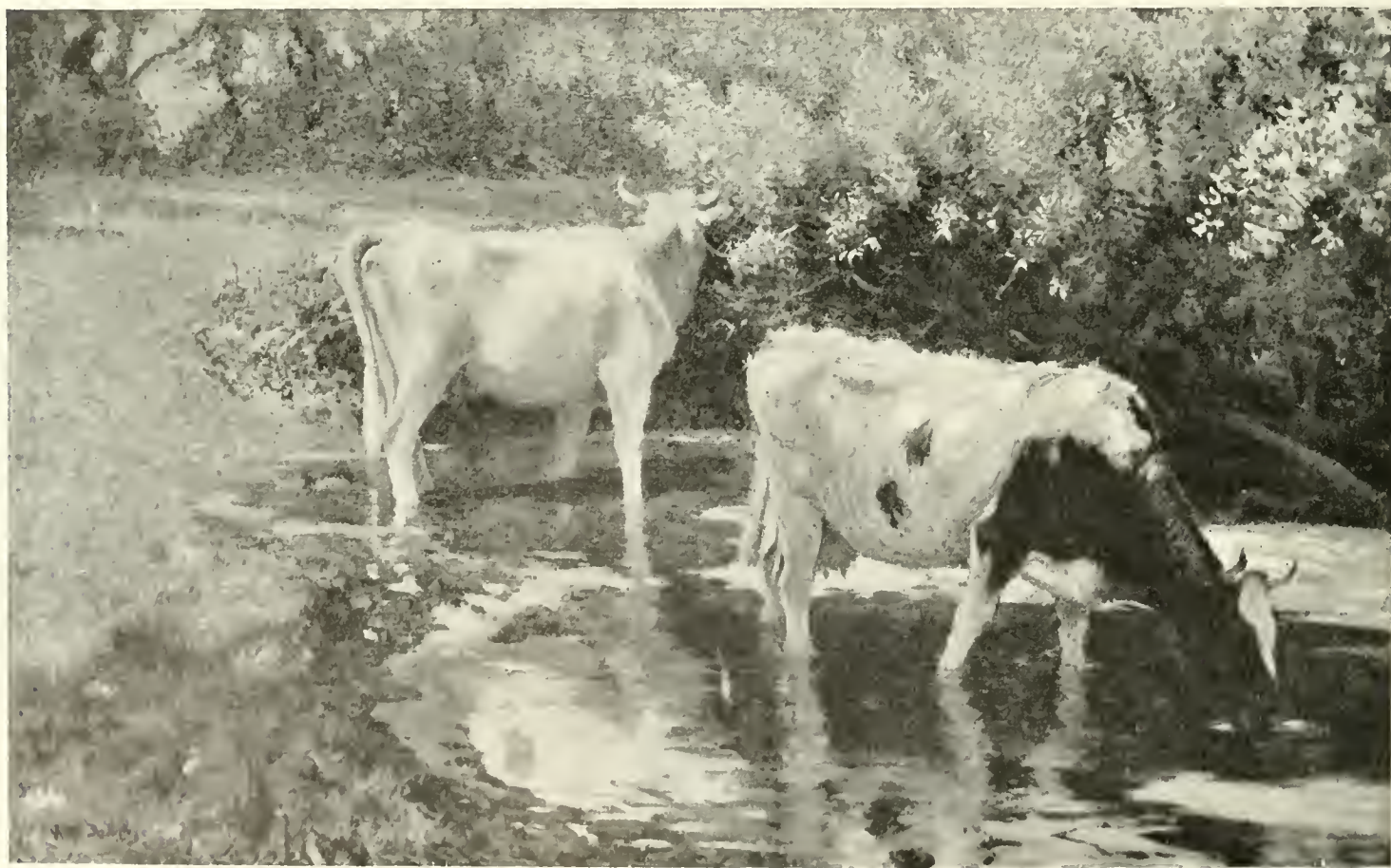
Here we have the true idealist—the man who, while sparing no pains to obtain correctness, both in detail and general effect, exercises his prerogative of choice, and only gives us what he considers to be the most salient features of his subject at the moment of their strongest appeal.

But this ability to make full use of the personal equation in the transcribing of nature is only arrived at after a long period of unremitting toil. For many years Mr. Talmage has painted his landscapes and cattle on the spot, not in the studio

from small studies. He has thus obtained that highness of key and subtle diffusion of light and atmosphere which the indoor worker finds so difficult to master.

In these days of impressionism, which in many cases would be better described as inarticulate occultism, it is refreshing to come across work which, while in the best sense impressionistic, is also true in form, tone and colour. Only sound draughtsmanship and a thorough knowledge of his subject will enable a man to be thus successful. Though Mr. Talmage has given us some of nature's most fleeting phases, his drawing is never scamped, and his detail, though often nearly lost in twilight half-tones, is always convincing. His cottages never look like haystacks, nor his cows as if they had been carved out of wood. He has, too, as I believe all true lovers of nature have, a horror of forcing an effect for the sake of making an effect—a fault which those who are familiar with our leading exhibitions know to be a very common one.

Unfortunately, owing to the garrulity of the incompetent, both in the studios and in the press, it is difficult for the public to know what is best in painting. The disciples, who caricature the masters, loudly insist that their methods only are the way to salvation in art. Hence we have an everlasting strife between the perfervid facsimile-monger and



"THE WHITE COW"

BY ALGERNON M. TALMAGE



"THE END OF THE SHOWER"
BY ALGERNON M. TALMAGE

the egotistical impressionist, whose impressionism is not the result of temperament, but of sheer incapacity to produce truth in any shape or form. But these noisy polemics are but the babblings of the incompetent, who do not really represent the causes they espouse. The masters, both realists and impressionists, know that the beauties of nature are infinite, and can be seen and rendered from many different temperamental standpoints; and they also know that they must be truthfully rendered. To this end they have acquired, through years of labour, the necessary skill.

To the acquisition of this skill Mr. Talmage has devoted his whole life, since leaving Professor Herkomer's school at Bushey. He has taken up his abode at St. Ives in Cornwall, where he has a class of pupils, on whom he impresses the importance of open-air study and the love of truth that it engenders.

His own work, at the Royal Academy and else-

where, has attracted a good deal of attention, by reason of its reserve and fidelity of tone and colour. The accompanying reproductions give, as far as black and white can, a fair indication of his powers.

On the Banks of the Avon shows us the very soul, as it were, of an autumn day on the marshes. The trees are stripped of nearly all their leaves, and the pattern of their many branches is truthfully rendered. The lush meadows are sodden with moisture, and the force of the swollen river's stream is apparent at once. Overhead there is no theatrical arrangement of clouds, but just one of those soft, dappled grey canopies of which our English autumns are so prolific. The whole picture is a triumph of accurate and loving observation.

Many of the painter's finest qualities are seen in *The End of the Shower*. Nothing has been forced, and yet so true are both tone and drawing that the spaciousness and somewhat sombre beauty of a



"MOONRISE IN PICARDY"

(In the possession of Archibald Ramsden, Esq.)

BY ALGERNON M. TALMAGE



"THE BANKS OF THE AVON"

BY ALGERNON M. TALMAGE



"HOMEWARDS"

(In the collection of R. Morton Nance, Esq.)

BY ALGERNON M. TALMAGE

Cornish moorland are admirably portrayed. It is one of those "soft" days, so common in a western winter. The great seaborne clouds are charged with rain, and the gorse and bent grasses of the foreground are dripping with moisture from a shower, which is seen passing away over St. Ives Bay and the country beyond. These great uplands are difficult to treat, but the gaunt trees and the well-balanced lines give the necessary pictorial effect.

Decorative in arrangement and entirely unconventional is the *Moonrise in Picardy*. Carrying the trees so far across the picture was a bold thing to do, but they have been cleverly made to compose. That tender half time between day and night, when the moon, not yet regnant, is but a pale disc in the eastern sky, is a very favourite one with the painter. In this instance the gracious, almost tender, dignity of the time is wonderfully caught. It is one of those rare moments when nature seems to be hushed in silent adoration.

The White Cow is a difficult subject to treat successfully, but here again nothing has been forced. The somewhat intricate background has been cleverly subordinated, yet the cows in the sun-dappled foreground do not obtrude. The impression left on the mind is of one of those drowsy, windless summer noons when nature's teeming millions are taking a well earned siesta.

A Moonlight Night shows us a village street steeped in moonlight. The whole picture is instinct with that rapture of repose which the soft beams of the queen of night make visible. A simple subject enough, but rendered with loving fidelity.

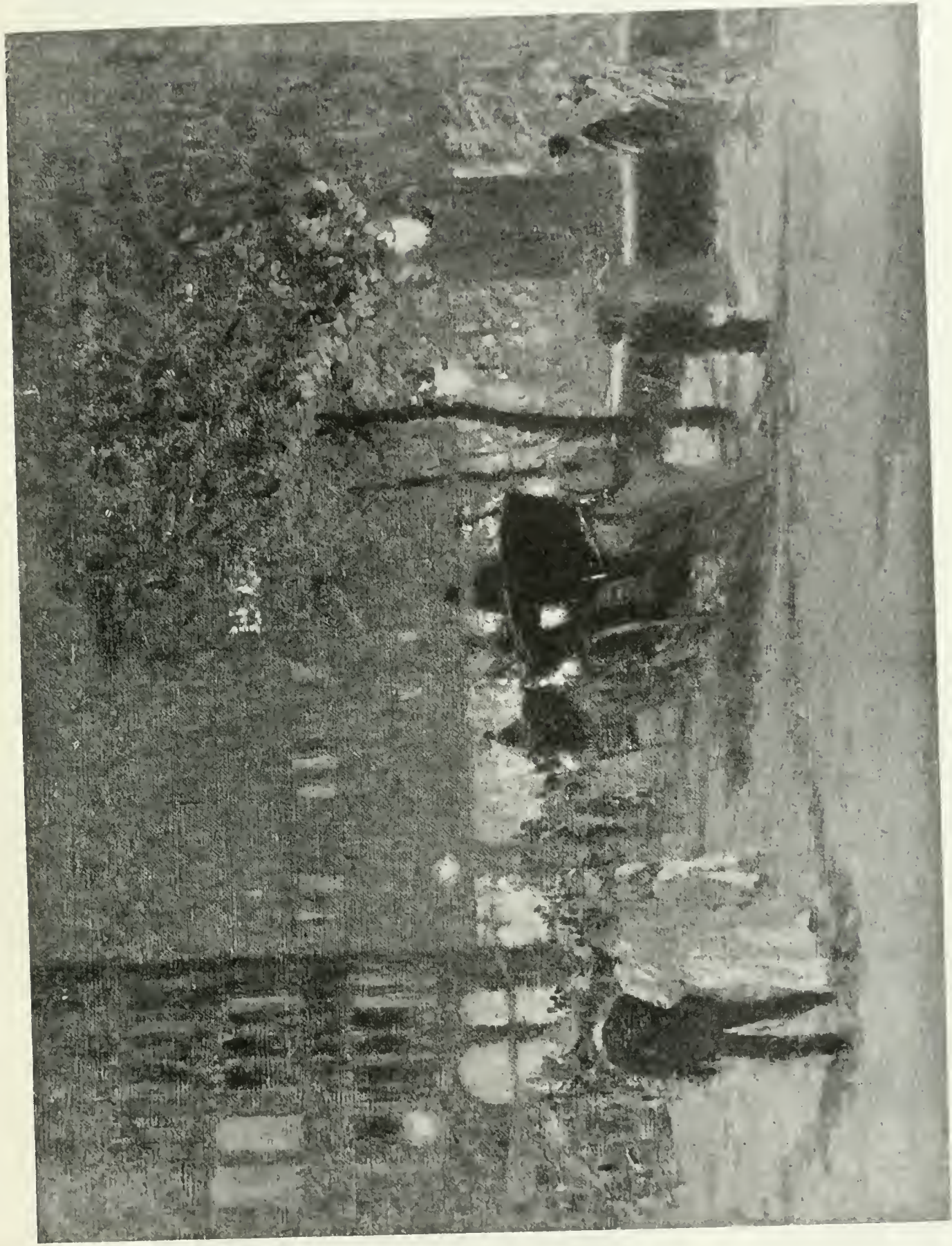
A. G. F. S.

(The picture reproduced on the next page is one of a series now being done by Mr. Talmage in London. The original is on view at the current exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street.)



"A MOONLIGHT NIGHT"

BY ALGERNON M. TALMAGE



"THE CAB RANK, TRAFALGAR SQUARE"
BY ALGERNON M. TALMAGE

RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

OUR first illustrations of domestic architecture this month represent a type of building unfamiliar to the majority of our readers. Mr. Dušan Jurkovič, the architect of the log-built villa at Resek, in Bohemia, belongs to the region called Slovackei, the country of the Slovacks, lying between Hungary, by which it is ruled, and Bohemia, nearer akin from a racial point of view, for the Czechs who form the chief element in the population of the latter country are closely related to the Slovacks in the Slav group of races. Mr. Jurkovič is a zealous respecter of local traditions in architecture and decoration, of which he has made an exhaustive study, culminating in a work recently published in Vienna by Schroll under the title of "*Prače Lidu Našeho*" (The Crafts of our People). It is these local traditions that Mr. Jurkovič incorporates in the houses designed by him in the course of his practice as an architect, with due regard, however, to a legitimate exercise of individual feeling on the part of the architect, and also, of course, with due regard to the requirements of the present day,

which he believes can be met without sacrifice of the features peculiar to the native architectural type. An example of such a building is furnished by this villa near Resek, a little spa in Bohemia, close to the Prussian frontier. The house is situated on the summit of a hill some 2,000 feet high, and owing mainly to the difficulty of transporting building material thither it was built of wood, which is plentiful in the neighbourhood. It was intended for use chiefly as a summer residence, but so well has it been constructed that it makes a comfortable dwelling for the autumn and winter. The design throughout follows the traditional style of the locality, but the architect has introduced elements of his own here and there, more especially in regard to the roof and the windows, which admit more light than the old buildings usually do. The accompanying coloured supplement gives a view of the living-room, which is bright and cheerful, whereas the living-room in most of the old houses is a somewhat gloomy apartment with dark walls. The furniture shown is also of traditional design, slightly modified. The villa contains six rooms in addition to the kitchen, bath-room, and other offices, and it cost about £1,250 to build. Mr. Jurkovič now practises in the town of



VILLA AT RESEK, BOHEMIA

DUŠAN JURKOVIČ, ARCHITECT



LIVING-ROOM OF A VILLA AT RESEK, BOHEMIA.
DUŠAN JURKOVIC, ARCHITECT.



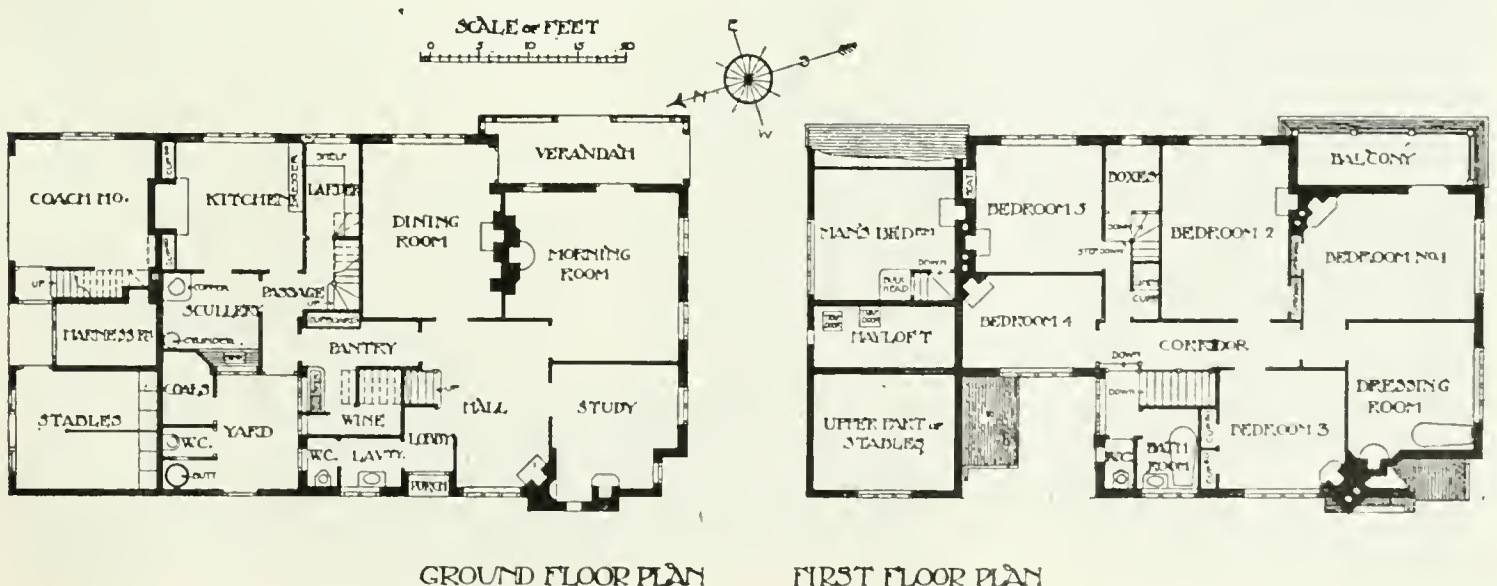
"SURREY HOLME," BYFLEET : GARDEN FRONT

G. LISTER SUTCLIFFE, ARCHITECT

Brünn, the capital of the province of Moravia. It was at the Gewerbeschule in this town that he studied for his profession, and it is interesting to note that before commencing practice he familiarised himself with the practical side of building by working in turn as a carpenter and joiner, mason, etc.

"Surrey Holme," Byfleet, Surrey, of which illustrations are given on this and the following page, is a small house designed by Mr. G. L.

Sutcliffe, A.R.I.B.A., for a level and well-wooded site adjoining the river Wey. The house contains a square hall, three sitting-rooms and six bedrooms. The principal rooms are placed at the south end of the building, and the kitchen, stables, etc., at the north end. The walls are faced with Enfield bricks, selected for their varied colour, which ranges from rich red to deep purple, and the roofs are covered with tiles irregularly stained, producing a charming colour effect. Externally

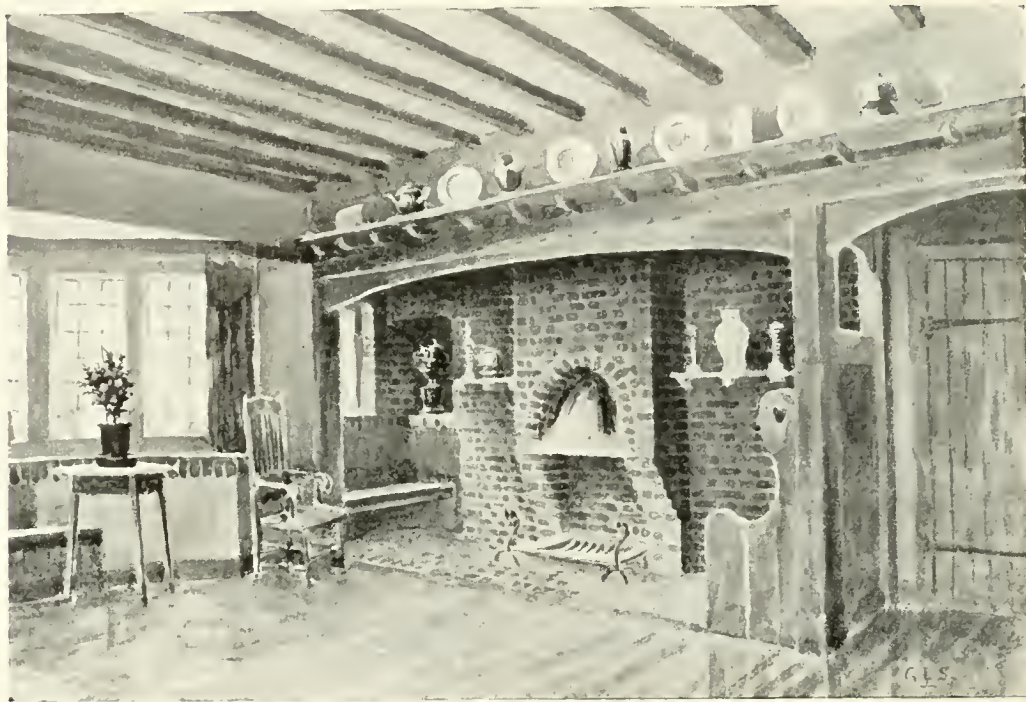


PLAN OF "SURREY HOLME," BYFLEET

G. LISTER SUTCLIFFE, ARCHITECT .382

there is little or no architectural ornament about the house, but it is an interesting example of modern cottage architecture; the design is simple and unaffected, and shows a feeling for old Surrey work, although it is not a mere copy of it. Internally the fireplace is the principal feature in each room. The ingle in the den is entirely faced with Enfield bricks, and has a quaint and cosy effect.

"Oddynes Holt," at Horsted Keynes, in Sussex, also designed by Mr. Lister Sutcliffe, is a simple and inexpensive country cottage, containing a fairly large inner hall (used also as a dining-room), two sitting-rooms, five bedrooms and the usual offices.



HALL AT "ODDYNES HOLT," HORSTED KEYNES

G. LISTER SUTCLIFFE, ARCHITECT

The inner hall, shown in our illustration, has for its principal feature a large ingle nook faced with local bricks and paved with unglazed red tiles.

The fireplace itself is built of bricks, and has a simple dog grate and a bright iron canopy. One peculiarity of the house is that no mouldings have been used, the angles of the woodwork being either chamfered off or slightly rounded.

We give also two views of a Dutch garden designed by the same architect for "West Hall," Byfleet, a house to which various additions have been made by him. The garden is sunk about two feet below the level of the adjacent ground, and its design presented some difficulty, as the angles formed by the surrounding buildings and yew hedges are all irregular. The principal features are the three flights of steps, the old sun-dial, the fountain basin, and the alcoves for seats. Ham Hill stone was used for the dressings, but all the paving is of rough Purbeck marble laid in irregular pieces. The cut trees and shrubs of yew and box were imported from Holland.

Mr. Arnold Mitchell is the architect of the house at Harrow Weald, shown in our coloured reproduction of Mr. J. A. Swan's drawing. The house stands high, on a fine open site, the rooms being planned so that in each case the fullest advantage is taken of the aspect



ENTRANCE FRONT, "SURREY HOLME," BYFLEET

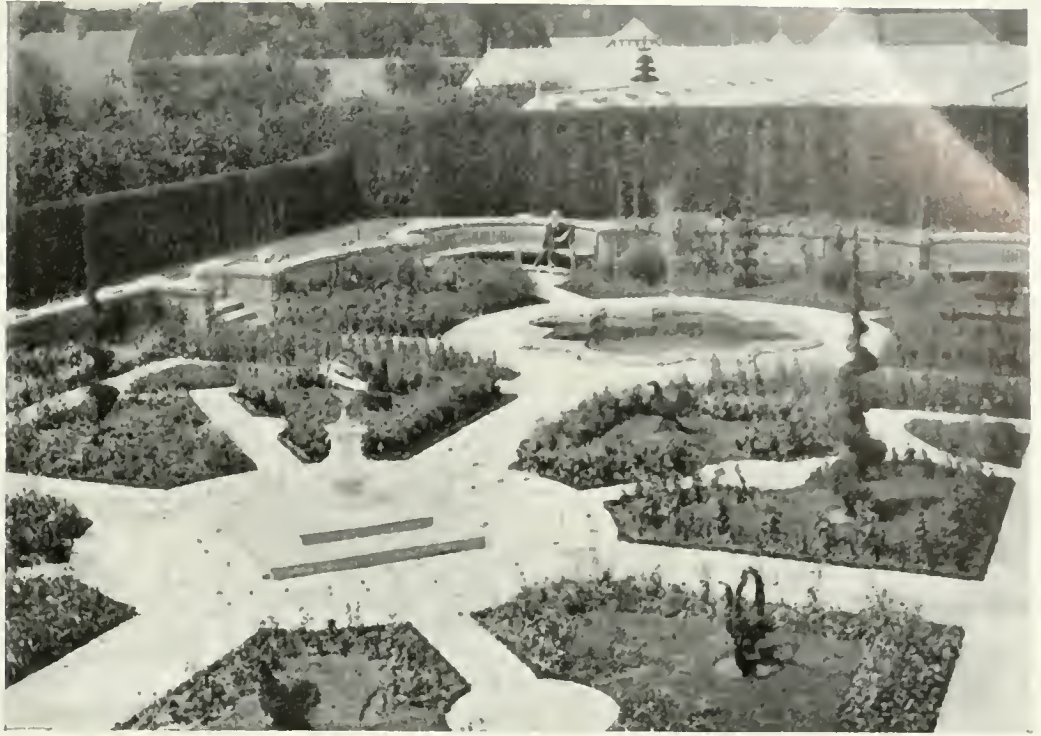
G. LISTER SUTCLIFFE, ARCHITECT

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

offered and the special view obtainable. The hall and staircase are panelled in white. All the ground-floor rooms have rich ceilings in modelled plaster, and the floors are of oak in narrow widths, the doors in mahogany. The exterior is in white plaster, with a trowelled and floated face, the wall tiles in bright red, the roofs covered with a dark hand-made tile. The cost has worked out at tenpence per foot cube, including all finishings and decorations.

Though of a more or less public character as regards its use, we illustrate here (see pp. 200 and 203) a cottage hospital at Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex, also designed by Mr. Arnold Mitchell, because, from an architectural point of view, the building in its general features is of the

domestic type. It is, indeed, almost a matter of necessity that a building such as this should partake of this character. There should always be associated



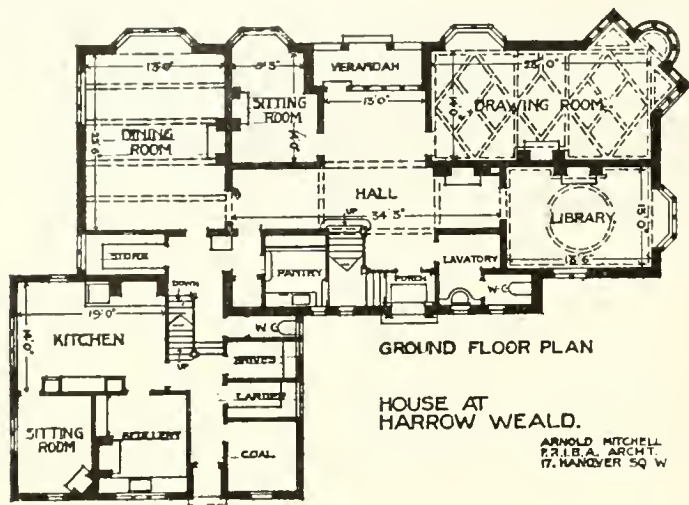
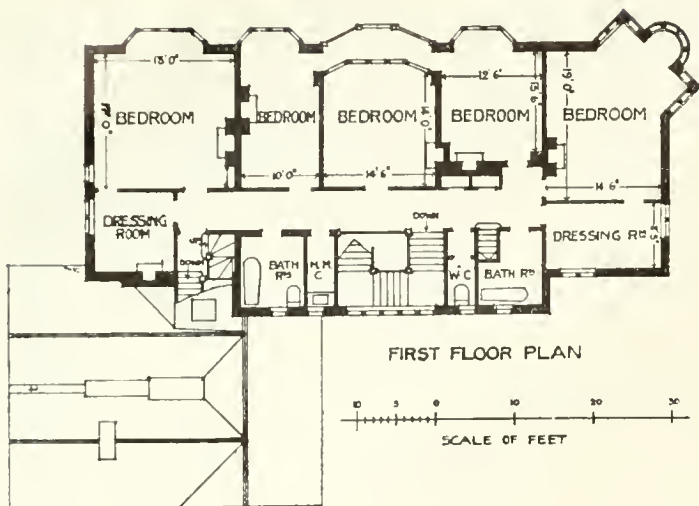
DUTCH GARDEN AT "WEST HALL," BYFLEET

DESIGNED BY G. LISTER SUTCLIFFE, ARCHITECT



DUTCH GARDEN, "WEST HALL," BYFLEET

DESIGNED BY G. LISTER SUTCLIFFE, ARCHITECT



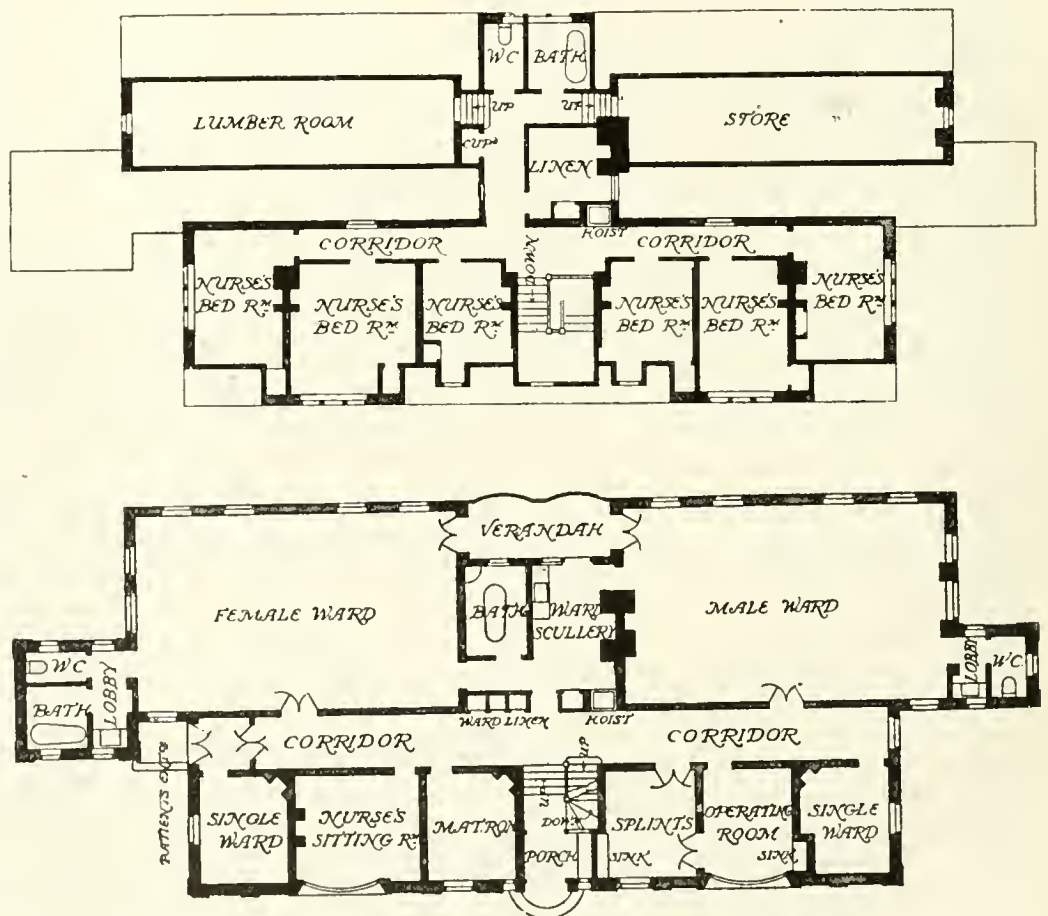
PLAN OF HOUSE AT HARROW WEALD
ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

rooms for lumber and storage. The domestic offices (kitchen, etc.) are in the basement, which, owing to the slope of the ground, is level with it on the southern side. Each of the three floors is equipped with adequate sanitary appliances. The materials used in the construction are multi-coloured bricks and rich yellow-brown Ham stone, with dark weather tiles on the roof.

“THE STUDIO” YEAR BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART, 1908.

THE Editor desires to thank the numerous architects and designers who have responded to his invitation to send in material for illustrating the third volume of this publication. A large number of new and interesting designs have reached him, and as the preparation of the volume is now well in hand, it is hoped to have it ready for publication early in the new year. As in the case of the second volume issued at the beginning of the present year, the 1908 volume will contain an important section devoted to exterior architecture in addition to a great variety of other subjects of interest to those who are decorating or furnishing their homes, and it will also contain a special article on Garden Design by Mr. T. H. Mawson.

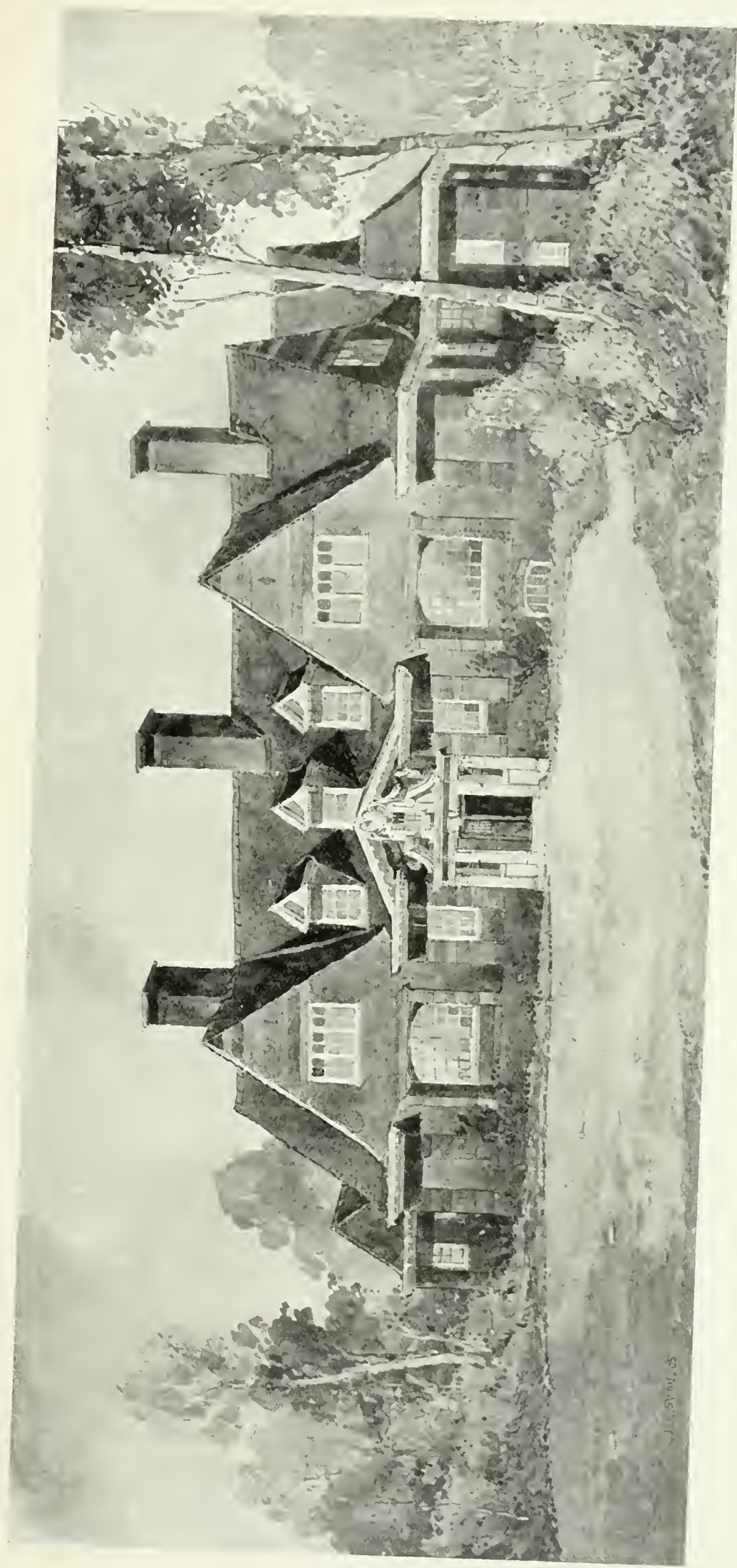
with a house intended for the reception of sufferers that feeling of cheerful homeliness which is such a potent factor in the treatment of patients. This cottage hospital at Harrow occupies a charming site, measuring an acre and a half. It contains two large wards, facing due south, so that patients may have the benefit of all the sunshine possible; each is about 35 feet long, and has accommodation for eight beds, but the cubic space is sufficient for two more. On the same floor, as shown by the ground-floor plan here reproduced, are placed the rooms for the staff, operating-room, etc.; on the first-floor are the nurses' bedrooms, and two large



PLAN OF GROUND AND FIRST FLOOR, HARROW COTTAGE HOSPITAL
ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



HOUSE AT HARROW WEALD
ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT.



THE COTTAGE HOSPITAL, HARROW-ON-THE HILL,
MIDDLESEX. ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

The Autumn Salon, Paris

THE AUTUMN SALON, PARIS.

THREE thousand items, of which more than two thousand were concerned with painting and sculpture; certain important retrospective exhibits, such as those of Carpeaux, Cézanne, Berthe Morisot, Eva Gonzalés, and Ponscarnes; some remarkable *ensemble* displays by the great English aquafortist, Sir F. Seymour Haden, and José-Maria Sert; three beautiful rooms devoted to Belgian art—such was the sum-total of the *Salon d'Automne* this year. As is always the case, the noisiest works struck the keynote, with the result that the melody was lost in the din.

Compelled to be brief, and therefore to make my choice, I will ask that I may be allowed to devote attention to the works of the living artists, with the solitary exception of Cézanne.

Whether we like his art or not, Cézanne marks a date in the history of French painting, just as Mallarmé marks a date in the history of poetry. As yet we do not know what his influence will produce, but that influence is certain. Can it be denied that Cézanne and his admirers have largely contributed to restore to French art a passionate taste for colour? His defects are striking enough:

a perhaps morbid deformation of linear vision, an exaggeration of line, carried at times to the verge of caricature, a deliberate realism like that of a man whose visual angle is defective, a frequent lack of cohesion between the divers parts—and goodness knows what else! Anyone can add to the list. His qualities, on the other hand, are of a kind less easily discernible. Nevertheless they exist. Perhaps his general point of view may be summarised thus: in the presence of nature Cézanne's feelings were instinctive; that is to say, he felt blindly, but in a manner both profound and original. When he desired to express his emotions he became meticulous—a contradiction impossible to explain! In labouring obstinately over each part he would lose sight of the *ensemble*. Note how minute was his method of painting: coatings of extremely fine colour, placed one above the other with untiring patience and infinite scrupulousness. Evidently we are here quite remote from the happy facility of genius! In this style of painting there is an indication of trouble and something of impotence. At the same

time we cannot escape from the impression of inward force, of undisciplined strength, of deep-seated instinct emanating from these works.

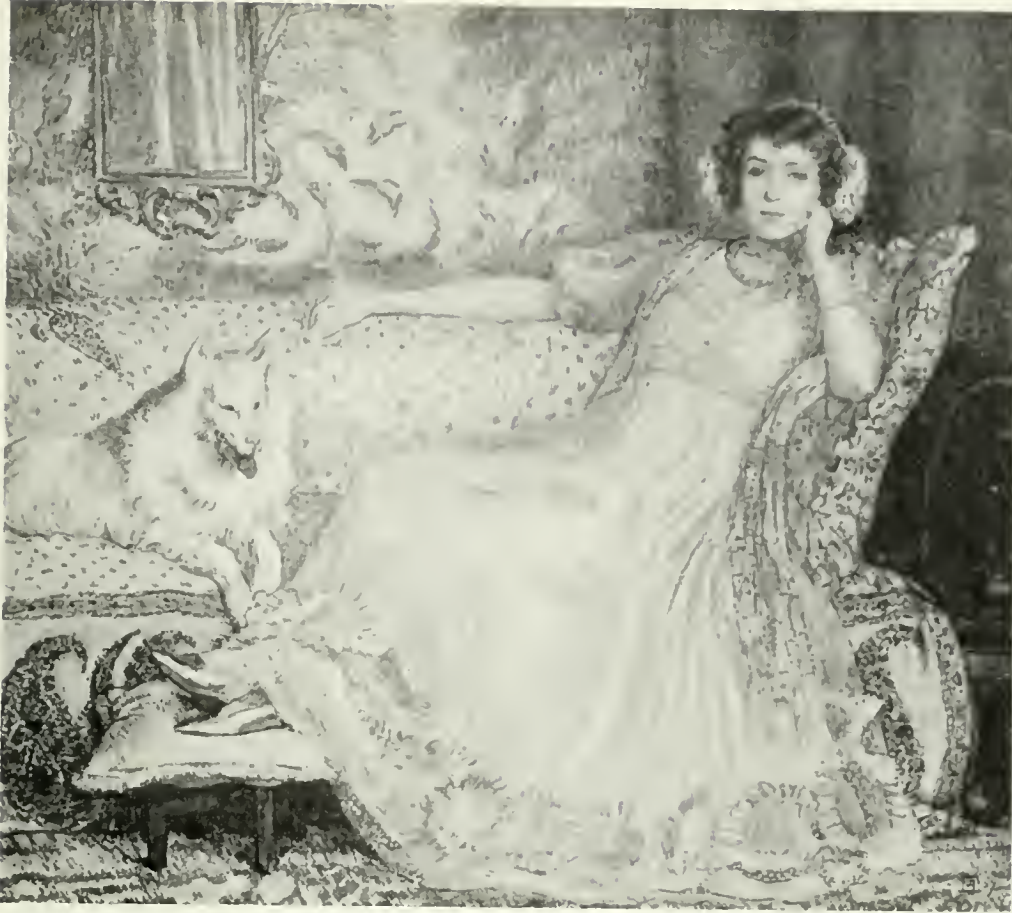
Passing now to the Belgian group, to my mind the most remarkable display among the painters was that of M. Van Rysselberghe, who exhibited two portraits and a nude. The finest of these was a portrait of a lady in white, half reclining on a white sofa, with a wolf-hound beside her, very true in drawing and in attitude—a symphony in bluish-white, brightened by the green transparencies of the gown and the green edging of the cushions. M. Willie Finch, who seems to me to be a remarkable colourist, exhibited only one picture, and that very badly placed—*Jeune Femme au Bain*. M. Van den Eckhoudt, who has perhaps less vigour than M. Van Rysselberghe, exhibited a very fine portrait. Of the three pictures by M. Emile Claus, whom everyone admires for his unceasing effort and his magnificent gifts, one perhaps preferred the *Soir d'Été*, by reason of its beautiful powdery sky, the most delicate grey of the gilded sheaves, and the charming rustic atmosphere. Everyone knows how scrupulous and how full of observation is M. Léon Frédéric. His *Âges de l'Ouvrier* in the Luxembourg are very well known, and in his other



PORTRAIT OF MLE. S.

BY FÉLIX VALLOTTON.

The Autumn Salon, Paris



"LA DAME EN BLANC"

BY TH. VAN RYSSELBERGHE

canvases his work is still careful and vigorous. I admired greatly the slightly cold but dignified art of M. Fernand Khnopff, the Brughian tradition so beautifully expressed by M. Laermans, the grace of M. Smits, the rather ponderous strength of M. Baertsoen, and the charming qualities of M. Ensor. M. Evenepoel is a realist who may be excused a little vulgarity : M. Courtens, a very unequal painter, did not seem to me to be very well represented here.

In the department of sculpture I found, making a very good show beside the great Constantin Meunier, M. Vinçotte, M. Mignon, and M. Paul Dubois, whose nudes are of fine stuff and real vigour : but I still preferred the nude work of M. Victor Rousseau, which palpitates with life and is full of grace and simplicity.

Among the French painters two currents were plainly visible, and these the hanging committee had "canalised" as much as possible into different rooms

Traditional, as distinct from impressionistic, painting was represented by Mr. Lavery with three forceful and sober portraits. Next I must name M. Lévy-Dhurmer. Beside works of louder tone his *camaiëus* entitled *Jaune-Brun* and *Vert-Clair* chanted in an undertone a sweet and delicate melody which, its softness notwithstanding, was perfectly audible.

The drawings of Brittany by M. Lemordant, simple and full of energy, very true in their movement, showed a quite remarkable understanding of light and shade. M. Jules Chéret sent some of his soaring female figures, charming as ever, M. Synave some pretty children, and M. Joncières some pictures of Versailles, which made one think of the delightful things by M. La Touche. M. Suréda displayed several pleasing bits of Orientalism, and Mme. Angèle Delasalle, who had shown such high promise, a rather feeble decorative composition. From M. Borchardt we had a fine portrait of a lady, marred unfortunately by sundry errors of taste. The scholarly and ever-interest-

ing investigator M. Desvallières deserves a place to himself, as does M. Truchet, whose flowers are full of spontaneity.

There were some very fine drawings. Those of M. Dethomas are full of vigour and quite remarkable in accent. Others were contributed by M. Beauvois, Mme. Gardiner, M. Hermann-Paul and Mlle. Bruère. But to my thinking the most striking of all the drawings in the Salon were those of M. Bernard-Naudin, done to illustrate the "Gold Bug" of Edward Allen Poë. They are instinct with movement and truth and simplicity, while the foreshortening is simply astonishing.

M. Boutet de Monvel and M. Tarquoy displayed this year pictures that possess the qualities of style, draughtsmanship, and composition rather than of colour and passion. And let me not forget to mention M. Gropeano and M. Léon Daudet, both quite discreet. As for M. José-Maria Sert, he has undertaken a Titanic work—the entire decoration of a Spanish Cathedral, with subjects taken from the Old and New Testaments. He has been inspired by the Michael-Angelos of the Sistine Chapel, and the result is not unworthy of so formidable a model.

Let us now turn to the impressionists. The display by M. Charles Guérin was the best we have had from him. A species of confusion, a



"LA CARTE POSTALE"

BY CHARLES GUÉRIN

certain heaviness and an occasional flabbiness, in the guise of apparent violence, which often enough had jarred upon us in his former work, gave place this year to a simplicity, a sense of logic, a stability and a strength of colouring — relatively light—which proclaim henceforth a master. By other methods Vallotton, the painter-graver, gave one equal pleasure. His portrait of Mlle. S——, almost Persian in appearance, is so clean, so compact in design, so cunningly observed, and marked by such sobriety of line and of colour that it is impossible to forget it. Paul Barth, a Basle artist, as yet unrecognised, attracted me keenly by the fulness and the power of the nude figure against a magnificent blue cloth. M. Georges

d'Espagnat has not succeeded in ridding himself of a heaviness, a non-spirituality, which detracts from the merits of his big canvases, remarkable though they are for breadth and concentration, careful colouring, and a certain joyous air which he has evidently striven to impart to them.

The landscapes of the South, by M. Guillaumin, treated like decorative paintings, are handled brilliantly, and with much breadth of brush. Hard by were hung the landscapes of M. Alluaud, true in expression and brilliant in *facture*; an excellent *Lavaram* by M. Maufra, the *Douarnenez* of M. Madeline, and the *Bretagne* of M. Moret, whose colour combines warmth with delicacy. I greatly liked M.

Cariot's *Jardin*, which has both style and power.

The *Contes des Mille et une Nuits*, by M. Mandraza-Pissarro, occupied a place entirely to



"FLORE"

BY CARPEAUX



TWO BUSTS BY CARPEAUX



HUST

BY CARPEAUX



' UGOLIN ET SES FILS ' (TERRA-COTTA)

BY CARPEAUX

The Autumn Salon, Paris

themselves. They are in "black and gold," very rich, sumptuous, and curious exceedingly.

M. Manguin's pictures may be described as sketches magnificently dashed off. Even in the best of them, *La Femme à la Grappe*, the foliage forming the background is quite sacrificed; at the same time its colouring is energetic and fresh. M. Valtat, an admirer of Cézanne, knows how to compose, to arrange, and to design; but evidently likes the antipathy his extravagance produces.

M. Albert André sent some works in blue, *à la Cézanne*. His centre picture was full of felicitous discoveries, and his still-life pictures showed great power. M. Camoin sees in great masses, and is a rapid executant; still, I liked his colour very much. M. Lanquetin exhibited seven *Bords de la Seine*, which were inspiring enough; and M. Bonnard an *Été* by which even his friends have been deceived.

In the Sculpture section one noticed at once the powerful, *spirituel* work of Daumier, the bronze of M. Albert Marque, a fine effigy of M. le Sidaner, by M. Desruelles, a graceful *Danseuse* in bronze, by M. Berthoud, a beautiful female nude, by M. Marius Cladel, an apostle's head—full of character—by Mme. O'Donel, a remarkable nude study by Mlle. Yvonne Serruys, and, particularly, a low-relief by M. Maillol, which was clearly the masterpiece of the Salon, so far as Sculpture was concerned.

ACHILLE SEGARD.

THE Autumn Salon, while encouraging the very latest art movement, yet contrived—much to its credit—to do honour to sundry great artists of other days. There never was a happier idea than

that of the Carpeaux Exhibition, admirably ordered and organised by M. Edouard Sarradin, one of our ablest critics, who, by reason of his relations with the Carpeaux family as by his personal merit, was eminently qualified for the task. Indeed, if there is one artist more than another who deserves to be brought into the light more and more every day, it is Carpeaux—decried and maltreated in his lifetime, and but little known even now that he is dead.

Passing through this very fine *ensemble* of drawings, finished sculptures, sketches and pictures—all revealing such harmony, such limpidity of thought, such grace of form—one was forced to admit, with Courajod, that Carpeaux, Rude, and Barye form the trilogy of great dead sculptors of the nineteenth century. We know—and M. Sarradin has not omitted to emphasise it once more in the deep-felt preface he has written for the catalogue of the exhibition—that the life of this great artist was a daily-Calvary. From his earliest years, and during his period of apprenticeship at Valenciennes, his cousin, Henri Lemaire, a sculptor of the "academic" and traditional order, did his best, but in vain, to check his flight towards the beautiful. After having won the Prix de Rome—a difficult matter, seeing that he came from the



"LA PÊCHEUSE"

BY CARPEAUX

atelier of Rude, who was in bad odour with the Institut on account of his anti-conventional tendencies—Carpeaux, even in Rome, met with nothing but opposition and hostility: and it is no credit to the memory of Schnetz, director of the Academy of France in the Holy City, that he should have tried to prevent the young artist from completing his *Ugolin et ses Fils*. Back in Paris once more Carpeaux did his admirable high-relief *Flore*, which,

but for the intervention of Napoleon III., the architect Lefuel would have had removed, on the pretext that the work projected too far from the surface of the monument; and one remembers the stupid hate with which sacrilegious hands attacked his admirable group of the *Dance*, which gives a note of great art to the façade of the Opéra. Right to his death Carpeaux was opposed by the hatred of the Institut. In

1874, the year before his death, he wrote:—

“What can I do in a country which for twelve years has *persecuted* all my conceptions and endeavoured to destroy that which I have been at such pains to erect?”

Time has now pronounced judgment on the jealous cruelty perpetuated by the Institut on Carpeaux during his life, and his work shines forth once more in purest glory. This retrospective exhibition consisted of 147 numbers, which means that the *ensemble* got together by M. Sarra-din was one of very considerable importance, though not of course complete. Among the big pieces was the terracotta work, *Ugolin et ses Fils*, considered to be one of Carpeaux's masterpieces.

The figure of Ugolino suggests a strength and a tragic power akin to those of Michael Angelo's heroes, whose muscularity it has in addition. The youth embracing Ugolino's knees is one of those admirable bits of perfection which one remembers in the history of art. Here, indeed, is the true conception of classical beauty, unspoil't by “Academicism.” There was an excellent moulding of the famous *Flore* of the Louvre, together with a very fine pendentive in plaster, the richness of the ornamentation equalling that of the Toulon Caryatides of Puget. Here, as in the *Flore*, is revealed an exquisite sense of decoration. The *Watteau*—like Carpeaux, of Valenciennes, and

equally persecuted, equally unhappy—is, it is true, nothing more than a rudimentary sketch, but still full of vigour, while the statues of the *Prince Impérial* and *La Pêcheuse* are dazzling in their finish.

In his numerous busts of women Carpeaux shows himself an admirable creator of beauty. He perpetuated the splendour of the ladies of the

Second Empire with infinitely more genius than any other painter of the time—not even excepting Ricard, whose Venetian fancy removed him from the real life around him. Carpeaux, on the other hand, expressed this loveliness as it was, by giving to the women he depicted those attributes of domination, of majesty, and that air of triumph which to my mind form their chief characteristics. Combined with extreme fidelity to nature there is an elegance of attitude and a finish of execution which proclaim so clear a relationship with Houdon that, to delight our eyes, the two masters should henceforth figure together side by side in our art treasuries.

Carpeaux, while a great sculptor, was at

the same time a painter who attracts one by his *fougue* and his very special endowment. The two portraits of himself and that of his wife were highly interesting. His many drawings revealed an artist of prodigious energy, fond of life, and qualified to extract the eternal beauty, and at the same time the transitory vision, of every spectacle that struck his eye.

HENRI FRANTZ.

The course of weekly lectures on the History of Architecture which Mr. Banister Fletcher is giving at the University of London, South Kensington, will be resumed on Monday, January 13. The first seven lectures will treat of English Mediæval Architecture.



“LE CHEVALIER DUPIN” BY BERNARD NAUDIN



ANATOLE FRANCE'S HOME: "LA SALLE VITRÉE"

BY PIERRE CALMETTES

THE HOME OF ANATOLE FRANCE AS DEPICTED BY PIERRE CALMETTES.

MANY of the reading public were already aware that Anatole France, the most delightful of French novelists, lived in a house furnished and adorned with treasures of the past. It has been reserved for an old friend of his, albeit a young man, to make known, in a striking series of some sixty oil paintings and pastels, the interior of this abode—an ordinary double-fronted stone building, situated at the bottom of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne—with all its precious *lares* installed and forming a home as unique as its possessor.

For the value and charm of this interior to be appreciated the artist's paintings themselves ought of course to be seen. The walls are either delicately painted or covered with embroidered silk and hung with costly tapestry. Nearly all the carpets are of real Turkey or Smyrna manufacture, to-day scarce obtainable in any market. The mantelpieces are of mediæval sculptured stone or wood. Here a chest and there a dresser speak of an art that is no more. The chairs and tables carry us back to the best traditions of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries. The cupboards, shelves and walls gleam and shine and glitter with frescoes, pictures, mirrors, porcelain vases—some of these last, real

ancient Chinese ware—all eloquent with history and souvenir.

Though Pierre Calmettes is thirty-four years of age, no picture of his was ever seen inside the annual *Salons* until this spring, when one of the present collection was hung at the *Artistes Français*. The reason is simple. Up to the year before last, he had not made painting his profession. He had a reputation in Paris, in France, and even beyond, but as an author who on occasion illustrated his own books. One had, however, only to open such illustrated

pages to be convinced that, at least in drawing, he was a master. His skill with the pencil may be partly inherited. His father, Fernand Calmettes has also written books and illustrated them. Under him, the young Pierre studied, and afterwards under Bouguereau, who, with all his short-



ANATOLE FRANCE'S HOME:
A CORNER OF THE GRAND SALON

BY PIERRE CALMETTES



ANATOLE FRANCE'S HOME :
"LA CITÉ DES LIVRES"

BY PIERRE CALMETTES

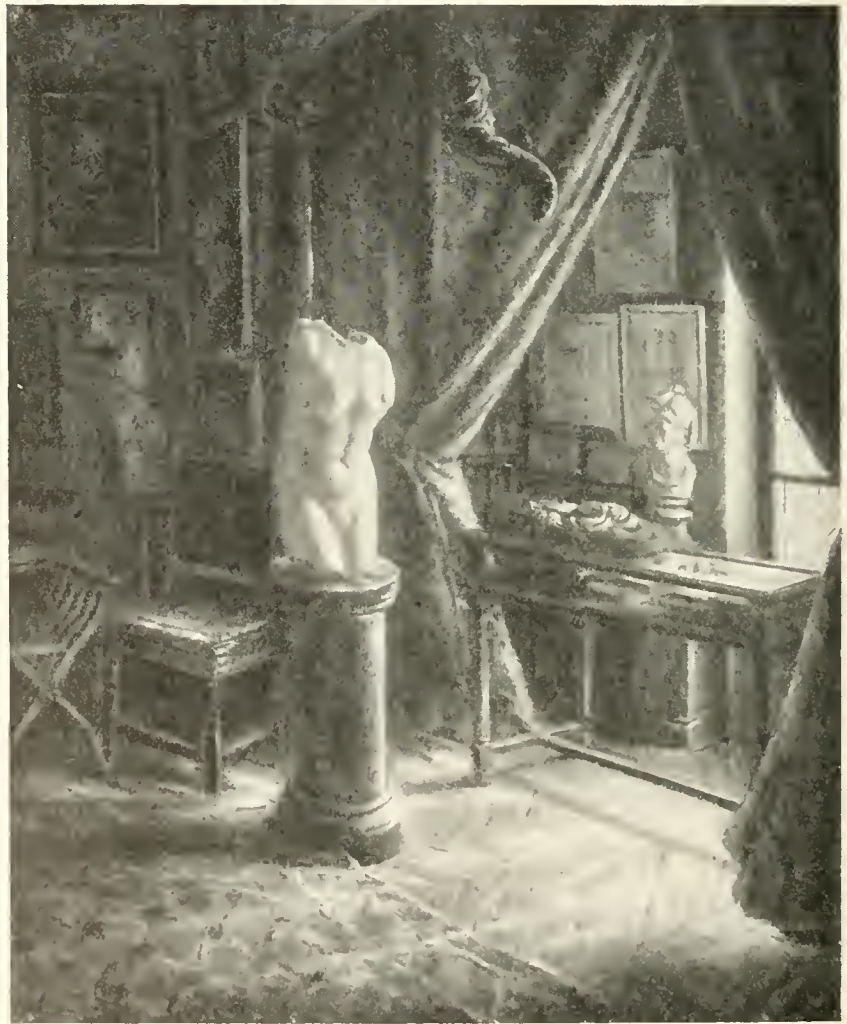
over, his material and his form have an intimacy of reality that cannot be too much praised. He brings out with equal verity the metallic lustre of old wood and the creamy or velvety softness of stuff and carpet. His style is not microscopic, but bold, sure, and true. From the first broad outlines to the finish he proceeds by strokes that demand only little retouching.

The artist has drawn and painted several portraits of Anatole France. A full-length oil painting shows the novelist sitting pensively over a large folio of prints. The crayon drawing, reproduced opposite, has been preferred, on account of the more animated expression—that assumed in conversation. France, himself a connoisseur of the highest competence, esteems this the best likeness he has ever had executed.

A number of canvases have been devoted to the drawing-room and its furniture. The one given in the first illustration shows an annexe, called the Salle

comings, was still a consummate handler of the pencil, and initiated his pupil into the secrets of his own excellence. But Pierre Calmettes' real apprenticeship was served during the years he spent among the trades and arts of France, working at them with a view to their picturesque reproduction. This long practice in sketching workshop, lathe, and tools, with the human figures in their midst, was the best preparation for his maturer task of painting the interior of a house and revealing it as a living abode. If anything were needed to complete the training, he obtained it while exercising the functions of an art critic; so that neither skill nor judgment was wanting when, at last, he was impelled to begin mixing his colours, and to carry through, with feverish ardour, the remarkable achievement which has just been exhibited in the gallery of Messrs. Chaîne & Simonson.

M. Calmettes' colouring is superb yet sober; it is rich yet sincere; it is organic and interpretative, yet is mingled on his palette with that imagination of the eye characteristic of the true craftsman. More-



ANATOLE FRANCE'S HOME :
"LA CITÉ DES LIVRES"

BY PIERRE CALMETTES



ANATOLE FRANCE. FROM A CRAYON
DRAWING BY PIERRE CALMETTES

Vitrée. A prominent object in it is a fifteenth-century Virgin, with the infant Christ, clad in a blue dress and wearing a golden crown. The *Ave Maria*, below, is on an enamelled plate of Italian fayence. Flanking this wooden statue are fresco figures in faded tints of yellow, red, purple, and brown. The tall green cabinet contains a heterogeneous medley of antiquities, yielding a kaleidoscope of vague colours. Among them are a Buddha, a baby's dress, and an opera-glass. Above the cabinet is a Virgin's house, and, at the near end of it, an old black cupboard with its open door, on the inside, framing a landscape. Beyond the cabinet is a Dutch chest, whose yellowish-green polish of time the artist has displayed with stronger light on it in a separate picture. The chasubled ecclesiastic under the window is a Spanish saint; the statue is of wood, painted and gilded. Near it is an alabaster statuette.

The second illustration (p. 211) is from a picture representing the front part of the drawing-room, and its large Louis XIV. inlaid table covered with a substantial cloth of blue ground and flowery design of figured silk in yellow, red, purple, white, and green. The Louis XIV. armchair has a red tapestry *dossier* with gold embroidery; and the green cabinet, more ornamented than the one in the *Salle Vitrée*, encloses ancient garments, some clerical, some lay. A Venetian mirror, in carved and gilded wood, hangs above the cupboard; in the shadow to the right is a Louis XIV. clock; below, a lacquered table. Between the table and the clock dimly appears a *Witches' Orgie*; and, on the left of the cupboard, another canvas, with somewhat clearer outlines, offers to the view a battle-field of Louis XIII. The whole painting flames with colour—tints of green in the tapestry hangings, red in the silk on the walls, garnet, lake, and scarlet in the cabinet, darker red in the screen by the table, brighter red on the footstool, pale silver in the statuettes, and in the pattern of the carpet mingled white, green, orange, and rose.

Among the pictures of the great novelist's library and study, yclept by M. Calmettes "The City of Books," none surpass in intimate charm the *coup d'œil* of the work-table with its background of well-filled shelves, and

"Hamilcar," the Angora cat (*vide* Sylvestre Bonnard), as an interim guardian, perched on the arm of a chair. Books in bindings of dead yellow, brown, drab, and orange display their smouldering glow of tints, while the tapestry *dossier* of the author's chair stands out in sharp relief with its red, yellow, and green. The tomes of Larousse and Littré, in red, are said to be the only modern books admitted to the den. The bookcase by the table holds M. France's most cherished literary acquisitions. Above it is suspended a fresco, and on it rests a Greek vase. A few familiar objects, such as the tobacco-pot, hobnob on the table with others that are rarer—a bronze Silenus, for example; and at each vantage-point one sees some precious relic of art.

The picture reproduced in the fourth illustration (p. 212) takes in the other end of the library, its cynosure being the antique torso of white marble on a dark purplish veined pedestal. The verdure tapestry curtains, with their red lining, almost conceal the case of Latin books to the left, and throw their warm reflection on to the old illuminated charts attached to the wall. From the pale blue panes of the window comes a mild radiance caressing the torso and the horizontal case of costly-bound



A CORNER OF ANATOLE FRANCE'S BEDROOM

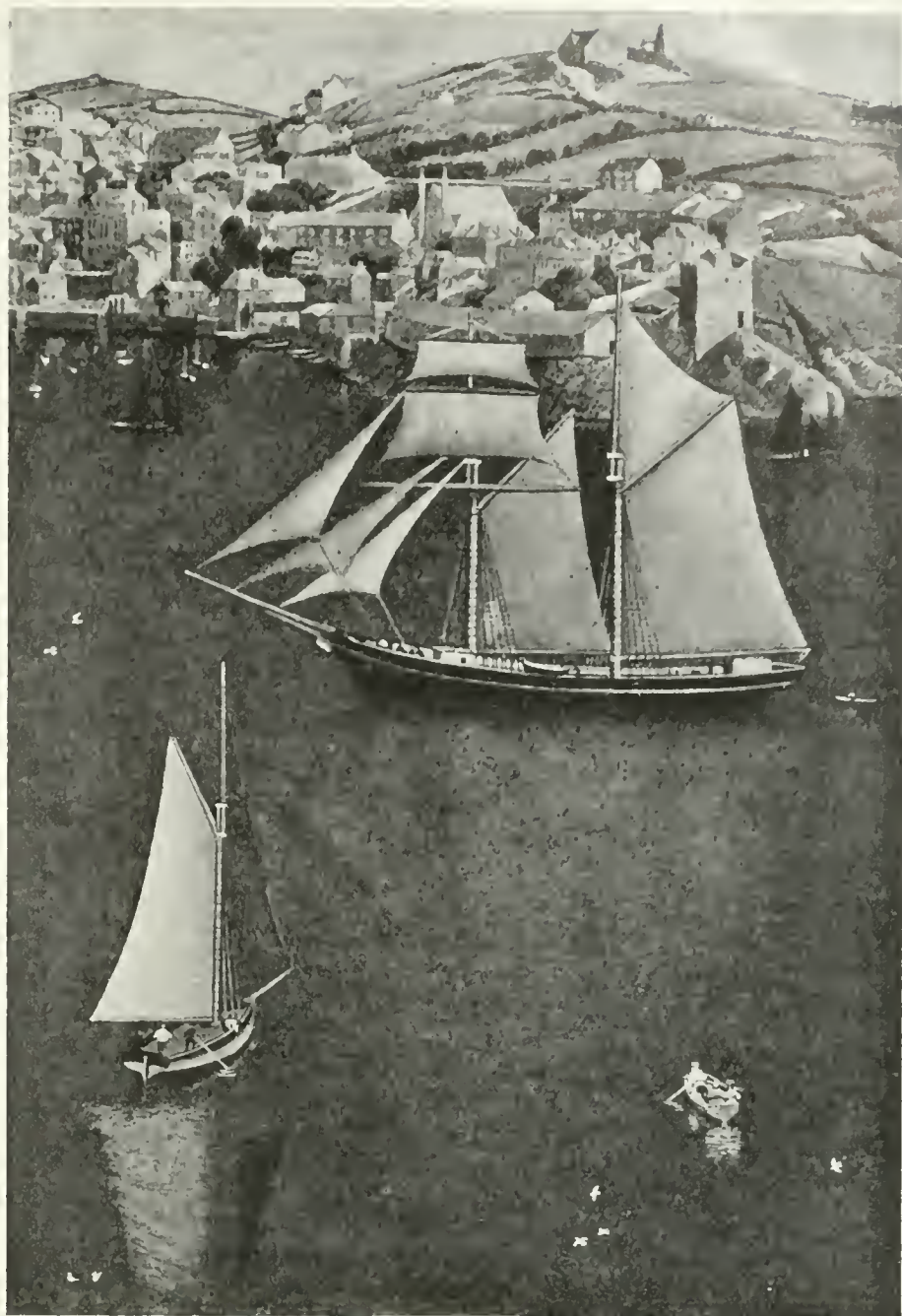
BY PIERRE CALMETTES

Birmingham Painters and Craftsmen

books, topped by a red cushion in which nestles a gold frame. In the darker portion of the room are some paintings of the Italian school and an Italian bust, and from the ceiling hangs a wooden mermaid with tapering tail of horn. The walls of the library, painted in Pompeian red, like those of the dining-room, afford the artist an opportunity, which he uses to advantage here and in the dining-room series, of bringing out a whole gamut of tones affected by this ambience.

There are six pictures dealing with the novelist's bed-chamber, which is the only room in the house, besides the *salon*, whose walls are not painted. Here they are covered with a golden-yellow embroidered silk, forming an admirable setting to the beautifully carved wood chimney-piece, and the mahogany inlaid writing-desk with red and white marble top, which are visible in the last of our illustrations. On the artist's canvas, the brighter yellow of the central portion shades off towards the left into greenish hues of *chatoyant* aspect that are a foil to the vivid colouring of the desk and Louis XVI. chair, whilst the right side descends through purples and russets, which are met and gilded or blazed by the fire below. The *bureau*, on which Anatole France opens his correspondence, was painted one afternoon just as it had been left, with the famous red skull-cap and the spectacles of the writer almost touching the edge of the desk, and all the papers in disorder. The carpet, of authentic old Smyrna manufacture, is sea-green in the centre, and has a border with delicate hues of red and green. Above, where the shadow strikes athwart masterpieces of the school of Greuze or Fragonard, its progressive deadening of the natural tints is finely expressed.

Pierre Calmettes is to be congratulated. What he has done here promises a great future for him—great by the quality of his work, and great, it is to be hoped, by his renown. Indeed he has already begun to bear his blushing honours. The presence of the Minister for Fine Arts at the opening of the



“THE SCHOONER”

BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL

Exhibition, the proposal to purchase one of his pictures for the State, and the general enthusiasm aroused, are something more than mere compliment. They are recognitions of sterling merit.

FREDK. LAWTON.

BIRMINGHAM PAINTERS AND CRAFTSMEN AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES.

THE leading characteristic of this collection as a whole is its architectural basis, its sense of the unity of all the arts in due subordination to the master craft. Notwithstanding individual differences of outlook and the variety of methods and of materials employed, this principle everywhere underlies painting and craft-work alike, shown here in the choice of subject, there by a certain decorative

Birmingham Painters and Craftsmen

quality of vision, and again by a fine sense of surface or joy in the beauty and specific quality of materials.

These are works which one feels would be in place in ordered schemes of decoration; they are modest, and conspicuously free from the arrogance and lack of restraint with which so much of modern work is tainted—that kind of modern work whose aim appears to be the praise of the artist rather than the service of Art.

And it is at this very modest and sincere work, in spite of its remarkable accomplishment, that so many of our critics must needs sneer; this it is which to their somewhat limited sympathy appears as affectation. Men who work thus are commonly charged with blind imitation of the early Italians; and it is assumed that they differ from the rest of the moderns not only in their choice of a school for imitation, but in that they imitate at all. Yet, when all is said, the amount of new thought, new principle, or new method which even great men can add to the vast accumulated heritage of Art is infinitesimal; and the whole difference on this head between the last exponent of modernness and the men of whom we are speaking, lies in the simple fact that the one chances to be in sympathy

with the last exponent but one, and follows him, while the others are more in sympathy with Botticelli, and follow him. They are imitators all, each building upon his chosen foundation.

Nor is this practice of imitation less supported by weighty authority than it is universal in fact. Many of the greatest masters imitated consciously, and were unashamed; and the example of Rubens and Velasquez may serve as defence enough for the painters of our day. And our own Reynolds declared, as his settled conviction, that the imitation of masters as well as the study of Nature is necessary, not only to the student, but also to the artist throughout his life. Indeed, the pursuit of originality for its own sake leads him to the most dangerous of pitfalls, and is responsible for more unwholesomeness and absurdity than any other error.

But then, we are told, to choose the way of the early Italians is to abandon Nature! Do those critics who glibly put forward this amazing view seriously suppose that these men did not study Nature? Have they never conceived the possibility that they knew her with an intimacy which allowed them, out of the fulness of their knowledge, to choose those of her aspects which were



"JACOB AND RACHEL" (BUON FRESCO)

BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL

Birmingham Painters and Craftsmen

best fitted for their purpose, deliberately foregoing those effects which would hinder and using such delights of form and colour as would serve the architectural intention of their work? And as we may well hesitate to attribute to ignorance the well-weighed and deliberate omissions of these early painters, so, in the right restraint and careful choice of presentment shown in the work of their followers, we may recognise the fruit of a know-



"THE QUAKERESS" BY JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL
(PENCIL AND WASH DRAWING)

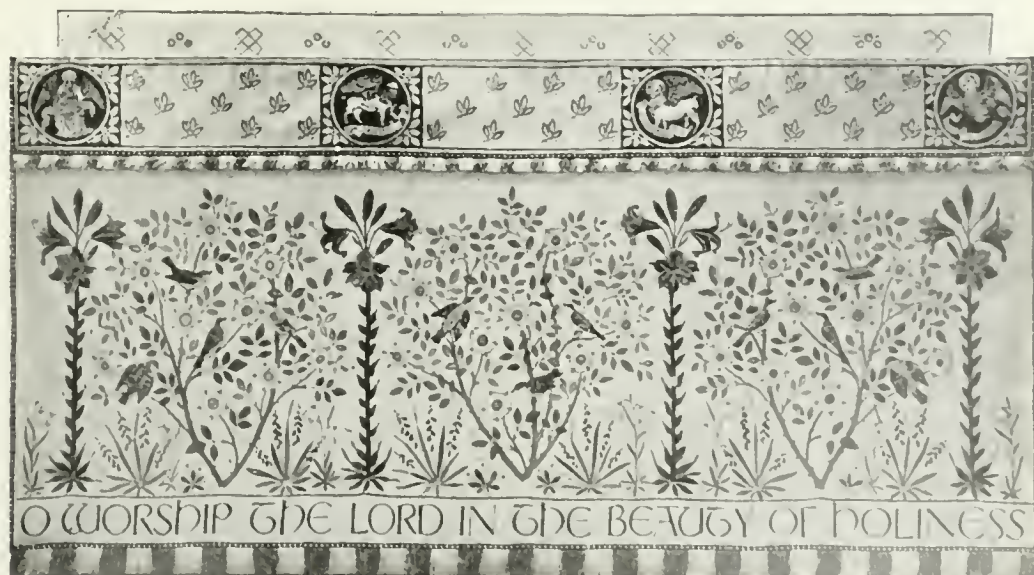
ledge so sure that it has no need to cry aloud in the market-place and to exhibit all its wares.

Yet such is the temper of the professed critics of the time, while every ultra-modern phase is assured of its prophet, this kind of faithful and sincere art remains unnoticed, or obtains only what Mr. Swinburne calls "the purblind scrutiny of prepossession or the squint-eyed inspection of



BANNER FOR CHURCH OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN
PRIMROSE HILL
DESIGNED BY C. M. GERE
WORKED BY THE MISSES
BATTERBURY
(Photo by Miss Blaiklock)

malignity"; and the truth and purity of its colour, its mastery of drawing and its decorative fitness, being, forsooth, unfashionable, are alike



ALTAR CLOTH FOR S. AGNES CHURCH, MOSELEY

BY MARY J. NEWILL



"THE GARDEN OF THE SLOTHFUL"

BY MARGARET GERE

truth, and we acclaim with joy and reverence all signs of these qualities in the most modern of the moderns; but some protest is required against those who perplex the world and prostitute their critical sense by unmeasured praise of fashionable mediocrity, or the work of those who—

"Yet do prize
This soul and the transcendent universe
No more than as a mirror that reflects
To proud self-love her own intelligence."

In spite, however, of neglect and misrepresentation, these men have their compensations. They are not greedy of notoriety; they quietly pursue their way with a conscience void of offence, happy in the beauty which they perceive and create. And the whirligig of time is bringing a strange revenge, for they are free from the dread which must keep some of their most distinguished contemporaries awake at nights—

unhonoured. It is not intended to imply that the dread of finding themselves superseded and work of this school has a monopoly of sincerity and surpassed by the perfecting of some process of



"THE OX CART" (TEMPERA)

BY C. M. GERE

Birmingham Painters and Craftsmen

photography in colour, and the consequent solution of the problems which so many painters bungle over in these days, to the infinite admiration of the critics.

Of the contributors to this exhibition Mr. Southall shows, perhaps, the widest range and



MINIATURE

BY MARGARET GERE



PORTRAIT ON VELLUM

BY C. M. GERE

His portraits differ from those of our most fashionable painters in the using of his admirable technique as a means of expressing the persons portrayed, rather than the making his sitters a slight excuse for the display of technique.

the completest mastery of method. His fresco panel *Jacob and Rachel* is a fine example of the charm which may be drawn by skilful hands from the very limitations of a difficult craft. The frescoes of the Victorian period suffer from an unwise attempt to make them look like oil paintings, and, while failing in their aim, have lost the pleasant quality of surface peculiar to the method. Mr. Southall has avoided this error, and, from a range of pigments necessarily limited, has obtained a scheme of colour of wonderful subtlety and rightness. His pictures in tempera show the same power of conception and sense of decorative arrangement applied equally to the type of subject generally termed romantic and to the things and people of our own day.



"THE BOOK OF LOVE"

BY C. M. GERE



"RED RIDING HOOD" BY C. M. GERE

Mr. Gaskin shows in one man an example of the harmony of principle which should underlie the several arts. Many illustrations of his work in metal have appeared in *THE STUDIO*, and this work always conveys a sense, rare in these days of commercial inspiration, of pleasure having gone with the making of it. *The Birdcage* (p. 221) is a charming picture of a child, and *Kilhwych the King's Son*, reproduced on this page, a work of great decorative charm. Miss Mary J. Newill is represented by some embroideries, well designed and skilfully executed. Mr. C. M. Gere's water-colour portraits on vellum are so well known that it is unnecessary to praise here their fine drawing and delicate beauty. His *Ox Cart* (p. 218), an Italian landscape in

tempera, is a fine piece of decorative realism which shows that his work is as wide in scope as it is technically accomplished; and he sends also an earlier work, *The Book of Love*, and some pencil drawings of great merit. Excellent, too, is the church banner reproduced on page 217. Miss Margaret Gere sends an excellent miniature and some small subject pictures of profound imaginative power and most delicate workmanship.

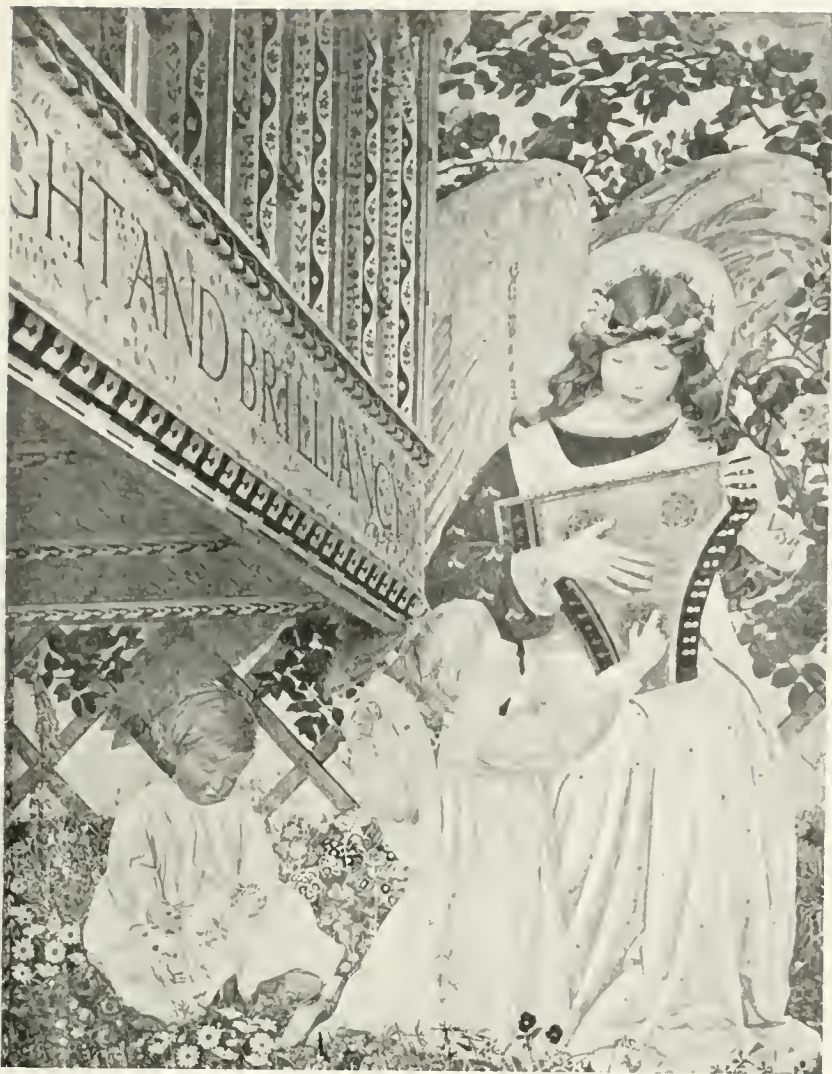
Mr. Sleigh commands notice by his remarkable power of romantic invention, and his woodcuts are of real value, especially at a time when this beautiful art seems threatened with extinction. The black-and-white work of Mr. Edmund New has obtained for him a leading position among the book illustrators of the day. It is characterised by an intense love of nature and a fine appreciation of architectural effect; and shows a true feeling for decorative arrangement, together with great



"KILHWYCH THE KING'S SON"

BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN

Birmingham Painters and Craftsmen



WALL PAINTING IN MADRESFIELD COURT CHAPEL BY H. A. PAYNE

skill in the rendering of textures and of effects of light.

Mr. Payne's work in stained glass is obtaining a wide reputation ; and he has done fine things in wall decoration, a small portion of that carried out by him and his pupils in the chapel at Madresfield Court being reproduced on this page.

With regard to the origin and training of these painters and craftsmen, it is generally supposed that their principles and method are entirely due to the influence of Burne-Jones and the English pre-Raphaelites ; but though it is true that this influence has had much to do with the moulding of many of them, Mr. Southall had gone direct to the springs from which the pre-Raphaelite brethren drew their inspiration, before he came into contact with their work. Trained originally in an architect's office, he adopted from the first the principle of considering all art in its relation to the craft of building ; and it was by the

study of some of the Arundel Society's prints that he was led to visit Italy, and to learn there all that the early Italians could teach him of spirit and of method. Apart from their silent teaching and some valuable help in technical matters from Sir William Richmond, he is no man's pupil. Mr. Gere was certainly familiar with the work of Burne-Jones before he went to study in Italy ; and he, and indeed almost all the other members of the group, obtained their first training at the Birmingham School of Art, where the influence of that great painter was naturally very strong ; but all of them, though influenced in varying degrees by him, by William Morris, by the pre-Raphaelites, and by Mr. Southall himself, have alike gone to early Italian work itself, either in Italy or in the National Gallery, for inspiration and guidance.

Is it not a strange and unhappy waste of opportunity that, having ready to our hand a group of painters and craftsmen so harmonious in general aim, of such



"THE BIRDCAGE"

BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN

diversity of gifts, and of so high a level of ability, they are not employed collectively to conceive and carry out schemes of decoration for our buildings? We might thus remove from our time the stigma of being the most prolific in artists, and at the same time the most barren of Art that the world has ever seen.

C. NAPIER-CLAVERING.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON. — The recent election at the Royal Academy to fill the place of Mr. David Farquharson, who died in July last, resulted in Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper being made Associate. Mr. Cowper, though very young, is possessed of great talent, but his election has nevertheless caused a good deal of surprise, especially as there were several candidates who were generally held to have stronger claims.

The report of Sir Isidore Spielmann on the British Art section at the New Zealand International Exhibition held at Christchurch from November, 1906, to April this year, is of great interest and significance in more ways than one. The number of works shown was larger than at any of the earlier International Exhibitions with which comparison is made in the Report (Brussels, Paris, St. Louis), and it was essentially an artists' exhibition, for on this occasion only thirty-six private owners lent works to represent artists, as against 531 artists who contributed direct, whereas prior to the St. Louis Exhibition in 1904 the private lenders either largely predominated or were equal in number to the artist contributors. Thus no less than 567 British artists were represented, of whom 198 were painters in oils, 124 painters in water-colours, 59 miniaturists, 91 black-and-white artists (including etchers), 39 sculptors and 56 architects, and the number of works sent over was 1,136. Most gratifying is that part of the Report which refers to the sales, a detailed list of which is appended to the Report. These amounted to no less than £17,107, exceeding by £10,000 the amount realized at St. Louis in 1904, where the exhibits were only about a hundred fewer in number. Private purchasers bought to the extent of £7,420, the remainder being divided among seven public institutions in New Zealand and Australia, the chief of these being the National Art Gallery of New South Wales, whose purchases amount to £3,339. The

number of exhibitors who sold works in the Fine Art section was 183. These works comprised 52 oil paintings, sold at an average price of £186 odd; 90 water-colours, averaging £55 odd; 15 miniatures, at nearly £13 each; 11 pieces of sculpture, at nearly £50 each (only comparatively small works were sent); and 116 drawings, etchings, etc., at rather more than £5 each. Sir Isidore Spielmann records his opinion that the exceptionally large number of works sold may be accounted for by the fact that they were both moderate in size and moderate in price. As a rule, he remarks, British artists fix the prices of their works at these international exhibitions too high, while foreign artists, by naming a more moderate price, command a readier sale. In the Arts and Crafts section 690 works were contributed by 170 exhibitors, and 321 of the exhibits were sold at an average price of £3 5s. 1d. In this section pottery and glass, lace and needlework, jewellery and enamels, furniture and metal work, sold easily; but wood-carving, stained glass, bookbinding, printing, and calligraphy were less understood and appreciated. Coming to the results achieved by this exhibition of British Art, Sir Isidore points out that they are not to be measured merely by the sales effected. The Art section was appreciated to the full by artists, the people, and the Press of the Colony, and nothing but praise was bestowed upon it. Popular appreciation may be estimated from the fact that the aggregate attendances were over a million and a half, although an extra charge was made on four days a week. British artists and craftsmen at large will, we are sure, not be slow to recognise that much of the success of this exhibition was due to the zeal and good judgment of Sir Isidore Spielmann, who undertook the arduous task of organising the British Art section single-handed.

The work shown by the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours is perhaps a little less interesting than it has been in their exhibitions lately. But individually, certain members triumph. Mr. Anning Bell has never attained to more distinction than in his picture *Go, lovely rose*, and in another slighter water colour illustrating the lines "*Music when soft voices die vibrates in the memory*," the very spirit of the words receives translation. Notable pictures are Mr. H. S. Hopwood's *A Dealer in Antiquities*, and the same painter's *Approach to a Picardy Farm*. Mr. Walter Bayes' work stands out with an individuality which we have before noted in recording the Society's exhibitions. Mr. Alfred Parsons is

very successful this year in his *Meadows*, which has an intimate sentiment of English landscape ; other successes are Mr. J. W. North's *Stubble*, Mr. James Paterson's *Moret*, Mr. Henry Henshall's *Waifs and Strays*, Mr. R. W. Allan's *Yameimon Gate, Nikko, Japan*, Mr. Colin B. Phillip's *Winter Day, New-quay*, Mr. Tom Lloyd's *The Bank of the Stream*, Mr. Robert Little's *Morning Haze on the Seine*, Miss Rose Barton's *Motherhood* ; and we cannot remember anything for a while from Mrs. Stanhope Forbes equal to the *Molly Trefusis* here.

The exhibitions of the Royal Society of British Artists have received an impetus in the right direction since the election to the Presidency of Mr. Alfred East, whose achievements dominate the present Exhibition, where there is much of interest to be seen. Mr. A. Talmage's pictures of London (one of which is reproduced in this number), Mr. John Muirhead's *A Breezy Day on the Ouse*, Mr. Giffard Lenfesty's *The Lone Barn*, Mr. T. F. M. Sheard's *Madge the Gleaner*, call for particular notice ; and Mr. Wallace Rimington's *The Peace of the Mountains*, Mr. Louis Grier's *The Silent River*, Mr. Walter Fowler's *Approaching Rain*, Mr. A. C. Gould's *Packhorse Bridge, Horner Woods*, Mr. D. Murray Smith's *The End of the Hill*, are other pictures to which reference should be made.

At the Exhibition of the New English Art Club, *The Fountain* and *The Morain* are two of those wonderful specimens of Mr. Sargent's art which he seems to reserve for exhibition at the Club. The landscape *Brandsby*, by Mr. W. W. Russell, also claims particular attention. The qualities of Mr. H. Tonk's *The Birdcage* cannot be appreciated in the Club's small gallery. Mr. Wilson Steer contributes *A Profile*, and the little canvas contains some of his finest painting. He also exhibits a notable landscape, *The Grand Place, Montreuil*, and a beautiful water-colour, *St. Cloud*. The wall of drawings and water-colours is somewhat of a disappointment. The drawings of Mr. Muirhead Bone have not the interest of his usual exhibits, and Mr. John's drawings are on the whole inferior in their order to those he generally shows, though in some places the line-work is as miraculous and resourceful as ever. Mr. D. S. MacColl's *Riverside, Twickenham*, is a fine example of his power to suggest by a sketch the spirit and beauty of a scene. Mr. Walter Sickert's work is particularly interesting, and space should at all cost be found for the mention of Mr. A. W. Rich's *Rochester*, Mr. David Muirhead's *The Farmyard*, Mr. A.

Jamieson's *Vue de Moret*, Mr. D. Lees' *The Farm*, Mrs. Evelyn Cheston's *Swanage*, and the paintings contributed by Mr. W. G. von Glehn.

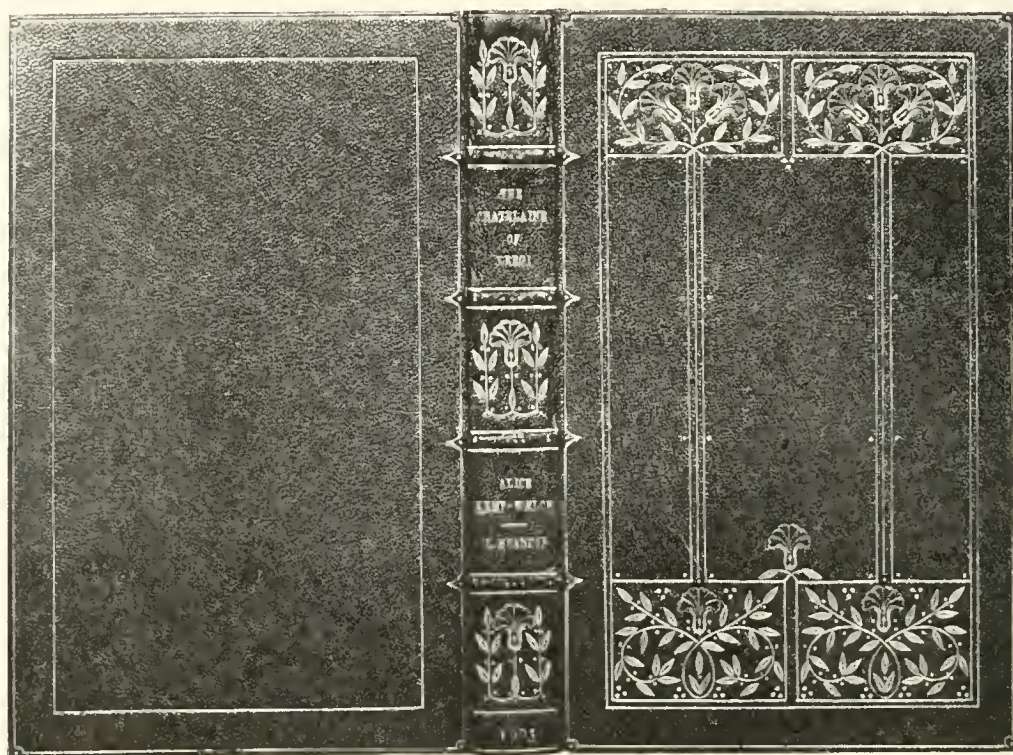
At the Portrait Painters' Exhibition there is an early work by Sargent, perhaps one of that artist's greatest paintings — the portrait of *W. Graham Robertson*. The Gallery is exhibiting more than one remarkable portrait, for there are two very fine Frank Holls and an early Orchardson lent to the Exhibition. Without Mr. Sargent's picture and without the loan exhibits, perhaps the Society is not as successful in its show as usual. Mr. Lavery is not the only one of the best known members who is disappointing. Mr. Charles Shannon is successful in *Mrs. T. M. Legge and Child*. In his *Marble Torso, Portrait of the Artist*, the still-life painting is full of the finest qualities of his art, but the face, which is of some importance in a portrait, seems painted without the vitality and inspiration which sustained his brush in interpreting surfaces of the accessories. Mr. W. G. von Glehn's *Evening*, Mrs. Jamieson's *Peggy*, Mr. Arthur Garratt's *The Old Whip*, Mr. Walter W. Russell's *Lady with a Muff*, are all highly successful canvases ; and important works are Mr. S. E. Blanche's *Walter Sickert*, Mr. E. A. Walton's *Lady Smiley*, Mr. H. de T. Glazebrook's *Viscount Goschen*. A *Sketch by Lamplight* of Mr. Borough Johnson's calls attention to itself, as does the portrait of *Mrs. Harry Hertslet*, by Mr. Glyn Philpot, in the same room. M. Seroff's *H.M. The Emperor of Russia* is a feature of the exhibition. Mr. Ellis Roberts is at his best in *The Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew*. A picture of considerable distinction is Mr. Gerald Kelly's portrait of Mrs. Harrison. We refer to Mr. Orpen's painting in a note further on.

The Institute of Oil Painters included with its more notable exhibits this year Mr. John da Costa's *Laughing Girl*, Sir E. A. Waterlow's *A Little Stream*, Mr. J. S. Sargent's *The Mountains of Moab*, *The Camp of Refuge* by Frank Walton (President), *Cherry Blossom* by Mr. George Clausen, A.R.A., the portrait by Sir George Reid of *Sir Henry Littlejohn, M.D.*, and sculpture by Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A., Mr. H. Poole and Mr. F. M. Taubman.

Gifts at this season of the year so often take the shape of books that the occasion is opportune for bringing to the notice of our readers a group of examples of bookbindings which, during the last

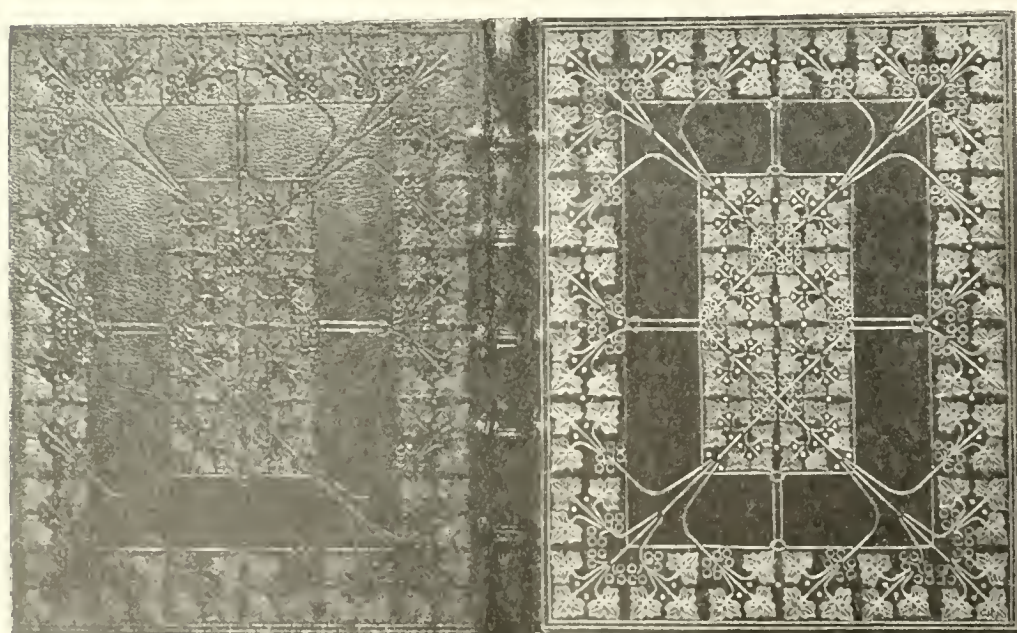
twelve months or so have figured at one or other of our minor exhibitions. The craft is a fascinating one, and continues year by year to attract a fresh supply of students. That which attracts them—the pleasure of conceiving something and making it themselves, lies also at the root of the attraction which the finished work offers to the collector. The individual handling of the tools imparts to the work just those particular qualities which are absent if the same design is carried out by a machine. Another fact to be appreciated is that the book-designer's tools exercise a restraint which prevents his design from straying so far into the realms of ugliness as is possible in some other crafts. In the work of the leading modern bookbinders there is to be noted a true perception of what is required, and under their guidance a school has arisen with the purest aims before them. The bookbindings of Miss K. Adams, two diverse examples of which are here reproduced, proclaim her to be a designer of fancy and refinement, a precise and skilful worker. By choosing a simple *motif* and by setting a right value upon the spaces of leather which fall into the design behind the gold

pattern, she shows herself an appreciator of the best secrets of her craft. This careful valuing of the leather space is well shown in the binding of Tennyson's Poems. Restraint and simplicity characterise the work of Mrs. Pearson-Gee, whose bindings here reproduced we were pleased to see at a recent exhibition at Messrs. Carfax's, and it is these qualities which give to her work the



BOOKBINDING

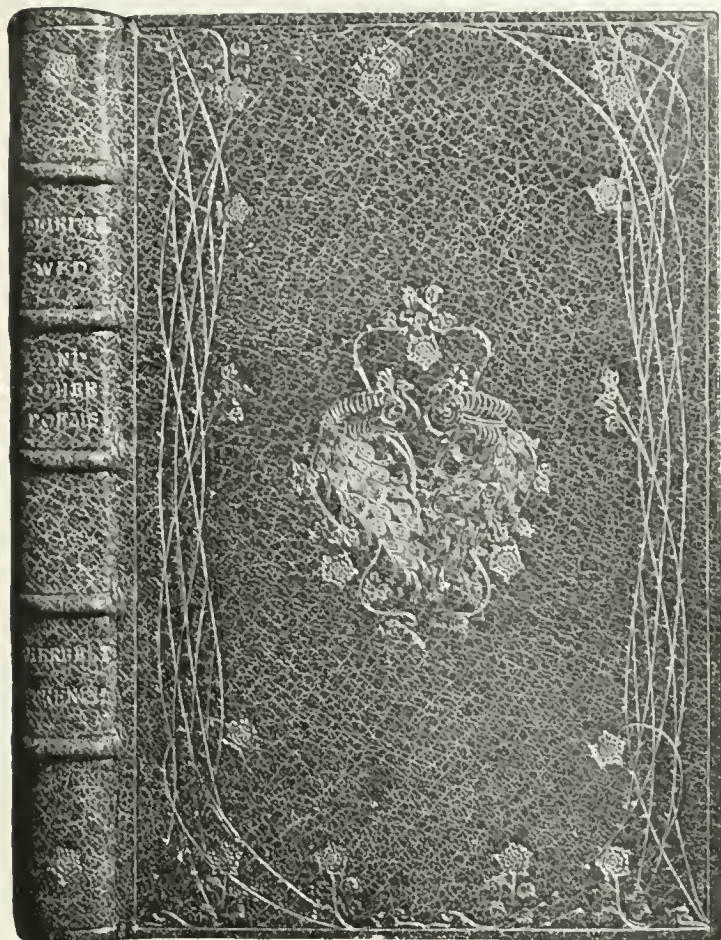
BY J. S. H. BATES



BOOKBINDING

BY F. D. RYE

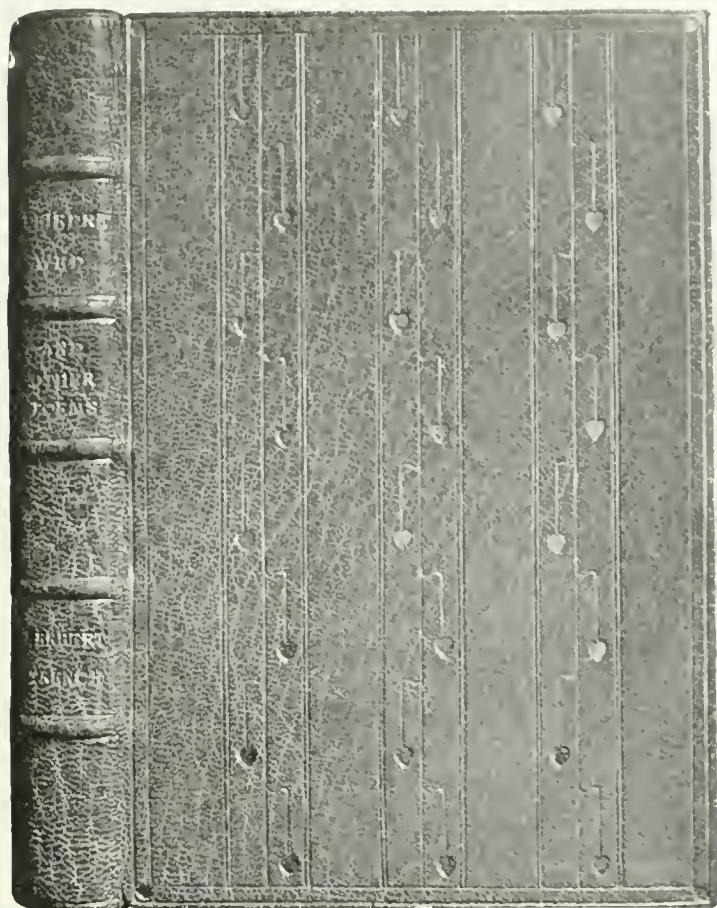
charm it undoubtedly possesses. She does not allow her design to compete with the pleasant qualities inherent in the material upon which she works; on the contrary the design is made to emphasise these qualities. Mr. J. S. Bates's work, though scarcely so original, is none the less highly skilful, and is at the same time happy in design. He has regard for the value of a design, dividing the leather into panels relieving the details of the pattern. The same remarks apply largely to the work of Mr. F. D. Rye. Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe lay great stress on the constructive side of their work, basing their technique upon that of early binding in preference to that of the present



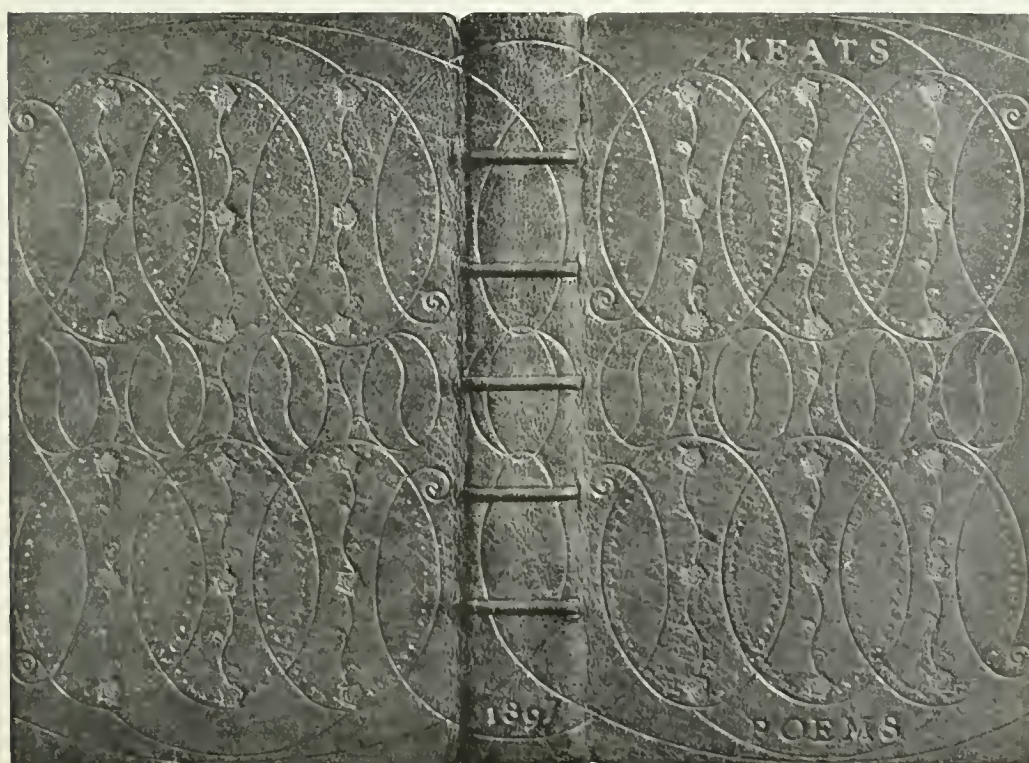
BOOKBINDING BY MRS. PEARSON-GEE ;
(Lately exhibited at the Carfax Gallery)

day. With them the quality and texture of the leather receive great attention. Their decoration is generally of a formal character, either in well-arranged geometrical patterns or partly geometrical and partly conventionalised leaf-

work. With the work of the English designers we have named we include an example of a binding with an effective relief design by Miss Muriel Möller, a Swedish lady who has spent a considerable time in this country.



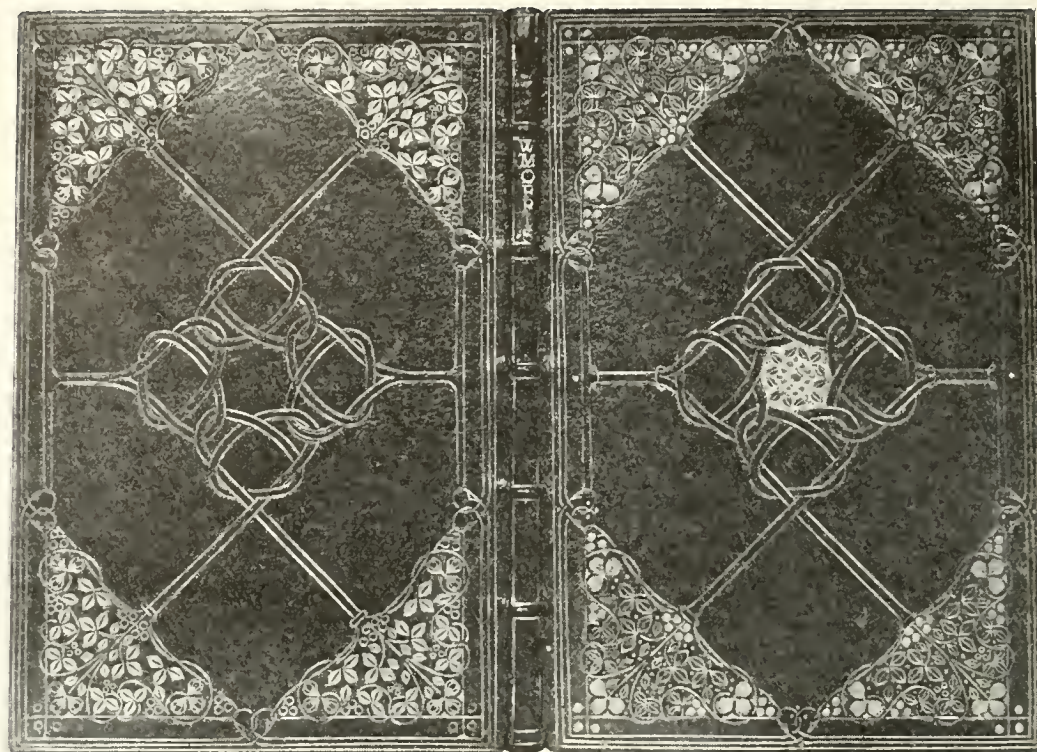
BOOKBINDING BY MRS. PEARSON-GEE
(Lately exhibited at the Carfax Gallery)



BOOKBINDING BY MRS. PEARSON-GEE
(Lately exhibited at the Carfax Gallery)

The Goupil Gallery Exhibition is the second of the series inaugurated last year by Messrs. Marchant & Co., and is very representative of the activity of the modern school in England, whilst including other European work. An exhibition of this nature has not failed to meet with appreciation in all quarters. The names of G. Clausen, Frank Brangwyn, John Lavery, Alfred East, George Henry, and J. E. Blanche, to mention only a few of those represented, indicate the character of the exhibits. Mr. William Nicholson and

others introduce their own note. Mr. Lavery's *Vera Christie* has all the charm of his portraits of women, with delightful reticence of colour, and if the brightness of the red of the lips is forced for sake of effective contrast with the blue in the near ring, we must allow that it completes the intention of the artist's scheme. The watercolour room contains many attractive things, such as Mr. Ludovici's *On the Maas*, Mr. Moffat Lindner's picture of the same name, and Mr. W. Graham Robertson's animated and charming rendering of childhood



BOOKBINDING

BY F. D. RYE

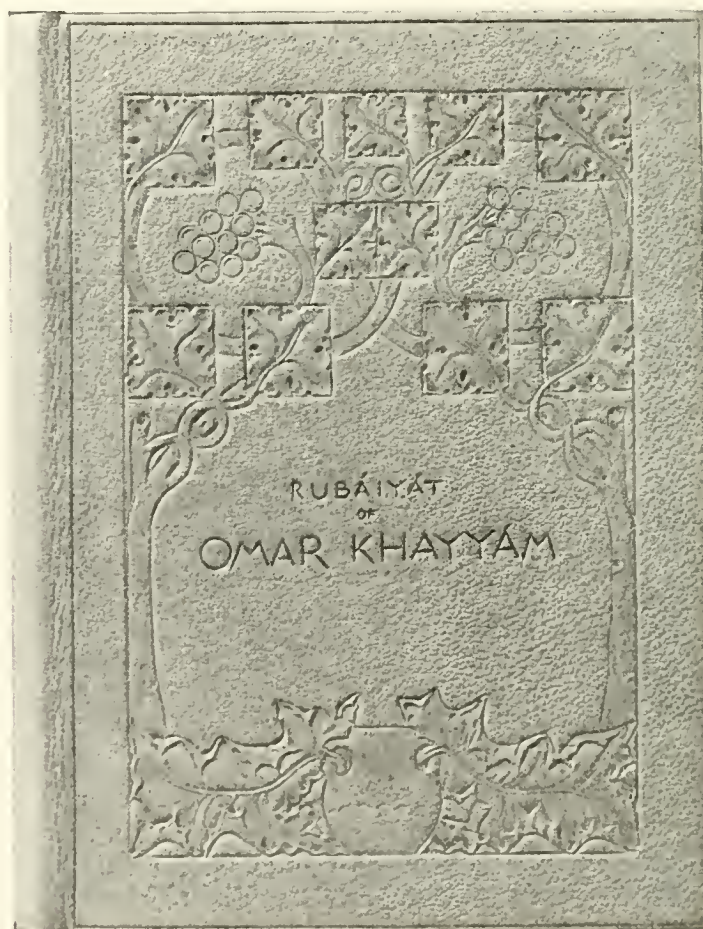
Other interesting exhibitions to be recorded of last month were Sir F. Seymour Haden's etchings at Messrs. Obach's Gallery, and at the Fine Art Society the water-colours of the Riviera, by Mr. Alberto Pisa. Messrs. Dowdeswell exhibited some attractive drawings of Biskra and



BOOKBINDING

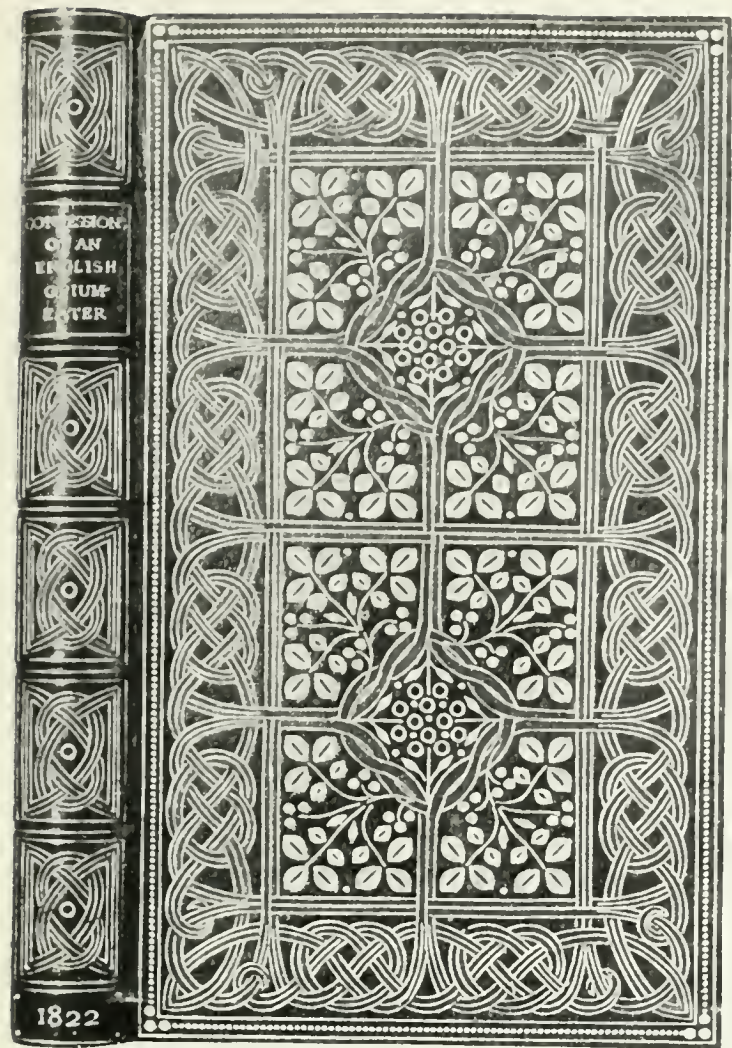
BY KATHERINE ADAMS

for the cover of his book "Songs of the Dusk." Mr. A. S. Hartrick's *Christmas on the Cotswolds*, Mr. Priestman's *On the Blyth*, and Mr. Alfred Hayward's *Summer Afternoon* also call for mention.

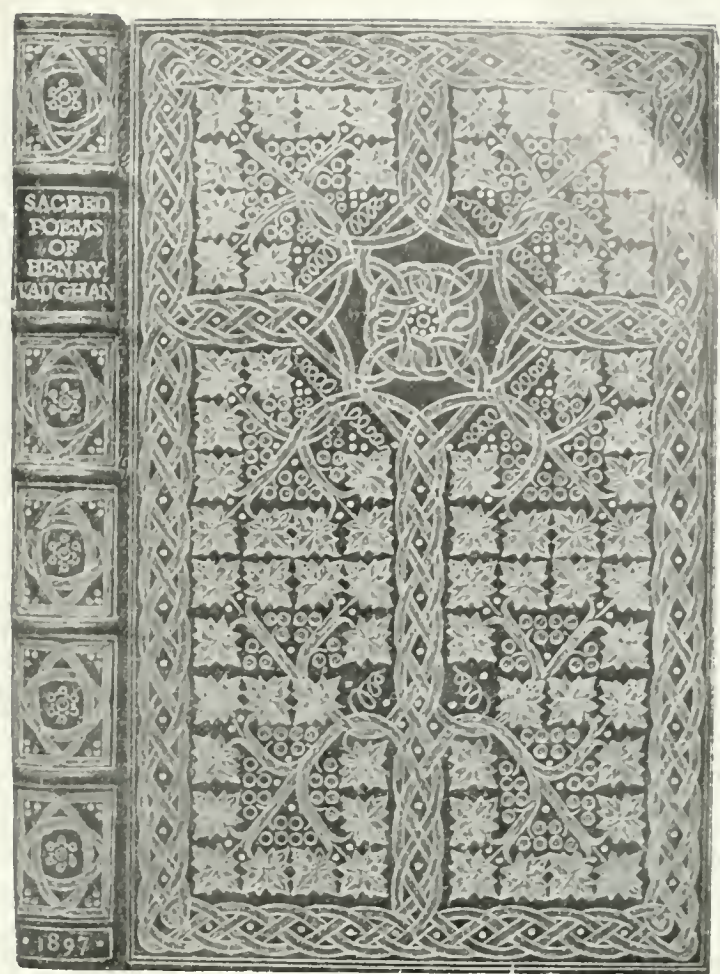


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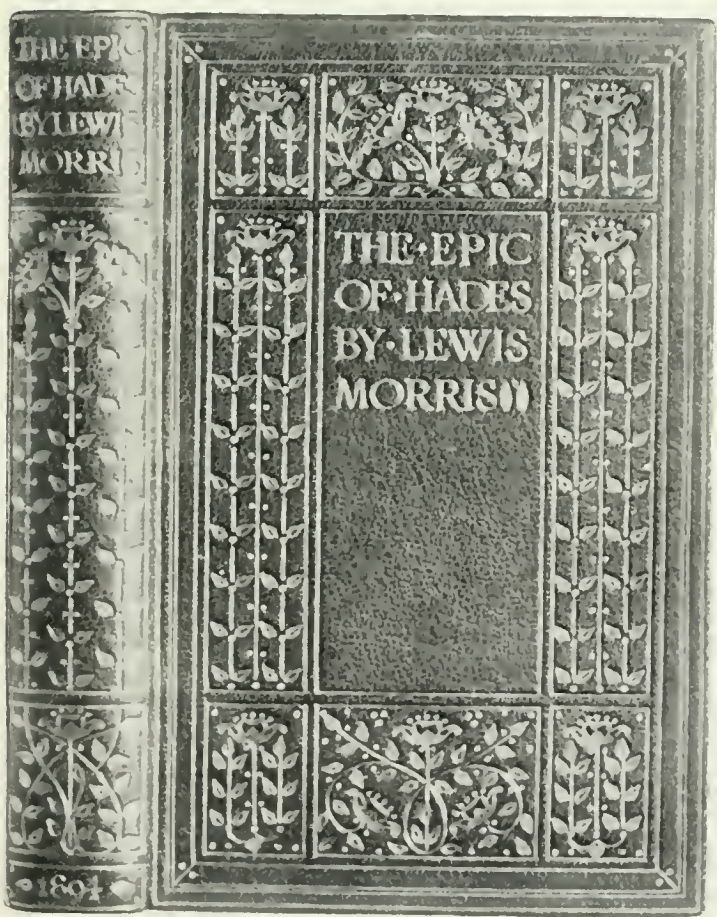
BY MURIEL MÖLLER



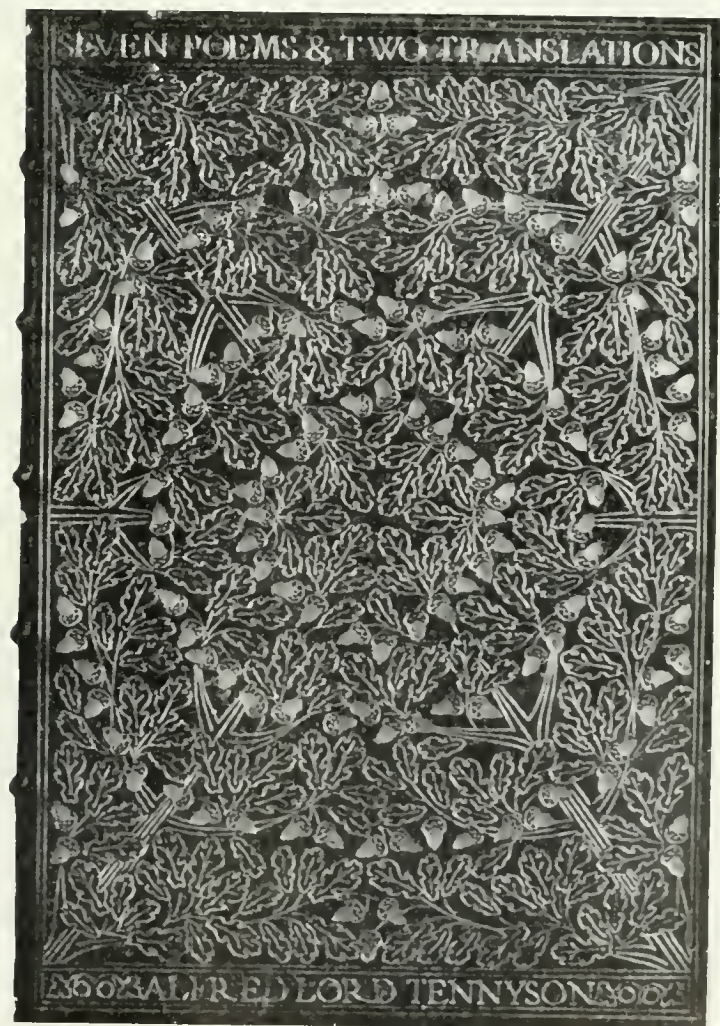
BOOKBINDING BY F. SANGORSKI AND G. SUTCLIFFE



BOOKBINDING BY F. SANGORSKI AND G. SUTCLIFFE



BOOKBINDING BY J. S. H. BATES



BOOKBINDING BY KATHERINE ADAMS

Sicily, by Miss Winifred Russell Roberts, a little lacking in construction perhaps, but showing the vision of an artist. Some interesting pictures were those of Miss Maude Simms at the Walker Gallery. At the Exhibition of the Woman's International Art Club at the Grafton Gallery the work of Mrs. Austen-Brown, Mrs. E. Borough Johnson, Miss Constance Halford, Miss Amy B. Atkinson, Miss B. Clarke, and Miss Atwood provided the most successful exhibits. At the Old Dudley Society's Exhibition, Mr. Burleigh Bruhl, the President, Sir William Eden, W. S. Stacey, with a few members, continue to exhibit a class of work which is not supported by the other exhibitors; but the Society's exhibitions every time show an improvement in the prevailing standard, so that there is every reason to believe that this inequality will as time goes on gradually become less noticeable.

In the Galleries this season Mr. William Orpen's work comes into prominence so often that to avoid undue repetition of his name it were well, perhaps, briefly to mark his achievements in a separate note. At the New English Art Club we have a fascinating presentment of wit and charm in *Grace Orpen*; better still, as painting, perhaps, is *Young Ireland*, though the treatment of the face is not quite of a piece with the lighter key in other parts of the picture, and lacks the reality which is characteristic of the former portrait. Mr. Orpen is at his best in the portraiture of men, and his portrait of *Sir James Stirling* at the Portrait Painters' Society takes rank at once as a great achievement. At the Goupil Gallery his highly-evolved art shows in the picture *Night* some of that responsiveness to colour which is needed to complete his genius.

NEWBURY.—At the local Art Society's annual show, just concluded, Corot's fine low-toned *Woodcutters* proved a great attraction, as did his *Printemps*, lent by Sir John Day, and Daubigny's small but very fine *Crépuscule*. Prominent among the exhibitors were Mark Fisher with a very fine pastoral, J. L. Pickering, Roger Fry, Muirhead Bone, A. W. Rich, J. M. Macintosh, Claude Hayes, and W. H. Margetson, who, with other well-known men, contributed to a deservedly successful show. J. M. M.

LIVERPOOL.—Much has been done in quite recent years at the Walker Art Gallery to inform the general public that Art is not only pictorial; there is, however, much still to be desired, in increased space and other facilities, for a more representative collection of local and other craftsmanship, which it is hoped subsequent exhibitions will provide. This year's autumn exhibition has comparatively few pieces, yet enumeration of some of those which display merit or good promise may be made.

Amongst the hand-wrought jewellery a case of five excellent specimens by Harold Stabler attracts notice, especially a "Madonna" necklace in gold, silver and niello with precious stones, and a belt-clasp in steel damascened with gold and silver. Bernard Cuzner sends a case of twelve ornaments, all good in design and execution. There are several pieces of fine and interesting work in translucent enamel on gold by Henri Dubret. Miss Beatrice Krell, Miss Lily Day,



"CONSOLATION": MARBLE GROUP

BY J. HERBERT MORCOM



"THE ANGEL OF NIGHT." FROM THE PANEL IN G
AND MOTHER-O'-PEARL BY FREDERICK MARRIC



FIRST STATE OF THE ETCHING REPRODUCED BELOW

BY A. CHABANIAN

Miss Elinor Hallé, Miss Annie Steen, Miss C. M. Kirkman, Mrs. Englebach, and Mr. and Mrs. Rawlins all exhibit characteristic designs.

A number of good specimens of Della Robbia pottery are exhibited by Harold Rathbone. A large circular plaque "Rose design" is especially noticeable for its agreeable colour. There is also an excellent colour scheme in the fine little panel, executed in gesso and mother-o'-pearl, entitled *Angel of Night*, by Frederick Marriott, here reproduced in colour.

Comparatively few specimens of beaten metal work are shown. A copper casket for jewellery, by Miss Mabel Sefton, has a good shape, enriched by delicately repoussé ornament of good design. Miss Kate Thomson's dainty little teacaddy is oxydised and enamelled. Miss Alicia Kay's "Pot-pourri bowl" is a good design rather too roughly executed.

Amongst the smaller groups and statuettes is found some interesting work. *The Gossips*, by Miss Frances Burlison, has

simple and graceful form in pose and costume; Herbert Morcom's *Consolation* is a refined little group in marble; *Grief*, a statuette in bronze by Miss Alice Gates, and a plaster group by Miss Florence Gill, *The spirit seeks to tend upwards, the flesh downwards*, are both gracefully modelled. *The Shipbuilder*, a silver panel in delicate relief, is skilfully treated by Ernest Sichel. Works by Miss E. M. Rope, Miss Esther Moore, Miss Helen Langley, David Brown, and Caldwell Spruce all afford interesting study. H. B. B.

PARIS.—The fourth salon of Etchings in Colour, under the presidency of M. Raffaëlli, an ardent apostle of this branch of art, showed what a brilliant stage has been reached in the evolution of graphic art. There were here gathered together a collection of works of which many were most remarkable. First of all we found Raffaëlli there with three plates—*La Neige au Soleil*, *Le Rémouleur*, and *La Neige au Soleil Couchant*, each of them a masterpiece of observation and full of interest from the point of view of craftsmanship. Side by side with him



"LEVER DE LUNE À DOUARNENEZ"

FROM AN ETCHING IN COLOURS BY A. CHABANIAN

Baertsoen was represented by a plate already familiar to readers of THE STUDIO, viz., *Dégel à Gand*. Balestrieri finds his delight in Wagnerian visions—*Parsifal*, *Tristan*, and *L'Adieu*. Mons. Boutet de Monvel is deserving of special praise. His etchings are excellent in *facture*, at the same time they recall to our eyes with rare savour the vanished elegances of the Directoire and the Restoration. They make one feel that the artist is intimately acquainted with that period. M. Pierre Brissaud likewise revived the past with a touch of delicacy in his *Berline*, a very fine plate.

M. Chabanian is becoming more and more sure in his workmanship as days go by. To him belongs the rare merit of proving his own plates, a thing now done by very few artists, most of them placing themselves for this purpose in the hands of a printer. M. Eugène Delâtre is another exception to the rule; this sincere artist has done a great deal for the revival of etching in colours. Side by side with M. Detouche and M. Morin, who may be said to belong by sentiment to the eighteenth century, we met here with men whose

art is altogether modern, such as Henri Jourdain, Laffitte, de Latenay, the charming painter of the seasons at Versailles, Lawrenson (whose *Fabricant de Bouteilles* I was very pleased with), Luigini, who sounded a truly personal note in his *Canal Flamand*, Ranft, a master without doubt, François Simon, whose work is so entirely personal; further, Taquoy, Roux-Champion, Roche, Truchet, Waidmann. Here indeed was a charming salon, full of fine things, and a soothing change from the pretentiousness of the larger exhibitions. H. F.

BERLIN.—The lithographs of the Munich painter, Willy Schwarz, recall to our memory some of the best names associated with this art. We are compelled to think of Manet, Renoir and d'Espagnat. He is not so notable for his subjects, as only a certain class of female models seem to attract his eye; but the firmness, almost mercilessness, of his drawing and his technical cleverness deserve particular attention. Often only the well-trained eye will recognise a lithograph, where the non-connoisseur will see a drawing in charcoal or Indian ink. Herr Schwarz



“LES SAPINS AU CLAIR DE LUNE”

FROM AN ETCHING IN COLOURS BY A. CHABANIAN



"PROMENADE" (COLOURED LITHOGRAPH)

BY WILLY SCHWARZ

us forgetful of the noise and dust of town life. It carries us into the purer atmosphere of the sea, or among the quiet greens and greys of firs and downs. The master-hand of the painter grasps the very life of this world and makes us feel comrades of his quadrupeds and feathered bipeds.

The crematorium at Zurich, by the architect Albert Froelich of Berlin, of which an illustration is given on the next page, is a building of particular monumentality. Simplicity and grandeur are

has opened, together with the well-known etcher and wood-cutter Robert L. Leonard, a graphic school in Berlin, which is to introduce pure French style, and great artistic benefit is to be expected from their teaching.

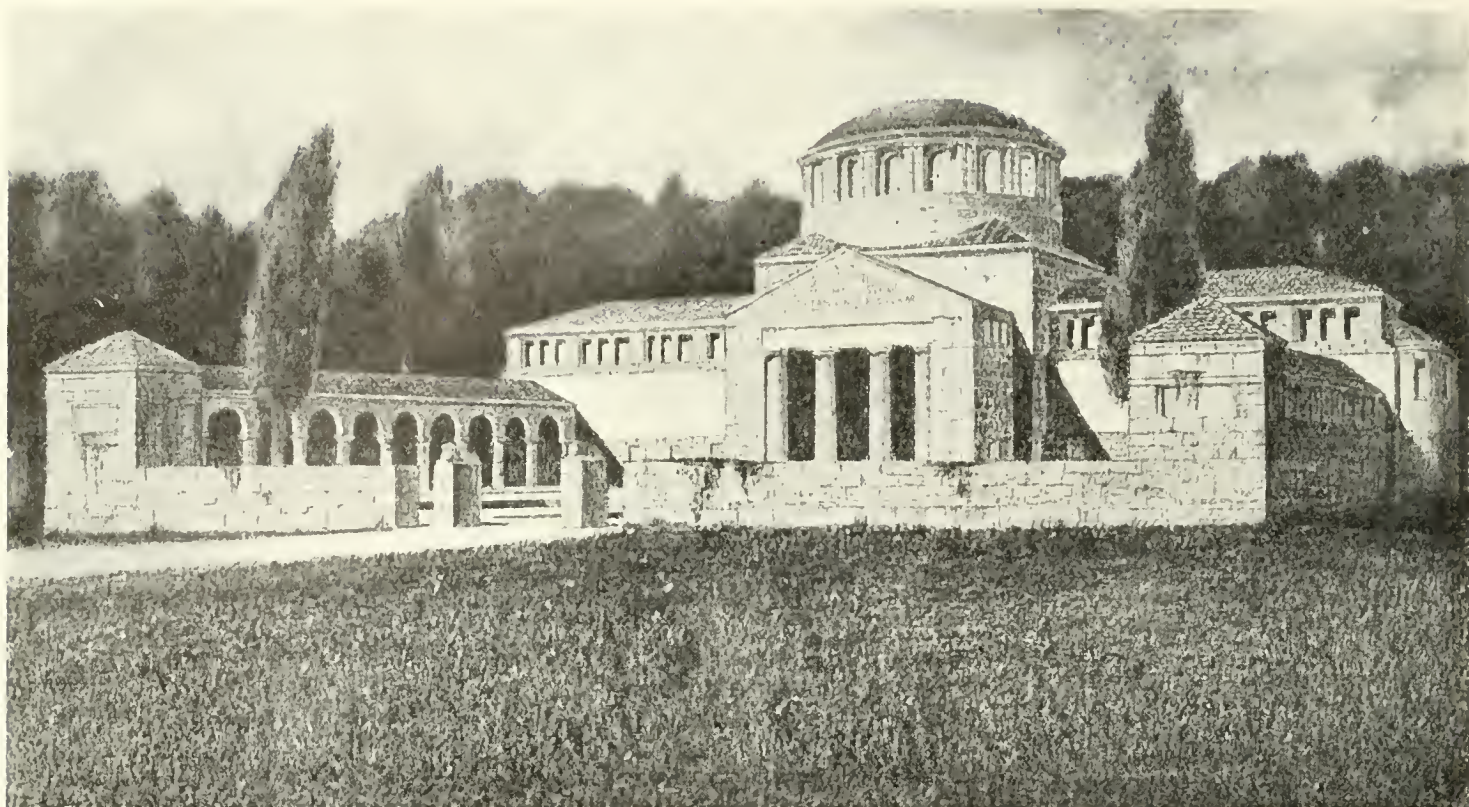
The English exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers at Schulte's has been welcomed with much gratitude. People were glad of an opportunity of seeing modern English art, and of comparing English and German secessionists. There was great astonishment at the progressive spirit in the country of conservatism, but the prevailing tendency of refinement was appreciated and pronounced beneficial for German painters.

The October show in the Künstlerhaus proved a perfect delight, owing to a collection of Bruno Liljefors, who appeared as fresh and strong as ever in his latest offerings. The magic circle of his solitude among the animals of northern swamps and cliffs makes



"IN THE CARRIAGE" (LITHOGRAPH)

BY WILLY SCHWARZ



CREMATORIUM IN ZURICH

ALBERT FROELICH, ARCHITECT

here combined, and the architect seems to have solved the difficult problem of making his design suitable to any epoch.

reproduce one, *On the Banks of the Schlei*, as a coloured supplement. The Schlei is a narrow gulf of the Baltic Sea, so narrow and so long,

Professor Otto Lessing of Berlin has been exhibiting his new sculpture, *Unter dem Baum des Lebens*, in the Munich Glaspalast this year. This excellent piece of anatomy, with its peculiar angularity and attractive psychology, shows the talent of the master at its best. He here presents a new Eve type—the resisting, not the seducing mother of mankind. We are at once fascinated by a modern interpretation of one of the oldest subjects.

J. J.

HAMBURG.—Coloured etching has of late found intelligent interpreters of nature in the ranks of the younger German landscapists. Whereas with French etchers open-air figure subjects or *clair-obscur* interiors find favour mostly, the landscape in its changing moods of sombre or clear atmosphere has taken the fancy of Teutonic, particularly North German, etchers.

Herr Arthur Illies, of whose work examples have appeared previously in these pages, has of late executed a series of plates of large dimensions, from among which we



"BENEATH THE TREE OF LIFE"

BY OTTO LESSING



"ON THE BANKS OF THE SCHLEI."
THE ETCHING IN COLOURS BY ARTHUR ILL

in fact, that it assumes the shape of a river, although the water is sea-water. This fjord protrudes into the land as far as, and even beyond, the town of Schleswig. Some very picturesque views may be found on the partly wooded banks of this fjord, and the above-named *motif* is one of them.

W. S.

BREMEN.—It is characteristic of the enterprise shown by the management of the North German Lloyd Steamship Line, that for the decoration and furnishing of the saloons and cabins in the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, the latest addition to their magnificent fleet of Atlantic liners, they should have engaged the services of various architects, who, with their experience in the designing of interiors on land, might be trusted to discharge the task allotted to them in a way which should redound to the credit of German art. The accompanying illustrations are only a few examples of the designs as carried out,

but they suffice to show how happily the two important factors, comfort and convenience, have been blended by the architects responsible for them.

In the case of a ship of even huge dimensions, like the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, constructed for carrying a human freight equal to the population of a small town, the conditions are materially different to those encountered in a house on land. In the first place, the designer has no control over the general structure of the vessel, which of course is determined by considerations other than those with which he has to deal. He has therefore to adapt his apartments to the structural framework of the vessel, and as they are necessarily restricted in area, the problem of utilising every cubic inch to the best advantage is one he has always to grapple with. And then, again, the furniture must be of such a character as to entail a minimum of attention on the part of the attendants, that is to say, it must be useful and



CABIN-DE-LUXE ON THE NORTH GERMAN
LLOYD SS. "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE"

DESIGNED BY ABBEHUSEN & BLENDERMANN,
ARCHITECTS, BREMEN
EXECUTED BY HEINRICH BREMER, BREMEN

simple, for there is no room for useless articles, and superfluous accessories mean extra work. These considerations have been present to the two firms of architects whose designs are reproduced in the accompanying illustrations.

In the suite of cabins deluxe designed by Messrs. Abbehusen and Blendermann of Bremen, the sides and ceilings are formed of wood smooth polished, and as few projections as possible have been allowed. For the sides of the cabins cherrywood with a natural polish is used to form the ground, and intersecting it



CABIN-DE-LUXE ON NORTH GERMAN LLOYD SS. "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE"

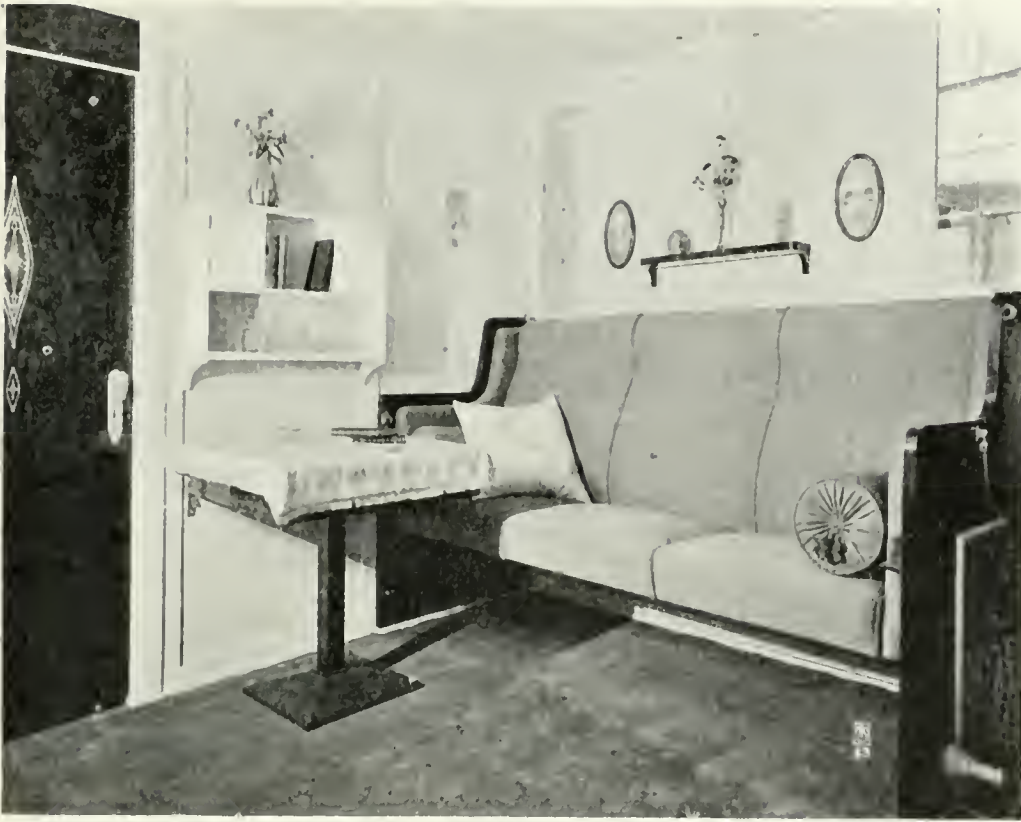
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY RUNGE & SCOTLAND, ARCHITECTS, BREMEN



CABIN-DE-LUXE ON THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD SS. "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE"

DESIGNED BY ABBEHUSEN & BLENDERMANN
EXECUTED BY HEINRICH BREMER, OF BREMEN

Studio-Talk



CABIN-DE-LUXE ON THE NORTH GERMAN
LLOYD SS. "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE"

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED
BY RUNGE & SCOTLAND

vertically at intervals are strips of black framing. This scheme relieves in an admirable way the unpleasant effect produced by the absence of parallelism between floor and ceiling consequent on the structural formation of the vessel. The upper panels contain inlays of pear-wood stained red and mother-o'-pearl, a combination which imparts a pleasant decorative effect to the surface. Inlays are also used for decorating the doors and door-furniture, and also for the mirror panels of the wardrobe. The colour-harmony of yellow, red, and black is emphasised by the bright



CABIN-DE-LUXE ON THE NORTH GERMAN
LLOYD SS. "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE"

DESIGNED BY ABBEHUSEN & BLENDERMANN, ARCHITECTS,
BREMEN. EXECUTED BY HEINRICH BREMER, BREMEN



CABIN-DE-LUXE ON THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD SS. "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE"

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY RUNG & SCOTLAND, ARCHITECTS, BREMEN

blue upholstery of the sofa-beds and chairs and the somewhat duller-blue Smyrna carpet. The ceiling is made up of tablets of maple-wood with a dull polish, divided by bold black framing and decorated by inlays of pear-wood. The furniture for the most part follows the box arrangement, that is, it is built up of boards to form a receptacle, the boards being ebonized and polished. The designing of the furniture to meet the peculiar requirements called for the display of the architects' inventiveness. The sofa is so contrived as to be easily convertible into a bed, and the washstand is made to serve as a table. The wardrobe built into the corner from floor to ceiling was a happy idea. Similarly with each of the other pieces of furniture, its use for quite different purposes was kept in mind by the designers. The lighting apparatus of silver with fine chasing, and the Oriental and old Bulgarian textiles complete

an *ensemble* at once harmonious and agreeable.

Turning to the cabins designed by Messrs. Runge & Scotland, the first three illustrations belong to one group, uniform in decoration, and the last is an example of another group. In the former white is used for the broad surfaces; the doors and furniture are of violet amaranth wood, polished and inlaid with citron wood, ivory and agate. The carpets are light grey and the furniture upholstered in yellow with embroidery superposed. In the latter group white again forms the prevailing note, but here it is used in conjunction with inlays

of gilded brass. The carpets are of strawberry colour, the upholstery yellow, with embroidery as in the other case. The chairs are of polished maple, as most conducive to cleanliness. All the metal work in both groups has been stove-gilded.



CABIN-DE-LUXE ON THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD SS. "KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE"

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY RUNGE & SCOTLAND, ARCHITECTS, BREMEN



MEDALLION

BY LONA VON ZAMBONI

VIENNA.—Fräulein Lona von Zamboni, who is the daughter of a distinguished general, entered as a student at the Vienna Imperial Schools of Arts and Crafts. As her first ambition was to become a painter, she entered Professor Czeschka's class for drawing. But, spite of the undoubted excellence of his teaching and her satisfactory progress, she was uncertain as to ever attaining the wished-for success, for she was not sure where her own particular talents lay. She developed a taste for plastics, and when the eminent sculptor, Franz Metzner, was appointed teacher she joined his classes and quickly became assured that her vocation was in this branch of art. She soon proved her talents, and is now an independent worker. The plaquettes here reproduced denote the possession of a refined taste, facility of manipulation and power of expression.

Anton Grath is one of a number of young sculptors, natives of Carinthia, who were initiated in their art at the Imperial Fachschule in Villach. From there he came to Vienna, where he continued his studies at the Imperial Academy. Though yet at the beginning of his career, he shows undoubted talent, especially in the modelling of plaquettes, medallions and other small works.

A small but interesting exhibition of the works of two ladies was held recently at Miethke's new Art Gallery. Frau Hermine Heller-Ostersetzer is not wholly unknown to readers of THE STUDIO, for there was a reproduction of a painting of hers in the July number last year. Her contribution to the exhibition at Miethke's consisted of works in oil and in coloured chalks. The subjects were varied, but figures in most cases. The artist possesses a fine feeling for colour, combined with a freshness of tone which is particularly appealing to the onlookers. Her portrait of her own little baby, "*In der Wiege*" (the cradle), is full of life and vibration. A chalk drawing of the same mite (see p. 245) is equally convincing. The *Game of Ball* (a drawing in coloured chalks) is also an excellent piece of portraiture (p. 245). Among other work

exhibited by Frau Heller - Ostersetzer were some designs for book covers and some *ex libris*, which showed good judgment and pleasing treatment. Frau Franciska Esser-Reynier's contributions to the exhibition were chiefly works in tempera—landscape motives of Autumn and early Spring. Her work



"ST. GEORGE"
MEDAL

BY
ANTON GRATH



MEDALLION

BY LONA VON ZAMBONI

receives annual grants both from the State and from various public bodies in Carinthia. By holding periodical exhibitions such as that recently held, it is undoubtedly doing good work.

One of the many difficulties which confronted this Kunstverein was the absence of a building suitable for holding exhibitions. The only room large enough was that used by the children of the elementary schools for the purpose of gymnastic lessons. In the short space of a few days, thanks to the resourcefulness of the architect, Herr Georg Winkler (a pupil of Professor Hoffmann), this was transformed into a delightful exhibition gallery, which, though somewhat cramped, gave much satisfaction to those interested in the problem of how much may be achieved with little means. This gallery was divided into a vestibule, a circular hall containing a



PLAQUETTE BY HANS SCHAEFER

shows a true love of Nature and a knowledge of her ways. (See illustration on p. 246.)

Hans Schaefer's work having only recently been noticed in these pages, I must content myself with saying that the plaque reproduced above is among his very latest productions.

Four years ago an account was published in *THE STUDIO* of an exhibition at Klagenfurt which had been arranged by local students who were pursuing their studies in Vienna. This exhibition gave a decided stimulus to art, and especially decorative art, at Klagenfurt, and since then hotel-keepers and many private persons have entrusted the decoration and furnishing of their houses to architects with modern ideas. A Kunstverein has also been formed, which can already boast of eighty members and



VESTIBULE, KLAGENFURT EXHIBITION
ARRANGED BY GEORG WINKLER, ARCHITECT



"HOMEWARDS"

(Klagenfurt Kunstverein)

BY ALFRED VON SCHRÖTTER

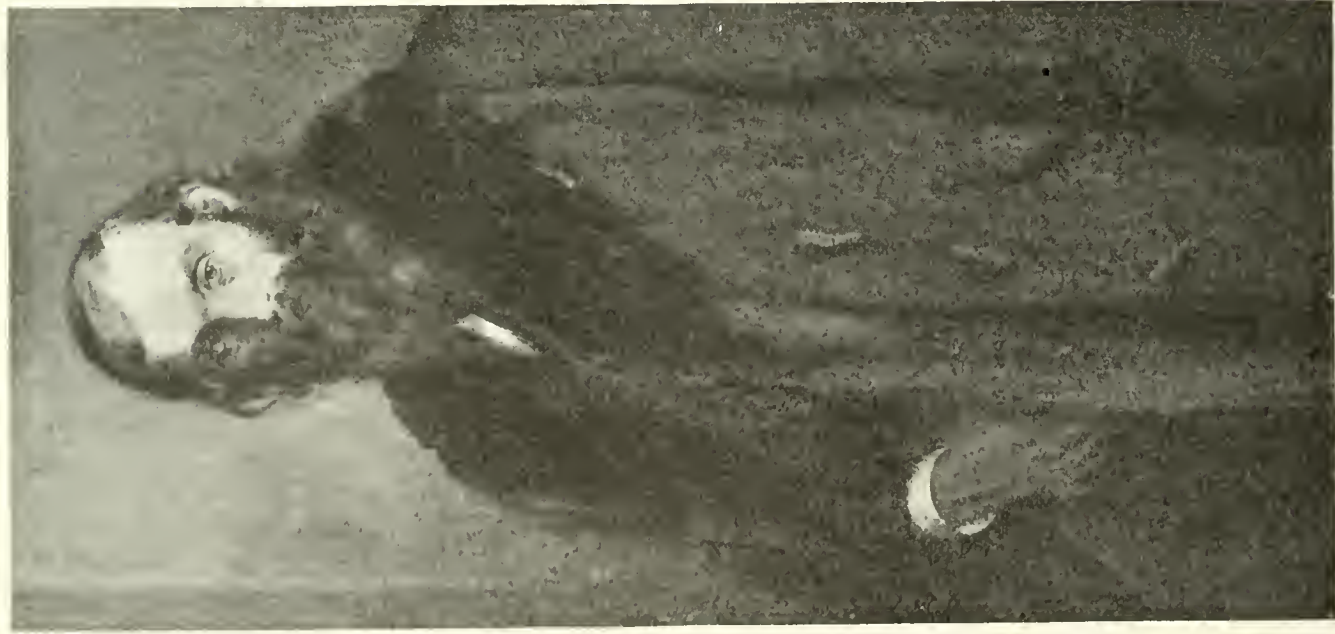
fountain, surmounted by the figure of *A Girl Bathing*, by Michael Mörtl, and a number of smaller rooms, each tastefully arranged and decorated in white and gold by Herr Winkler.

The recent exhibition was not confined to local artists, a certain number of guests having been invited, among whom were Ludwig Dill (Karlsruhe) and other artists of the Neo-Dachau School, Leo Diet and Alfred von Schrötter (Graz), Walter Thor, Josef and Ludwig Willroider (Munich). Anton Gregoritsch belongs to Carinthia, though he lives now in Munich, being a member of the Leopold group. He began comparatively late, having served seven years as officer in the Imperial Army, but resigned his commission to study art under Walter Thor. His portrait of a man with a black beard (p. 244) is eminently characteristic, showing at once comprehension and power. He also exhibited a thoughtful portrait of himself and some attractive portraits of girls in native costume. Franz Grundner is a pupil of Ludwig Dill and belongs to the Neo-Dachau school. He was represented



"POPLARS, EVENING"

BY FRANZ GRUNDNER
(Klagenfurt Kunstverein)



PORTRAIT
BY ANTON GREGORITSCH
(Klagenfurt Kunstverein)



SELF PORTRAIT
BY ANTON GREGORITSCH
(Klagenfurt Kunstverein)

by some excellent landscapes, showing fine feeling and delicate manipulation of the brush.

Two pupils of Zügel, the animal painter, were among the exhibitors. August Ludecke's *Cows in a Wood* certainly revealed this master's influence without obscuring the artist's own strength and character. The other, Alfons Purtscher, who has just been awarded a First Prize at the Munich Exhibition, only exhibited drawings of horses, but



"IN THE CRADLE" (CHALK DRAWING)

BY HERMINE HELLER-OSTERSETZER



"THE GAME OF BALL" (See p. 241)

BY HERMINE HELLER-OSTERSETZER

these were excellent. Among others who contributed to the exhibition, it must suffice to mention the names of Ferdinand Pamberger, Erwin Pendl, Theodor Freiherr von Ehrmann (who showed some good water-colour drawings), Switbert Lobisser, a young Benedictine monk who for the nonce has laid aside his cowl to study art in Vienna and is doing good work; Liesl Laske, a talented young artist, whose drawing of a pig-market deserves appreciation; Otto Ferdinand Probst; and Leopold Resch (a pupil of Professor Karger), whose *On the Way to Church*, a study of a young girl dressed in the old Carinthian costume, is full of calm repose and shows delicacy of treatment.

The plastic section was well represented in Michael Mörtl, Friedrich Gornik, Anton Grath, Hans Rubländer, Emil Thurner. The



"APRIL"

(See p. 241)

BY FRANCISKA ESSER-REYNIER

exhibition may be counted as a success; it was honoured by a visit from the Emperor, who expressed his approval of the Society's aims. A. S. L.

their artistic faith. I think Dorph, as a decorative landscapist, may claim for himself having in a way discovered "new land," for in spite of the decorative

COPENHAGEN.
—Mr. N. V. Dorph every year more firmly establishes his position as a highly-gifted painter possessing a marked artistic personality. He takes his calling seriously: he always follows his own paths and works out his own ends, and it is a matter of great satisfaction to his many friends to watch and place on record the onward yet consistent evolution which so unmistakably demonstrates itself in his work. Dorph has always possessed a highly-cultured sense of the decorative, and this has happily manifested itself in many of his landscape efforts, in which he has abandoned that purely naturalistic conception which for so many of his contemporaries still remains the first article of



"FROM THE TERRACE AT ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE"

BY N. V. DORPH



"SOUVENIR D'ITALIE" (ETCHING)

BY DOMINGO MOTTA

purpose and aspect of much of his work, it has but little in common with earlier painters' efforts in the same direction. His large canvas, *From the Terrace of St. Germain-en-Laye*, shown at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy in Copenhagen, proves how Dorph, through the grouping of the figures and the lines and the tone of the landscape, has succeeded in producing just the decorative effect and the poetic, harmonious mood he intended.

G. B.

VIAREGGIO.—Domingo Motta was born in Genoa, and studied in several academies of fine arts in Italy. He began his practical work by scene painting in the leading theatres of Italy. For several years Motta lived in Paris, where he made a serious study of modern etching. His method of obtaining the print is very simple and entirely different from any other existing, and it deeply interests all who cultivate

that line of work. Pierrefort, of Paris, publishes his etchings. Motta is very well known in Paris, where he has spent his time in endeavouring to perfect his art. He has exhibited in the Salon, Paris, at the International Exhibition of Venice, and many others, and at Liège two years ago he was awarded a silver medal. C.

PHILADELPHIA. — A development by Mr. Henry C. Mercer of the ancient process of making pottery, brought to America by German colonists from the Black Forest in the eighteenth century, has resulted in the production of Moravian tiles, which include very interesting patterns and mosaics in coloured clays. At the same time care has been taken in the choice of adapted designs believed to be worthy of reproduction from ancient wall tiles in Spain, mural patterns from Colonial America, Italy, and the East, and floor tiles of the fifteenth

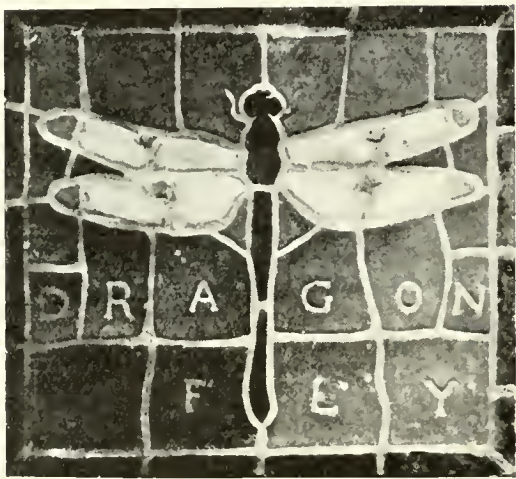
century from England, Germany, and France. The patterns, frequently in relief, stand out in cream colour, or at times in other tints, against backgrounds of green, blue, red, yellow, or black, or are themselves inscribed in intaglio in these hues; while characteristic of the ware is a flush of red, staining, where desired, the outlines and background. This, with the stippled or mezzotint grounding of the colours, gives an original and unusually rich effect to the tiles.



"COLUMBUS LEAVING SPAIN":
MORAVIAN TILE MOSAIC

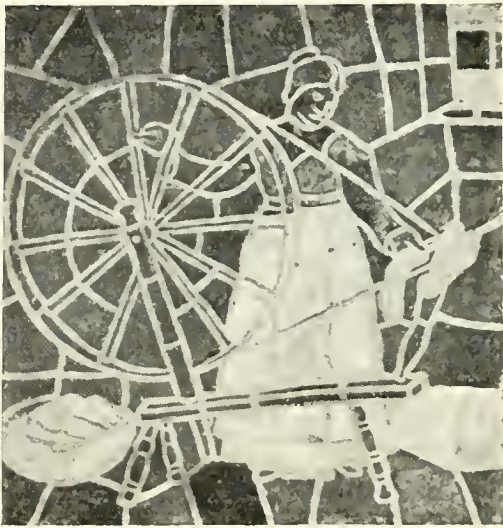
BY HY. C. MERCER

Mr. Mercer, in the pur-

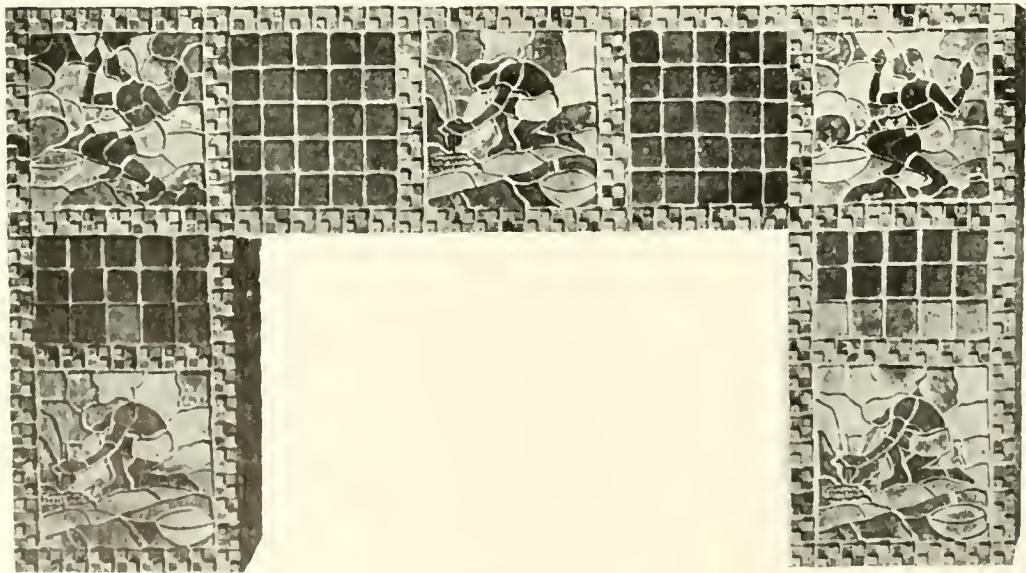


MORAVIAN TILE MOSAIC
BY HY. C. MERCER

suit of his studies in the ethnology of the locality of his pottery at Doylestown, near Philadelphia, had acquired, among other objects, a collection of specimens of the rather crude earthenware made by the German settlers in Pennsylvania. Experiments in treatment of clays, colours and glazes, visits to



"SPINNING FLAX" BY HY. C. MERCER
MORAVIAN TILE MOSAIC



CHIMNEY PIECE: MORAVIAN TILE MOSAIC

BY HY. C. MERCER

the ancient potteries in the Black Forest and to Spain, Italy, and England followed. The fruit of these researches may be said to be incorporated in the tile mosaics of the Moravian Potteries now much appreciated by those who require artistic subdued tints combined with simple and strong outlines of form.

The mosaics here illustrated, made and set

together by a novel process invented in 1891-2, are adapted for the embellishment of pavements or walls on a much larger scale than the tiles. Patterns, ranging from 1 foot to 20 feet in diameter, or even where they are figures of men or animals equalling life-size, consist of pieces of clay burned in many colours superficially or throughout the body, and either glazed or unglazed. The tesserae, not rectangular as in Roman or Byzantine mosaics, but cut in multiform shapes to suit the potter's process, and whose contours themselves help to delineate the design, are set in cement at the pottery. After the manner of the leaded glass designs of the earlier stained windows, these novel weather and time-proof clay pictures, burned in brown, grey, white, red, black, green, yellow, and blue clay, and strongly outlined in their pointing of cement, serve to decorate a floor or wall in the richest and most lasting manner. E. C.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Sèvres Porcelain of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. By GUY FRANCIS LAKING, M.V.O., F.S.A. (London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co.) £10 10s. net.—The third of a series of publications issued by command of His Majesty—the other two, already reviewed in *THE STUDIO*, having dealt respectively with the Royal Armoury and the Furniture of Windsor Castle—the present volume describes and gives the history of what is to a certain extent a unique collection in the history of ceramic art, for it is not merely the natural accumulation of time, but was acquired by judicious purchase, the specimens having been chosen with the aid of practical experts. Begun by George III. the collection was added to largely by his son and successor, both whilst he was Prince Regent and after he ascended the throne. "France," says Mr. Laking, whose official position has given him exceptional opportunities for studying his subject, "at this period did not truly value the superb treasures then in her possession, and many of the now priceless gems of decorative applied art were in consequence brought into the market, and George IV., acting by the advice of men of refined taste and judgment, and guided by the knowledge of M. Benoit, a confidential French servant, formerly *patissier* to His Majesty, was thus enabled to accumulate valuable and authentic specimens of almost contemporary art." Mr. Laking prefaces his account of the Royal collection with a brief history of the famous factory, with the aid of which it will be possible even for an inexperienced amateur to distinguish between the

early and late examples of the valuable ware, and to appreciate the extreme beauty of the former, of which grace of form and simplicity of decoration were the chief characteristics. The struggles of the factory to maintain its position and to be true to its old traditions throughout the troubled period of the Revolution and under the hated domination of Napoleon are narrated with sympathetic eloquence. The decline in the art when it was compelled to pander to the vainglory of the Emperor, all the vases and services being made to commemorate some achievement of his, is noticed, and the later revival is dwelt upon, the interesting record closing with a description of the work now being produced under the management of M. Sapillon. The way thus prepared for the full appreciation of the fine reproductions in colour of the best pieces in the possession of the King, Mr. Laking proceeds to give an exhaustive account of the most noteworthy examples in the collection, taking them in chronological order, the first section of his work being devoted to the Vincennes period, which dated from 1748 to 1755, the earliest specimen being a very beautiful vase in soft paste of the form long known as *Medicis*. Next come the first vases produced after the removal of the factory to Sèvres in 1756, of which the King owns several remarkable pieces, including a *Pot-Pourri Vase and Cover* bearing the date 1758, whilst amongst the treasures produced in the golden age of the famous institution, that is to say between 1760 and 1786, are several charming dinner services, notably the one of which various pieces are reproduced in Plate 59, and some fine vases, the latter of comparatively simple form, and all alike noticeable for the delicacy of their colouring. Full completeness is given to a work which reflects great credit on all concerned in its production, by descriptions of the pieces of porcelain in the collection which have been subjected to re-decoration, and by a list of the painters who were at different times employed at Sèvres, with the works executed by them, even the forgeries (some of which were wonderfully clever) being noted—a detail that will no doubt be greatly appreciated by collectors.

Venice. By POMPEO MOLMENTI, translated by HORATIO F. BROWN. Part II. (London: John Murray.) Two vols., 21s. net.—Deeply interesting and valuable as were the two first volumes of Signor Molmenti's important work on *Venice*, reviewed in *THE STUDIO* some little time ago, they are if possible surpassed by their successors, which deal with the most eventful era of the long life-story of the Republic, the Golden Age, when, to quote the author's eloquent words: "On the

early life of vigorous expansion follows the prime in all the splendour of its riches, and that glorious new birth of the human intellect in philosophy, in letters and in the arts, which was in part begun in the previous age, reaches its culmination." "The cult of the Renaissance," he adds, "touching its apogee, intensifies the cult of beauty, harmony and pleasure, but at the same time diverts the Italians from the serious aspects of life." The concluding words of this pregnant sentence strike a note of warning of the imminent approach of the decline that, in the history of nations as of individuals, inevitably succeeds the full realisation of ambitions; and it is a noticeable peculiarity of the whole of the Italian historian's record that he never loses sight of the future in his enthusiasm over the present that he is able to realise so vividly. Even in her brilliant middle-age Venice was surrounded by sister states in which decay was already inaugurated, and although she long continued to maintain her proud position of independence the seeds of corruption were really already coming to life beneath the surface. With the practised skill of an expert who has mastered every detail of his subject, Signor Molmenti sums up in his introductory chapter the political situation of Europe at the time under review, with special reference to the effect of that situation on the lagoon city, passing thence to give a masterly description of the political, ecclesiastical, judicial, military and economic constitution of the great Republic, dwelling on the significant fact that the various offices were so linked together and interdependent that they acted simultaneously like the wheels of a watch, so that the striking energy of the whole community could at any moment be concentrated on a single focus. The gradual transformation of Venice in the hands of the great architect, and the work of the skilled craftsmen and painters as well as of the leaders in art and literature, are considered in detail, the second volume closing with a somewhat melancholy chapter on the corruption of manners that at the beginning of the end cast a sinister shadow over the peace, prosperity, security, freedom, brilliant art and joyous life of the city. Both volumes contain a number of interesting illustrations, reproductions of pictures, photographs of buildings, etc.

Italian Gardens. After Drawings by GEORGE S. ELGOOD, R.I. With notes by the Artist. (London: Longmans & Co.) 42s. net.—The present sumptuous volume forms a fitting companion to the delightful book on English gardens which Mr. Elgood brought out some four years ago. His

rare skill in rendering the varied hues of flowers and foliage in masses, combined with sound judgment in the selection of appropriate points of view, has ensured for him a unique position among contemporary garden painters. In the series of beautiful drawings of Italian gardens reproduced in the volume before us we meet with a style of garden different from that which has found greatest favour in this country, where the so-called landscape type has predominated. Italy, on the other hand, has for centuries been the home of the formal style of garden. There the tradition goes back to the days of Ancient Rome, the Villa Hadriana being a famous example of it, and in spite of the era of decadence which followed the incursions of the barbarians of the North, who plundered and destroyed the estates and dwellings of the nobles, leaving scarcely a trace of their former grandeur, it seems never to have been utterly extinguished. With the renaissance in the fine arts there would appear to have come a revival in the art of laying out gardens, for by the fifteenth century many of the villas of the nobility in Florence, Rome, and elsewhere became famous for their gardens, and that fame has with not a few of them descended to the present day. It is of such time-honoured gardens that Mr. Elgood gives us delightful glimpses in the pictures included in his new volume. He tells us that he commenced the series as long ago as 1881 and has continued them practically without break every year since. There is so much to be praised in all these drawings that it is difficult to single out any one as being better than the rest. The Florence series, however, impress us most on the whole, the drawings of *Florence from the Villa Palmieri*, *Villa Reale di Castello*, *Villa Amari: the Fountain* and *Villa Amari: the Belvedere* being especially noteworthy. The artist's notes, partly historical and partly descriptive, disclosing as they do an intimate knowledge of the places depicted, lend additional interest to the pictures, which, of course, are the *pièces de résistance* of this most attractive book.

Napoleon and the Invasion of England. By H. F. B. WHEELER and A. M. BROADLEY. 2 vols. (London: John Lane.) 32s. net.—At the present time, when the idea of a possible invasion of England is openly scoffed at, it is somewhat difficult to realise the state of things a century ago, when the whole country was roused as one man to defend its shores from an enemy whose appearance was hourly expected. The Great Terror converted England, Scotland and Ireland into a vast camp, where all differences were forgotten for a whole decade in an eager desire to maintain the integrity

of the British Isles; but, strange to say, the remarkable episode is as a general rule passed over very lightly by historians. Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley's book will, however, do much to throw light on the exciting crisis, and is just now peculiarly opportune as serving to bring into startling prominence the spirit that in the early nineteenth century animated the British Navy. Founded on a very careful examination of a great variety of contemporary literature, it includes deeply interesting quotations from letters never before published of George III., the Duke of Buckingham, Fox, Lord Brougham, Marshal Soult, Lord Hood, Richard Cumberland, Thomas Southey, Mrs. Piozzi, and other celebrities, State records and Parliamentary debates, with reproductions of a vast number of caricatures after J. C. Cooke, Sayer, Gillray, Isaac Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Dalrymple, and their French rivals. These caricatures, strange to say, though they are of course valuable for the sidelight they throw on public feeling at the time of their production, are singularly deficient in real humour, and fail altogether to appeal to modern taste—an incidental proof of the increase in refinement that has taken place in that taste of late years. The sympathies of the reader in this stressful period are far more likely to be aroused by the reproductions of prints not intended to be humorous, such as the "Fishguard," of February, 1797, the Frontispiece of a volume of colour plates etched by Rowlandson, and published by the Angelos in 1799, the "George III. reviewing the Armed Associations of London in Hyde Park," and the "Boulogne" at the beginning of the second period of the Terror, the facsimiles of Broad-sides, such as the Address to the People of the United Kingdom, the representation of the Semaphore Telegraph, erected in the Admiralty office in 1796, the Invasion Promissory Note of 1802, and the reprints of the Popular Songs that voiced the hopes and fears of the multitude. These are all of stirring interest, and bring out more forcibly than could any description by a later pen the actual feelings aroused by the gloomy situation.

Allgemeines Lexikon der bildenden Künstler von der Antike bis zur Gegenwart. Herausgegeben von Dr. ULRICH THIEME and Dr. FELIX BECKER. (Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann.) To be completed in 20 vols. Vol. I., 32s. net.—In one department of literature certainly, Germany can safely be said to be without a rival, namely, in the making of dictionaries, encyclopædias, and similar works of reference. The national genius for painstaking investigation and the collection and

co-ordination of facts is attested by a huge number of such works dealing with every conceivable subject. In art Nagler's "Künstler-Lexicon," published half-a-century ago in 22 volumes, is still a useful work in spite of errors here and there, but of course is very much out of date. Twenty years later a revised edition was begun by Dr. Julius Meyer, but only three volumes appeared, and now Drs. Thieme and Becker seek to make amends for that failure with their Universal Dictionary of Artists, in the preparation of which they are assisted by some 300 collaborators. We heartily wish them success. If the remaining nineteen volumes are produced with the care and comprehensiveness which mark the first volume, the results of their labour will be highly valued by all who have occasion to use such a work. A wide scope has been given to the term "bildende Künstler" by the inclusion of the names of architects and craftsmen whose achievements deserve to be called "creative." With such a host of names it must of course happen that the information concerning a large number of them is not sufficient to constitute a biography. This is especially the case with many who lived in days gone by, before newspapers and magazines came into existence, but it sometimes happens also in the case of living artists, the information concerning whom may occupy not more than half-a-dozen lines—perhaps simply a reference to a work reproduced in *THE STUDIO* or some other journal. On the other hand, there are cases where the details cover many pages—Rudolf von Alt, for instance, occupies six. With a work of this magnitude, too, errors are almost certain to creep in. The first volume, however, seems remarkably free from them, the only one that is worth noticing occurring under the name of Allingham, where it is assumed that "Mrs. A. Allingham, R.W.S.," and "Helen Allingham" are different persons and form the subject of separate references. One feature of this valuable work will prove especially helpful to future investigators, namely, the bibliographical references given at the end of most of the notices, showing where further information about the artist is to be found.

Cathedral Cities of France. By HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S., and HESTER MARSHALL. (London: Heinemann; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) 16s. net.—Gleanings of five years' wanderings in France, the beautiful water-colour drawings reproduced in this most delightful volume, certainly one of the best colour-books yet issued, have all the poetic charm characteristic of the work of their

author, who stands in the front rank of modern interpreters of architecture from the æsthetic point of view. Mr. Marshall knows how to catch the very spirit of the scenes he depicts: his draughtsmanship, colouring, and atmospheric effects are alike admirable, and the only direction in which he sometimes fails is in the grouping of his figures. Nothing could be more entirely satisfying than the *St. Lô*, with its spires and towers standing out against the evening sky, and its quaint old houses reflected in the Vire; *Poitiers*, with the distant view of the winding river spanned by a noble bridge; *Bordeaux*, with the fishing boats in the foreground, and the twin towers of the cathedral dominating the mist-shrouded town; and *Tours*, with its grey tower and sunlit street. No less satisfactory is the letterpress, which skilfully hits the happy medium, giving just enough of the history of the various places visited to render intelligible the descriptions of their present appearance. Mrs. Marshall distinguishes between three classes of towns: those whose local importance has remained unchanged for centuries, those whose ancient glory has departed, though they still retain its semblance, and those which are entirely the outcome of the modern spirit of enterprise. It is, of course, to the first group that the largest space is given, and the chapters devoted to them will be found especially interesting, so well does the writer know how to tell their eventful stories. The one serious flaw in a book reflecting great credit on all concerned in its production is Mrs. Marshall's hasty conclusions in matters architectural, for with a light heart she adopts the fallacious theory that the Flamboyant style originated not in France but in England remarking that "as soon as the former country had freed itself from the domination of the English and realised its national unity, its architects applied themselves heart and soul to the development of that style which was borrowed from the enemy," whereas it is well known to every student of architecture that the Flamboyant and Perpendicular phases of the Gothic were essentially different.

The Ingoldsby Legends: Mirth and Marvels. By THOMAS INGOLDSBY, Esq. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM, A.R.W.S. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.) 15s. net.—It would hardly be correct to call this book a reprint of Mr. Rackham's illustrated edition of the Legends published some nine years ago. In the first place, the letterpress has been entirely reset in a type which gives the book an air of distinction; and, secondly, as regards the illustrations, numerous additions have been made, and, as explained by Mr. Rackham in his introduc-

tory note, all the old coloured illustrations have been worked on and specially coloured for this new "édition définitive de luxe," as the publishers are justified in calling it. Mr. Rackham enters so thoroughly into the spirit of these now classic tales, and his drawings reveal such rare talents, that the success of this new edition is assured. As a gift-book nothing could be better.

Utamaro. By Dr. JULIUS KURTH. (Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus.) 30 Mks.—The author may be congratulated upon the thorough manner in which the work of the great Japanese designer of colour prints and book illustrator has been classified and summarised by him in this volume. Since the excellent monograph on the same subject by De Goncourt, published in 1891, many prints and books have come to light from old Japanese collections, and our knowledge of the numerous productions of this artist has been so greatly extended that we are now able to more justly estimate his relative position among his Japanese contemporaries. While opinions may be divided upon the question of the greatness of his art, there is no doubt in the mind of any student of his book that Utamaro was a man of exceptional ability, whose name will always be associated with distinction among the leaders of the *Ukiyoyé* or popular school of Japanese illustrators. The illustrations to Dr. Kurth's volume are numerous, including several in facsimile colours, and they exhibit the various stages in the evolution of the master's art. Plate 24 is of remarkable excellence, reproducing with wonderful verisimilitude the colours and characteristics of the original print. We cordially commend this book to the notice of all collectors of Japanese prints.

Vasari on Technique. Translated into English by LOUISA S. MACLEHOSE. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Prof. G. BALDWIN BROWN. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.) 15s. net.—It is a curious circumstance that while numerous translations have been made of Vasari's *Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors and Architects*—a work which, notwithstanding its great value as a historical document, has been shown to be not wholly trustworthy—the technical Introduction which he prefixed to that work has never during the three and a half centuries since it first appeared been rendered in its entirety into any foreign language. And yet, so far as the art-worker is concerned, this preliminary exposition of the various processes and materials employed by the artists and craftsmen of his day is of far greater interest than the biographical details constituting

Reviews and Notices

the bulk of the work, and in view of the great variety of topics treated of, the complete translation of it, now made for the first time into English by Miss Macle hose, under the supervision of Prof. Brown, is especially welcome. The translation is made from the text belonging to the edition of 1568, and is supplemented by a series of footnotes elucidating obscure expressions found in the original, or serving to identify buildings and objects referred to, while each of the three sections in Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting is followed by longer notes dealing with questions of more general interest. The translation and editing of the work have been carried out with conscientious thoroughness, and additional interest is given to the volume by the numerous illustrations contained in it, which have been selected for the purpose of exemplifying passages in the text or the particular species of work described by the author.

Of the books for juveniles which have reached us this season a few call for notice here, however brief. Prominent among them is a reprint in good bold type of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (Heinemann, 6s. net), with thirteen illustrations in colour and a few in black-and-white after drawings by Mr. Arthur Rackham, A.R.W.S. These drawings, and especially the coloured ones, are so full of subtle charm that the book is certain to be in large demand this season. Conspicuous also, by reason of its two dozen or more delightful illustrations in colour by Miss Alice Woodward, is *The Peter Pan Picture Book* (Bell & Sons, 5s. net). The text, printed in large clear type, is an amended version of that which appeared last year in "The Peter Pan Keepsake," and the book is so nicely got up generally that it is bound to be welcomed in the nursery. Though the pictures in Mr. OLIVER HERFORD's *Peter Pan Alphabet* (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) are not in colour they are distinctly clever, and the humorous vein in which the rhymes are pitched will ensure for this book also a large measure of success. As not many children are acquainted with the original story of *Beauty and the Beast*, the complete version of the tale, as translated by Mr. Ernest Dowson and published by Mr. John Lane in a limited edition of 300 copies at 10s. 6d. net, will prove an interesting addition to the nursery library; but the four coloured plates by Mr. Charles Conder, characteristic as they are of his art, require for their due appreciation a more mature artistic sense than that possessed by the generality of children. Miss AMY STEEDMAN, whose book *In God's Garden* was so popular last season, endeavours this year, in

her *Knights of Art* (T. C. & E. C. Jack, 6s. net), to interest children in the lives and achievements of famous Italian painters. Miss Steedman's command of simple yet telling language, combined with the numerous pictures, reproductions of masterpieces after drawings by Mary Steedman—sixteen of them being in colour—will certainly ensure for this book a favourable reception among children old enough to take an interest in great works of art. Another book which has a kindred aim to the last-mentioned is LADY TENNANT'S *The Children and the Pictures* (Heinemann, 6s.), in which the gifted authoress takes a number of notable pictures by masters of the English School, reproduced either in colour or black-and-white, and weaves out of them a series of entertaining stories. The humours of animal life always furnish amusement to little ones, and Mr. Leslie Brook, whose name must be familiar to many of them, has furnished a fresh source of fun in *Johnny Crow's Party* (F. Warne & Co., 2s. 6d. net). Messrs. Warne & Co. also publish this season two more of their dainty little shilling reprints of Randolph Caldecott's picture books, which ought to be as popular now as they have hitherto been. In *The Unlucky Family* (Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.) Mrs. Henry de la Pasture makes capital fun out of the adventures of a suburban family who had the misfortune to inherit a country estate and much money—adventures which the well-known "Punch" artist, Mr. E. T. Reed, has turned to good account in a series of characteristic illustrations. Mention should also be made of Mabel Trustram's *Verses to a Child* (Elkin Mathews, 2s. net), penned in simple, unaffected language, and telling of such incidents as occur in the lives of quite little ones, who will no doubt appreciate Edith Calvert's drawings.

Messrs. Headley Bros., of Bishopsgate, who have already published photogravure engravings after pictures by Mr. Walter West, R.W.S., have recently added to the series *The Silent Meeting*, the original of which was lately on view at the Royal Water Colour Society's Galleries. The picture represents a Quakers' meeting in early Victorian days. The size of the print, exclusive of margin, is about 13 inches by 19 inches, and the price one guinea, proofs signed by the artist being two guineas.

The publishers of Dr. Leisching's work on *Das Bildnis-Miniatur in Oesterreich, &c.*, noticed in our October number, are Messrs. Artaria & Co., of Vienna.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE
ART OF ETCHING.

“IT is remarkable how the popularity of etching has fluctuated in this country,” said the Art Critic. “A few years ago it was all the rage, and then, for a while, it seemed to be almost dead; now there are signs that it is coming into favour again.”

“You ought to know by now the way in which an art is checked or encouraged by the vagaries of the popular taste,” replied the Man with the Red Tie. “Etching, like all other forms of artistic production, flourishes or languishes according to the amount of support it receives. When people were interested in it it did very well indeed, but when it went out of fashion it, naturally enough, fell into a state of what you might call suspended animation.”

“I am not sure that these fluctuations were entirely the result of changes in fashion,” returned the Critic. “I think that the etchers themselves were partly to blame and spoiled their own vogue by want of sincerity. They got into bad ways and discredited the art they practised.”

“May I ask,” broke in the Plain Man, “whether you consider etching to be an art of any importance? It always seems to me to be a very trivial and feeble thing and hardly worthy of the fuss that is made about it. A man scratches a few lines on a piece of copper—is it not?—and prints them off on paper, and calls the result a picture. Surely that is not an art that matters.”

“I am glad you know how an etching is done,” laughed the Man with the Red Tie, “for most people do not realise that there is any difference between an etching and a pen-and-ink drawing. But in answer to your question, I would certainly call etching an important art; it offers great opportunities for delicate expression and is capable of exquisite treatment, and it needs a man of great skill to do it well.”

“Oh! surely not,” cried the Plain Man; “anyone can scratch lines on copper, and all the rest comes from a simply mechanical process of putting the plate through a press.”

“Do you know,” said the Critic, “that our friend is, quite by accident, illustrating my argument. I said that the etchers spoiled their own vogue by want of sincerity; and it was just in this way that this want of sincerity showed itself. The etchers gave up taking pains and took merely to scratching lines on copper in the hope that the press would perform miracles. Prosperity made

them conceited; they thought anything would pass as an etching, and that collectors did not know the difference between good work and bad; but they have suffered for their conceit.”

“Perhaps they have,” replied the Man with the Red Tie, “but still I think that they have been to some extent the victims of fashion. I believe that the taste for etching died out chiefly because the public got tired of it and wanted something new.”

“That may be so,” agreed the Critic; “but in that case how do you account for the present-day revival, of which I think you will admit there are quite visible evidences?”

“Why that is plain enough,” cried the Man with the Red Tie; “the public point of view is always changing, and fresh subjects of interest have to be constantly provided to stimulate a jaded taste. When new sensations fail an old one is revived and made to do duty again for a while. But nothing lasts; nothing is ever permanently established. If there does come again a run on etchings, it will only be for a short time, and the usual reaction will follow as a matter of course.”

“That may be so,” said the Critic; “but I am a little more hopeful than you are as to the future. I contend that the decline in the popularity of etching was largely due to the failure of the artists to understand the nature of the public demand. They thought that quantity only was wanted, and that quality did not matter, so they set to work to turn out etchings as quickly as possible and in the easiest way. They made them slight, thin, and meaningless; they handled them carelessly, and were content with the merest suggestions; and as a consequence they disgusted the very people to whom they looked for support. But now the more serious artists recognise that a real effort is needed to recover lost ground; they have learned much from the example of the German etchers, who are treating the art to-day with a strong sense of responsibility and with a commendable firmness of conviction. Thanks partly to this example, and partly to the proper application of the lessons of the past, we are getting out of our bad ways, and we are well on the road to the reinstatement of an art which ought never to have been allowed to fall into disrepute, and we are once more using it as a means of individual expression and as a mode of conveying to others our sincere æsthetic beliefs. If we continue along these lines, we need have no fears for the future of etching in this country.”

THE LAY FIGURE.



A CHURCH INTERIOR. FROM THE
OIL-PAINTING BY J. BOSBOOM.

*(By Permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew
& Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son.)*

JOHANNES BOSBOOM. BY PHILIP ZILCKEN.

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century art in Holland, as in most countries of Europe, had fallen into conventionalism and mannerism. The works of the glorious old masters were no longer understood; Frans Hals and Rembrandt were no longer valued; Vermeer of Delft was unknown. How great was this decadence of taste at the time I speak of, is shown by what an old gentleman told me long ago. In his boyhood, I remember him saying, he and his sister were wont to play at ball in the attic of their parents' house, using as their target some old, dusty portraits, which afterwards proved to be by Frans Hals! Again, the father of a friend of mine discovered somewhere that a small ironing board had been made out of part of a panel painted by Cuyp! Many other similar incidents could be quoted.

During the occupation of the Netherlands by the French, the Napoleonic wars left little time for the pursuit of art, and, when peace was once more established, such painters as there were worked in an empty, academical style, under the influence of the school of David. Instead of being inspired by the merits of their famous ancestors, they merely studied their technique; they looked only at the surface of their pictures, and failed to penetrate the spirit, the conception of those masters; nor at the same time did they value the most individual among them, but were attracted only to those whose qualities of execution give them a place, though not a foremost place, among the great painters of their country. Thus it happened in those days that Gerard Dou, Mieris, Metsu, etc., came in for more attention than the others.

When the clever, but quasi-classic David settled in Brussels, he succeeded in imposing his own conceptions so strongly, that the healthy, vigorous Flemish art was nearly put aside, because, according to his ideas, beauty of colour, one of the chief features of painting, was considered barbarous, rough, sensual. Himself little of a colourist, he had a disdain for colour; and at the same time he failed to understand that nearly all great artists have expressed themselves most perfectly through their own nationality and the age in which they lived, and he believed that a new expression, a new ideal, might be created by didactic subjects. This theory of his was not even based on a right conception of really great Greek art. Notwithstanding these convictions of his, however, David exerted a good influence in the reaction against the decadent eighteenth century school, by devoting himself to a close study of nature. This is



THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO

BY J. BOSBOOM

manifest chiefly in his drawings, but some of his portraits are also excellent proofs of this merit.

While Holland remained united to Belgium—that is until the year 1830—the influence of the Belgian art of the time was perceptible in the Low Countries; Navez, Wappers, and later on Gallait, had in the Northern Netherlands colleagues like Kruseman, Pieneman and van Schendel: all these painters were of about the same style.

The revival of art in France, as is well known, was largely due to a group of English artists—Fielding, Crome, Bonington, and principally Constable—whose works opened the eyes of young Delacroix, Corot, and Rousseau. In these there was awakened a new interest in the old Dutch masters, thanks to the English painters, who, individual and national as they were, had helped to make the works of those masters comprehensible to them. These young French painters found inspiration in the delightful environs of Paris, the beauties of which were revealed to them by

the old masters, who loved their subjects intensely; and in that love is the essential element of art.

Thus it happened that the merits of the old painters, so brilliantly represented in the collections of England, influenced the English masters of that time, who, in their turn, developed the artistic impulses of the French artists, whose influence has been of importance on most of the best representatives of the modern Dutch school.

How important this revival has been can easily be seen when one remembers that in those days the “classic” school in Holland forbade all freedom and individuality of expression, both in landscape and in figure-painting, and considered the freshness and spirit of nature to be “bad style.” Natural colours were found too bright; they had to be replaced by “warm” tints, which were produced by some brownish, tar-coloured medium. Certain sorts of trees were also disdained, and considered to be wanting in stateliness or grandeur; the lovely apple tree and the graceful willow had to be avoided at the time when Kruseman gave to Josef



“IN THE OLD CHURCH, AMSTERDAM”

BY J. BOSBOOM



"INTERIOR OF A SYNAGOGUE"
BY JOHANNES BOSBOOM

Israëls the advice not to paint "ugly people"! Such were the conditions under which Bosboom spent his youth, but he himself remained unaffected by the conventionality of his contemporaries.

Born in 1817, Johannes Bosboom belonged to an older generation than the brothers Maris and Anton Mauve, but in many respects his evolution was parallel to that of Israëls, although the latter was born a few years later. But Bosboom lived at The Hague, while the home of Israëls was in Amsterdam, whence he removed to the royal residence only in 1869.

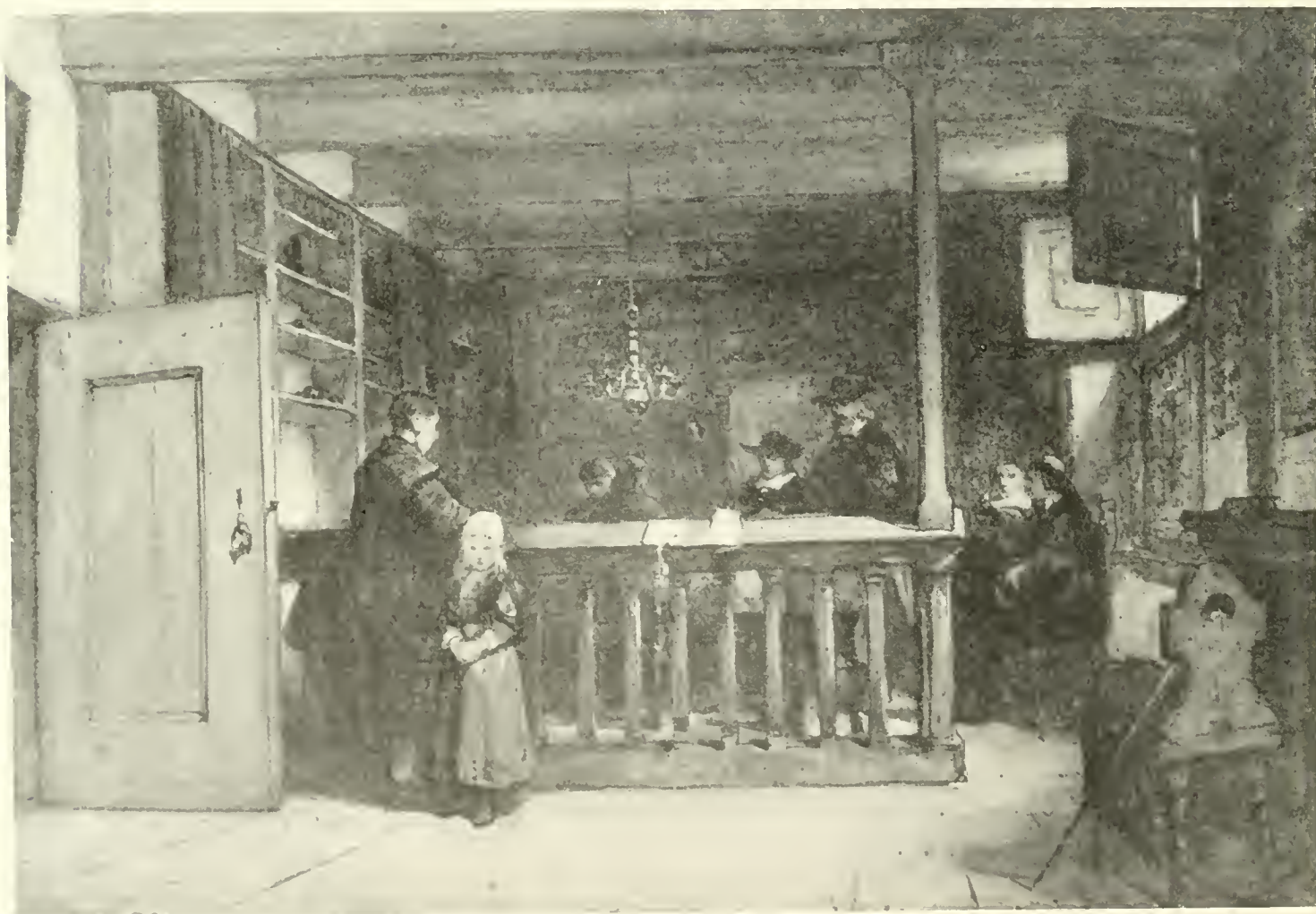
In both of these towns art was taught according to the principles then dominant: in the capital, by old-fashioned painters like Pieneman and Kruseman, who had the honour of contributing to the development of Israëls; at The Hague, in the studio of B. J. van Hove, whose most striking pupils were Bosboom and the clever landscape painter Weissenbruch, and his son Huib, who in turn was the teacher of men differing as widely in personality and point of view as Jacob Maris, Bisschop, and Bakkerkorff.

The landscape-painters were far more numerous than the figure painters, a fact which has, without

doubt, been of influence upon the perfecting of the so-called "Masters of The Hague." For it must be observed that the qualities of aerial perspective and atmosphere in their figure-paintings, were to a great extent due to their continuous and close study of the ever-changing atmosphere of the sea, the wood, and the "polders" which surround The Hague, and where long ago Paulus Potter had already elaborated his cattle scenes. This influence must have been the greater because in the studios the lessons were purely technical.

Under these circumstances Bosboom began to work, and about 1833 he exhibited his first *View of a Town*, still somewhat under the influence of his master, van Hove. And yet, even in these early efforts, Bosboom showed his individuality. Those genuine and very personal qualities which were steadily developed during his long career may be discovered in his first works, detailed as they are, as in his last, in which his free, direct, broad touch gives more life, richness, and completeness to the *ensemble*.

While the old Dutch masters who painted views of towns and church interiors elaborated in a perfect manner every detail of their subject, while giving



"LA CHAMBRE DES ÉCHEVINS"

BY J. BOSBOOM



“THE BARN”

BY J. BOSBOOM

with wonderful attention and care the most complete “portrait” of what they saw, they fell short of expressing in these works, technically admirable though they may be, the feeling of life which characterises Bosboom’s pictures, a quality in which he is purely modern.

His first pictures, generally in oil, are carefully elaborated and in some respects dry, but by degrees his line and brushwork grow free, supple, and broad; he suppresses unnecessary details, and in his latest works he attains a splendid mastery; and then he suggests what he intends rendering by means of a synthetic manner, alike in oil-painting and in water-colour, which expresses more grandeur and atmospheric life than does his earlier work.

Up to Bosboom’s time no painter of churches had ever been able to put into his work a high poetic feeling, a deep and serene emotion, by means of qualities purely of drawing, colour, and tone. This is the reason why his interpretation of such subjects is remarkably personal, modern, and of a high rank—very near the art of Rembrandt, who, in his deep, vibrating, and passionate feeling, was himself thoroughly modern.

As a pupil in the studio of van Hove, Bosboom made careful studies of perspective, architecture, and

of the different styles, because the teacher and his pupils had sometimes to execute decorations for the Theatre Royal at The Hague. These special studies were most useful to him, and probably had a great influence on his artistic development, which quickly brought with it brilliant success. Even in 1835, while still working in the studio of his master, he had the satisfaction of selling an exhibited picture to a painter of much renown at The Hague—Mr. Schelfhout.

Bosboom has himself written short autobiographical notes in which he describes the origin of Romanticism in Holland, how the revolution not only brought with it a search after truth, after reality of colour, but at the same time an interest in works of art of all kinds produced by former centuries, even in the long-forgotten and disdained Middle Ages. Under the influence of this movement, Bosboom saw his line clearly marked out. In 1836 he exhibited two church interiors, lit up with a flood of sunlight, and, as we know, it was this particular *genre* which he made his own during the rest of his life. Very soon he began to win medals, at Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Brussels; and some years later he was created Knight of the Belgian Order of Leopold.

In 1835 he made a short journey along the Rhine with two of his friends, and soon after paid a visit to Rouen, travelling through Holland, where he discovered splendidly picturesque churches, cloisters, town halls, cloister-kitchens, and farm-interiors, which furnished him with the subjects of some of his masterpieces.

In 1846 Bosboom made the acquaintance of a Dutch authoress, Miss A. L. G. Toussaint, whom he married some years afterwards. They began together a quiet life of regular labour, she writing numerous, highly valued novels, in the style of Walter Scott, he constantly producing works, nearly all of which show his great natural gifts.

Notwithstanding these exceptional gifts, life was often difficult to him, and attacks of deep melancholy sometimes disturbed its regular course; but he had a friend and protector in Jhr. van Rappard, one of those cultured men who live for art. This gentleman collected all the water-colour drawings done by Bosboom, and sometimes invited the artist and his wife to stay at his country estate near Utrecht. Here the artist found rest and renewed strength after these periods of gloom. Walks in the delightful surroundings of his friend's house revealed to him more than ever the beauties of landscape, and from that moment a new order of subjects

became his own. I allude to those big barns (*boeren-deelen*), full of Rembrandt-like light and shade with rich golden-brown depths, which he handled with such skill. In conception rather different from that of Israëls, Bosboom made of these splendid subjects works of wonderful grandeur and of most powerful colour. These "deelen," now fast disappearing, were vast thatched constructions, roughly built on heavy, richly-coloured wooden piles. As is usual in Holland, the cows stood in rows along the walls, while hens, chickens, and dogs walked freely about among the peasants themselves. The light-effects in these lofty farm buildings are of a quite special character, and these interiors, almost as much as watermills, add to our understanding of the so-called "Rembrandtic light."

Some years ago I explained in "L'Art Moderne" the origins of Rembrandt's "fantastic" light, showing that this was not at all a mere product of his imagination, but simply the natural, diffuse light in a watermill. Rembrandt, whose uncle was a miller, must in his boyhood have often seen in such a mill the splendid gamut of golden values produced by a sunbeam penetrating through a small window, the hazy, smoky space, with its quite peculiar transparency of purplish and bluish tint. It



LANDSCAPE

BY J. BOSBOOM



"INTERIOR OF A CHURCH AT
GRONINGEN." BY J. BOSBOOM

is a very natural supposition that an exceptionally sensitive young man like Rembrandt should have been so strongly impressed by these light-effects that he remembered them during his whole life, and applied them to the subjects which he elaborated later on—not only his portraits but his figure-paintings and etchings as well.

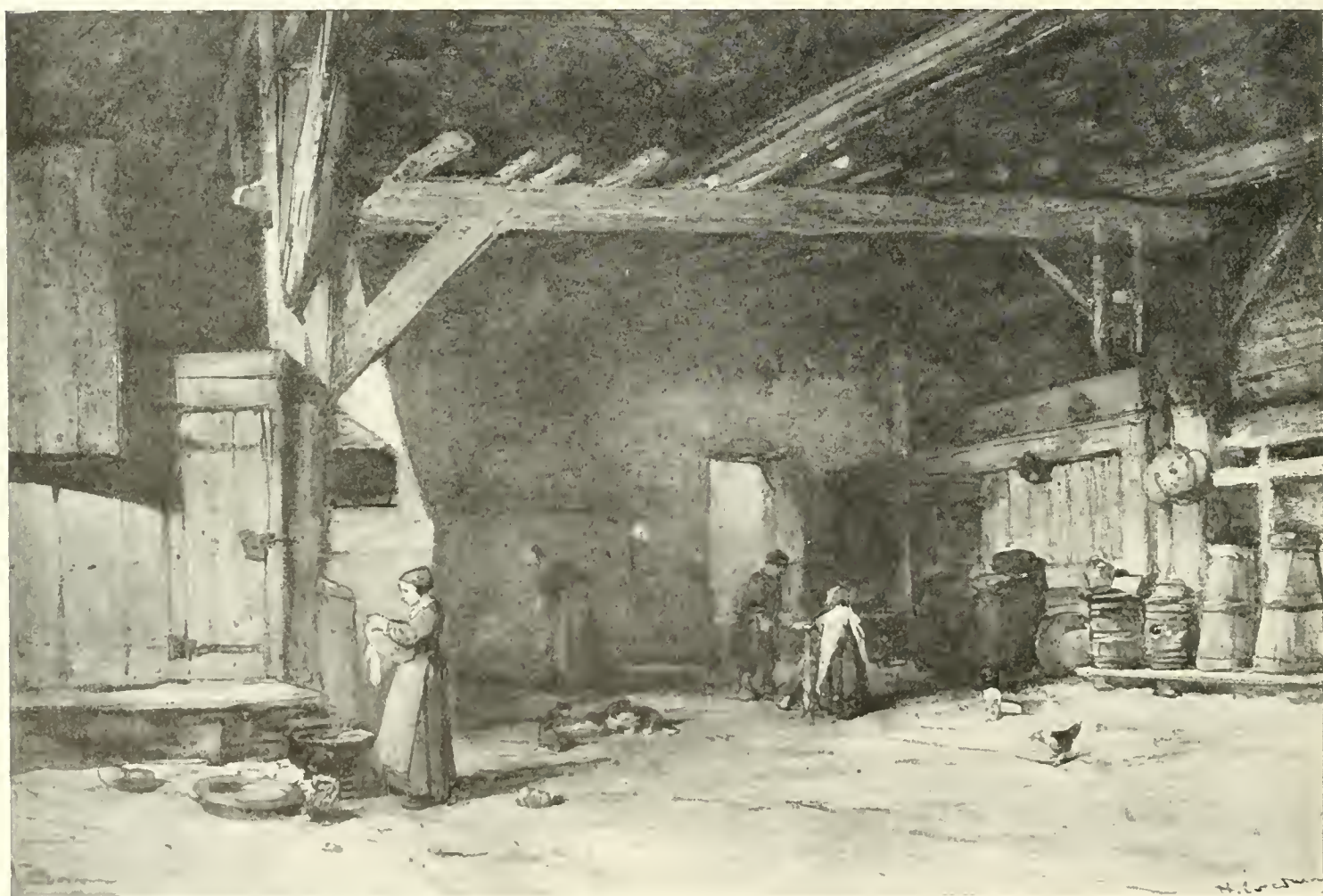
Bosboom always had a passionate admiration for the great Dutch master, and without a doubt his studies of old churches and picturesque town-halls dating back to the time of Rembrandt, and in no less degree his studies of these fine old barns, must have helped to develop his admiration and right comprehension of Rembrandt's works, which most certainly were of influence on his art; but it may be accepted as conclusive that the *milieu* in which he painted brought him nearer to the conception of the master, and added to his faculty of understanding him.

I venture to insist upon this fact, because of the mistaken idea which has been so prevalent that the secret of Rembrandt's art is to be found in brownish pigments and the so-called "Rembrandt light." Bosboom having studied similar effects in nature, had observed the delicate degrees of values, the influence of the atmosphere, the

radiant light which often forms the centre of the composition, and indeed he sometimes equalled the great artist's expression of these effects.

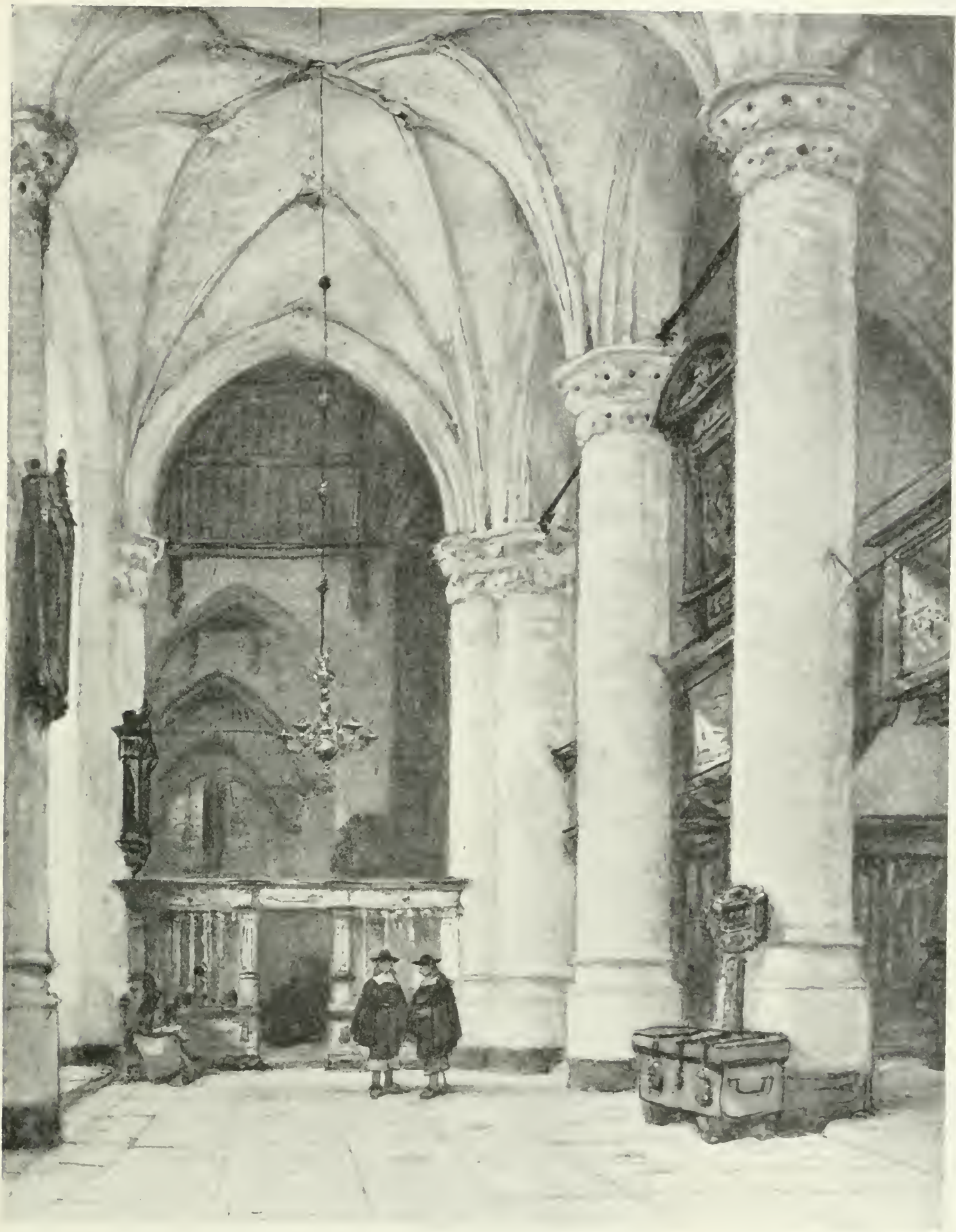
As I have already mentioned, besides his oil paintings, Bosboom made many, very many water-colours. At first he did not employ this medium so frequently, but after a time the rapidity of the process pleased him more and more, and he found it to be exactly what he wanted for his studies, as well as for the more complete expression of his ideas. Sometimes he made simple sepia-sketches, rapidly worked out in a few lines and slightly washed with flat tints, which are marvellously right in value and express perfectly the *ensemble*. Mr. Mesdag possesses nearly a hundred of these remarkable works (see p. 269).

As he grew older, Bosboom's finished water-colours acquired a freedom and directness of execution attained by very few. The architectural studies of his youth gave him a firmness of drawing and touch which allowed him to work rapidly and broadly, without hesitation; and these water-colours of his are never superficial, but always complete, his delicate and deep feeling giving them a very rare charm. Many good examples of his mastership in this medium are reproduced here. An inborn



"THE FARM SHED"

BY J. BOSBOOM



"THE CHURCH OF ST. JAMES AT
THE HAGUE." BY J. BOSBOOM

taste showed him in the presence of nature what to select and what to pass over. Never had Bosboom, like many painters, the passivity of a Kodak, but his individual spirit always guided his hand, while at the same time his clever and firm touch contributed to the perfection of the whole.

Another feature of his water-colours is that they are never systematically transparent or heavy, as the result of employing too much body-colour; they are just what he wants them to be—admirably suggestive. He shows an unerring taste, seldom found nowadays, in the art of balancing his subject, of forming the *mise-en-page*; thus it happens that in all his works there are neither empty spaces, nor disproportions of light and shade. On the contrary, every dark spot corresponds to proportionate masses of light, so that if an inch or two of the composition were taken away, the effect of the *ensemble* would be destroyed. But it was not without much earnest striving that the painter attained to these results. He was often exceedingly depressed, as I have said above, by the difficulties of his art, and if he had a right notion of his worth, he knew also how very hard it is to struggle towards comparative perfection.

This question of composition, of *mise-en-page*, is considered by the “masters of The Hague” to be the starting-point of their pictures. Nowadays many artists are satisfied with “impressions,” which however cleverly and tastefully done, remind one of instantaneous photography. Having made many etchings after works by Jacob Maris, Israëls, Mauve, and others, I have had occasion to notice how the lineal equilibrium in those works is as perfect as their gamut of values, however hidden it is behind the colour. A letter which Matthew Maris once wrote to me shows

better than any words of mine how vastly important he considers this feature to be. In it he refers to the celebrated *Semeur* by Millet, from which he made his beautiful etching, a print almost unique of its sort, because it is not a copy, a translation of the picture, but an admirable and extremely interesting “paraphrase” or interpretation of one great painter by another equally great. Maris knew the picture as thoroughly as it was possible for any one to, and compared it with another by Millet representing the same subject. Before analysing these two works, he writes some lines about the French artist himself, which are of so much interest that I may be excused for quoting them:—

“Millet always gave me the impression of being of a very despondent nature; he began as what



“A STREET”

BY J. BOSBOOM

(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son)



"VIEW OF SCHEVENINGEN"

BY J. BOSBOOM

they call a good painter, a colourist. But then began the struggle between matter and spirit, and he very rarely succeeded in what he wanted; the heaviness of his men and women were his own burden that he put into them, and not the burden of those he painted, because his paintings would have been neither more nor less than still-life copies or imitations of what he saw before him.

"There are two *Semeurs* by him in the world; the same man, the same action, the same ground, oxen, etc.; and I had always heard that the two pictures were exactly the same; but when I saw a reproduction of the second, I saw that it was nothing more than a little print, a man sowing seed. Perhaps the canvas is bigger, but Millet has only made a little picture of this subject. Why now is the other one a masterpiece? Is it because the man is sowing seed? and is quite naturally represented? Nature has nothing to do with it! It is Millet himself, the individual, the blind follower of his own nature. It is the line, and not the peasant! You begin with his hat, his face turned towards the other side, and you come to the shoulder and outstretched arm; then you get his body and his outstretched leg. Now you come to the line of the ground, sloping from left to right,

counterbalanced by the animals and the line of the clouds from right to left, and there is the whole thing! Most people, when looking at it, think of nature, but they cannot understand *his* nature, hidden like a strange language."

These words of a most refined and poetic artist, who is at the same time an instinctive philosopher in art, show clearly the extreme importance that he attaches to the idea of composition, a feeling and a principle common to his brothers and to Mauve, Bosboom, and others, as well as to him. The careful balancing of the line and of masses of light and shade, does not at all prevent freshness and liveliness of expression, as the works of those artists show; it has to be simply a starting-point, coming from feeling, taste, and reflection.

I have had the advantage of knowing Bosboom well, and though he has been dead several years now, I shall always remember his remarkably distinguished personality. He had much the look of one of those ancient noblemen painted by Van Dyck or Moro: his inborn courtesy and elegance, his perfect manners, made him resemble some proud knight of bygone centuries. Being fully conscious of his qualities as a painter, he had the pride and the frankness to say, and sometimes to write, what he thought of his own work. Very

characteristic in this respect is the anecdote told by Mr. Gram, a Dutch publicist, who wrote a little book on Dutch painters. Being a friend of the artist, he paid him a visit when he had been struck down by an attack of paralysis, a little while before his death. He found him lying on a *chaise-longue* in a corner of his room, his left hand motionless on the rug which partly covered him, his right hand moving nervously. The sun penetrated the room through the carefully shut blinds, casting glittering lights here and there. Bosboom had just received some photographic reproductions of water-colours of his, belonging to a well-known collector, which attained high prices some years later, at a sale at Pulchri Studio at The Hague. Bosboom asked that the photos should be held so that he could see them well, but complained of too little light, exclaiming like the dying Goethe: "Meer licht!" Then, when the blind was opened, he cried out: "Look! look! what a water-colour!"

It was a view of the Scheveningen beach, broadly done, like all his best works. His eyes began to

sparkle, and he continued to praise the drawing, asking for the other photograph. This represented one of those Burgomaster's rooms of the seventeenth century, into which he had introduced some figures, giving life to the picture and making of it a perfect reconstruction of the epoch. "What do you say of this?" he said, in a voice thrilling with emotion, to Mr. Gram, who had asked him: "Did you see something like that?" "See, see!" said Bosboom, with contempt, "That's like the question of an art-critic, who said to me, 'Have you made new sketches again?' Sketches!—no, such things are visions, that's creation, that's art!" And the artist, notwithstanding his crippled state, was happy for a while, living again in his work.

Although Bosboom has already taken an important place in the Dutch school of the nineteenth century, by the side of Israëls, Mauve, and the brothers Maris, he is not fully appreciated beyond the boundaries of his fatherland, and even here his works are too little known. May these few words serve to fix attention upon him as on one of



"INTERIOR OF A CHURCH"

(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons and Messrs. Wallis & Son)

BY J. BOSBOOM



A BRUGES STUDY (Mesdag Collection)

BY J. BOSBOOM

THE LANDSCAPE
PAINTINGS OF MR. H.
HUGHES - STANTON.
BY MARION HEP-
WORTH DIXON.

IF the French axiom be true that *Le paysage est un état de l'âme* it seems pretty certain that the training of the modern realist leaves him but poorly equipped on the more poetic or imaginative side of his art. Not that the impressionists admit the fact. We know their doctrines. Since Monet painted the same hayrick seven (or was it seventeen?) times, declaring that light is the subject of all pictures, landscape painters may be said to have been exclusively occupied with the problems of *plein air*. But much water has flowed under the bridge since Monet's day. We no longer make a fetish of the "god of things as they are." The new language has been acquired. We speak it freely. Habit has accustomed us to a certain scientific realism in the least pretentious canvas. What we begin to look for is not so much a glib expression of manual dexterity, of which at the

the most complete, powerful, and distinguished artists of his country, whose name will certainly, as long as true art is understood and appreciated, stand among the very best of his time.

PH. ZILCKEN.

[We desire to express our indebtedness to Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., of The Hague, for their courtesy in permitting us to reproduce numerous interesting examples of Bosboom's work to serve as illustrations to the foregoing article.—THE EDITOR.]



"LES ANDELEYS—CHÂTEAU GALLIAN"

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

present moment we are a trifle tired, but for qualities which lie beneath the surface. Nor do I think I am using too forcible an expression when I say that it is personality, and personality alone, which makes a work of art, for it is certain that no picture was ever great that is simply great in mechanical excellence.

When we come to consider the precise qualities which go to make a great landscape we tread on more difficult ground. Imagination, an eye for line, style, the grand manner—all these things are necessary, but still more necessary is that something fluid in the soul of the painter which makes it possible for him to communicate his mood and his emotion to the spectator. Now I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that it is this precise gift which makes the work of Mr. Hughes-Stanton somewhat different from that of his contemporaries. An habitual exhibitor at the Salon, and well versed in the creeds of the more audacious *plein air* schools, he would seem to leave these experimenters to their feats while he proceeds on the even tenour of his way. A strange serenity would seem to be his by birth-right. He appears to be absolutely undisturbed by the fret and fume and unrest of an empirical age. The great solemnity, the hush, a something of the impassive dignity of nature is seen in the least of his pictures. He forces nothing, he insists on nothing. He bothers the onlooker with no theories of the manner of laying on pigment. He has no new harassing technique to exploit, no trick of lighting to ventilate. Standing a little apart, yet quite unconscious of the attitude, he would seem rather to be absorbed in studying and assimilating the Great Problem than in showily demonstrating his cleverness in delineating nature. A student steeped in the traditions of the past, there is, if I may make use of a paradox, a curious modernity in his classicism. For

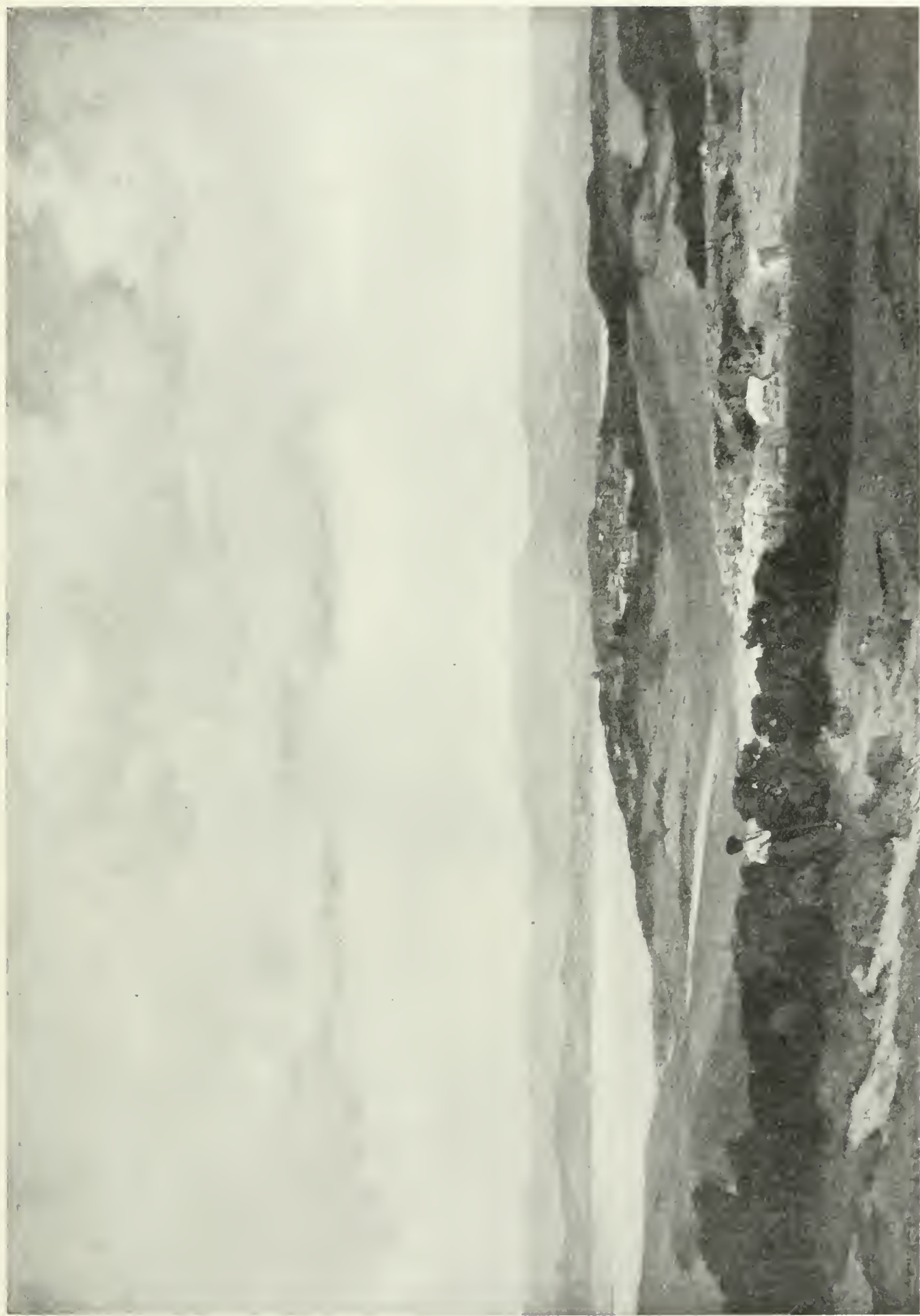
if the classic bent of his mind, the academic trend of his art formula, is one of its chief charms, it is so because he has learnt only what a modern should learn at the feet of his great forbears. Tricks of manner are empty things, and can be acquired, as we know, by third-rate painters. What is more difficult to absorb is the restraint, the reticence, the something large and immutable which belongs to the practice, and is seen in the output of our English masters of landscape.

The personal history of Mr. Hughes-Stanton can be given in a dozen lines. The second son of William Hughes, the still-life painter, Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton was born in Chelsea in 1870, and grew up, as small boys will, a jealous observer of his father's methods. Not that the coming landscape painter was educated with a view to his adopting the fine arts as a profession. Business, journalism, music, and I know not what other *métiers* were in turn suggested and considered. And all might have gone well in the eyes of the more



"A SPRING PASTORAL"

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON



"THE MOUTH OF THE ENE"
BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

II. Hughes-Stanton

prudent of his advisers had not the youngster taken the matter of his future career into his own hands. I think it was on Wimbledon Common, with a canvas and paint-box borrowed from his father's studio, that the lad made his first direct attack on Nature. Study after study followed, and when the first initial difficulties had been overcome the impulse to express himself on canvas proved irresistible. Nor was the lad amenable to any influence, direct or indirect, saving that of the great masters. At the present day he recalls with amusement a painful little scene of his boyhood. It appears he had carried one of his landscapes to his father, who, always conscientious and exacting, undertook to explain the work's defects as he painted over a part of the canvas. "But that was not what I meant to express!" exclaimed the still more exacting pupil, as, bursting into a flood of tears, he erased his father's corrections.

Tears were not the weapons with which Mr. Hughes-Stanton fought the world a little later in life, though many were the hardships and difficulties he had to encounter. Not that he was unappreciated. If there was danger in the outset of the landscape-painter's start in life, it was that he seemed to win his honours too easily. His first important picture, called *A Peep at the Arun*, looking towards Amberley, was probably one of

the most distinctive works seen at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours in 1890. It is true that some of the critics preached the painter a little sermon on taking "a darkened Constable for a model." Others, however, saw a likeness to De Wint in the canvas, and still others a reminiscence of Creswick and Ruysdael. Made conspicuous by these somewhat incongruous strictures, the picture was the subject of a veritable *furor*. Especially noticed by leading journals, it is safe to say that few painters under twenty years of age have been so brought into prominence by an initial work. Clinging to the same noble Sussex scenery, the artist next year painted an upright canvas called *The Valley of the Arun*, while an even more important work was seen in *Arundel Castle*. Another romantic theme, which occupied a prominent place at the Institute in 1891, was *Struggling Light*. It represents a lonely upland with a shepherdess tending her flock as an empty hay wain winds slowly over the hill. To the right a vast plain stretches towards the horizon, over which the light breaks dramatically through a bank of gathering clouds.

In another vein was the essay in topaz and opal called *In Winter's Grasp*, which Mr. Hughes-Stanton exhibited in the summer of 1893. The subject is a frosty landscape, in which an ice-bound



"SEGOVIA, SPAIN"

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON





“POOLE HARBOUR, DORSET”

(In the Luxembourg)

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON



“SAND DUNES, DANNES CAMIERS”

(In the Luxembourg)

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON



"HAMPSTEAD HEATH"
BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

H. Hughes-Stanton



DECORATIVE PANEL BY H. HUGHES-STANTON
AT BALLARD COOMBE

(By permission of W. Cleaver, Esq.)

brook, cradled by the frozen fields, stretches a cold finger to the distant woods. The moment is late afternoon, and the grey skies are touched by the rays of the dying sun. *Weeding after Rain* and *The Mill in the Valley* both preceded the important picture called *The Garden of England*, in which, taking a typical English theme, Mr. Hughes-Stanton depicted a hop-garden overlooking the famous weald of Kent. I should mention that the essay called *The Mill in the Valley* was first seen in the Grafton Gallery in 1894, and subsequently in the Salon of 1895. In the Champs Élysées also was shown the

spirited work entitled *Un Bourrasque*, a sudden rushing storm which the artist had seen in Sussex and endeavoured to render in the somewhat difficult medium of oils. It was highly praised by the French critics, who, while finding certain faults with the painting, did not hesitate to hail the young Englishman as a true follower of the great school of Constable. Seen the same year, a *Lever du Soleil* excited less comment, though its serener graces were not without admirers.

The work called *The Mill* was, like *Un Bourrasque*, exhibited on its completion in Paris, where its lowering clouds and rain-swept stretch of sodden earth appealed to the lovers of realism in landscape. Even more attractive, because at once more decorative and more modern in spirit, was *A Spring Pastoral*, a poetic effort exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1903, and kindly lent for



DECORATIVE PANEL
AT BALLARD COOMBE

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

(By permission of W. Cleaver, Esq.)

reproduction in these pages. *The Mouth of the Exe, from above Exmouth, Devon*, was another landscape conceived on large decorative lines, and showed the artist, perhaps for the first time, expressing himself in those distinctive terms to which he has now accustomed us. A picture of the same year, bought by the Bradford Corporation and seen at the Institute, was *Evening Twilight: Studland, Dorset*, a subtle study of aerial effects treated with a masculine breadth of statement. Turning his hand to pastels in the year 1904 we find the artist exhibiting four works at the Pastel Society: *Through the Rain; Black Hill, Exmouth, Devon*; and *Sunrise* and *Sunset*. A signal honour was conferred on the painter the same summer, for the French Government bought his rendering of Poole Harbour, which was exhibited at the old Salon. Entitled *Port de Dorset, Angleterre*, the picture is now to be seen at the Musée du Luxembourg, where another of the artist's landscapes has recently found a home. The latter canvas, called *Sand Dunes, Dannes Camiers*, shows the artist in one of his rare decorative moods—a subtle blending of strength and quietude, qualities which make Mr. Hughes-Stanton's work seem more serene and more monumental than we are accustomed

to on this side of the Channel. Hung in the New Gallery in the spring of 1906, and in the Salon the following year, the picture attracted so much attention in the Champs Elysées that it was considered imperative to acquire it for the French nation. I should not forget to say that *Hampstead Heath: a view looking towards Highgate*, and *The Lighthouse, Etaples*, were efforts of the preceding year and were exhibited at the Royal Academy, the latter picture finding its way to the International Exhibition at Venice.

Of other important pictures by Mr. Hughes-Stanton there is little space to speak. *Through the Rain* was recently seen at the New Gallery, *Corfe Castle* at Burlington House, and *The Pas de Calais* (depicting a sandy common, a long line of shadowed trees, and the silvery stretch of La Canche) at the Institute. *The Sand Dunes, Pas-de-Calais*, another conspicuous work exhibited in Regent Street, is conceived with subtle individuality and insight. Setting aside the question of scale, and the ability with which the lighting of the middle distance is managed, the delicacy and restraint of the colour scheme is remarkable. Of equally rare beauty is *The Gorge, Fontainebleau*, a canvas exhibited in the New Gallery last year, and purchased



"THE GORGE, FONTAINEBLEAU"

(By permission of G. McCulloch, Esq.)

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON



“THE LIGHTHOUSE, ÉTAPLES”

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

by Mr. George McCulloch for his collection in Queen's Gate.

I have spoken of the originality of Mr. Hughes-Stanton's treatment of middle distances, and no better example of his peculiar dexterity in the matter of line can be given than in his recent show of water-colours at the Leicester Galleries. The adventure—for he had hitherto done little water-colour—arose chiefly, I imagine, from a tour the painter took with a small party of brother artists in Spain. No formal sojourn could have been happier in its results, for this sketching raid gave him just the opportunity he wanted. The halts in the journey were brief, so only the most direct impressions could be recorded. They were given with a freshness and spontaneity truly astonishing. For in these drawings Mr. Hughes-Stanton, with his innate feeling for style, his somewhat formalised trees and classic skies, manages to convey the charm which lies in austerity. It is the charm which belongs above all others to the Peninsula, and in the artist's poetic generalisations in water-colour we seem to breathe the very atmosphere of northern Spain. M. H. D.

Herr Richard Lux, whose etching, *Persenburg on the Danube*, we reproduced as a coloured supplement in November, desires us to state that the Gesellschaft für Vervielfältigende Kunst, Vienna, are the owners of the plate.

THE ETCHINGS OF MR. FRED. V. BURRIDGE, R.E. BY FRANK NEWBOLT.

MR. BURRIDGE is the Principal of the Liverpool City School of Art, a position of great responsibility, which he has held for some time, and for the past twelve years he has been a member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers. During that period he has been a regular but not very prolific exhibitor in the Gallery in Pall Mall, and though he has obtained recognition, and is known to those who study the progress of this fascinating art in England, he has not, I think, obtained that position in popular favour as an etcher to which his great merits fairly entitle him. Of all Mr. Frank Short's numerous pupils he is probably the most distinguished, and several of his plates rank very high in contemporary etching.

In order to be really successful an etcher must possess a combination of three qualities: he must be a master of the process and an original artist, with a personal note of his own, and he must also be proficient in adapting the process to his own methods of selection and expression. To do this he must be always experimenting, and in these conditions, as experiments are not always successful, it is only fair to judge him by his best.

The easiest kind of etching is the least distracting, namely, the almost mechanical reproduction of a



"A SPRING AFTERNOON"

FROM AN ETCHING BY FRED. V. BURRIDGE

because we ought not to care whether the etcher is a man or a woman, young or old, busy or idle, a pupil of the Slade school or a policeman; but it is impossible to deny that it makes a great difference to most people to know whether an artist whose work they have not previously seen has good credentials. An ordinary man inclined to buy *The Dockyard Smithy* would be biassed by being told that it was honoured by a medal at the Paris Exhibition, and a collector would hasten to secure the last proof of *A Spring Afternoon*, not because it is one of the most charming little etchings

executed in this country during the present generation, but because the plate has been lost and no more impressions of it can be obtained.

painting or drawing; the most difficult is the direct interpretation of nature, when the composition, the design, and the relative values of the bitten lines have to be determined upon in face of the multitudinous details and shifting effects of natural landscape, lit by sunlight and harmonised by a thousand blended tints.

It is to solve the problems presented in this branch of art that Mr. Burrridge has, in his scanty leisure, more particularly applied himself, and as we study the proofs of his plates we pay him our first tribute by wondering if they can really have been done in the open air. Accepting this as the fact, we pass on to find in them something of the mysterious charm of nature, most of which must always be lost in fixing an impression, especially without colour: and then, being pleased by his pictures, we feel interested in finding out why we are pleased, and what their intrinsic merits are. I say intrinsic,



"THE LITTLE SMITHY"

BY FRED. V. BURRIDGE



“PATRIARCHS”

FROM AN ETCHING BY FRED. V. BURRIDGE

Mr. Burridge, then, is a safe man to admire : he has received an excellent training under the best master, he knows the various processes as only a teacher can know them, and he has long passed the probationary period of his career, although the total number of his plates does not exceed about fifty. He has done some delicate dry-points and etchings of figure subjects, but the nine proofs of landscape subjects which we are able to reproduce are more characteristic and amongst his best, and show by what paths, at present at any rate, his genius is leading him. It is, perhaps, useless to refer to other plates which are not shown, but his *Lancaster*, a fine landscape of the same type as *Harlech*, is already known to readers of *THE STUDIO* ; and *Traeth Bach* ought not to be omitted in any mention of this artist's work. Amongst the illustrations the proof of *A Spring Afternoon*, to which allusion has already been made, was printed by the etcher. The plate is very small, only five inches by three and a half, but in my opinion it exhibits great qualities often found wanting in

large plates of better known men. The treatment is original, the means used are economical, and the atmospheric effect, which is given by lines and not ink-tones, is successful beyond the ordinary. The lines on the windmill are of very great delicacy, and where there is foul-biting it seems intentional. Very different are *The Pride of North Devon* and *Wisht Weather*, which are large, elaborate, and carefully thought out. Bideford is the origin of both. The most striking thing about them is their atmospheric effect and the treatment of the sky. I do not know any other etcher who has devoted such serious attention to this difficult problem of the sky. *Harlech* has a thunderstorm and a rainbow in it : a study near Appledore is well described as *Thunder Weather*, and a similar one near Morecambe Bay may also be recalled by those who make an annual pilgrimage to Pall Mall.

Harlech is technically a very good plate, as indeed they all are, but apart from that it forms a romantic and beautiful picture which is not open to the criticism so often heard that it does not

explain itself, or is "unfinished." There is nothing hasty or ill-considered about it, although it is full of boldness and vigour and must have been actually etched in a fine frenzy of enthusiasm. *Wisht Weather* is a less beautiful subject, but *The Pride of North Devon*, which was in the Paris Exhibition, is equal to *Harlech* in this particular quality.

Sand-grain is used on this plate very judiciously. After the plate is grounded or re-grounded, a piece of sand-paper is rubbed over the surface where a tone is required, and the marks made are bitten in the usual way. The same effect may sometimes be given by aquatint, by the roulette, or by fowl-biting, but whichever is used the risk of making the plate appear muddy, confused or lazy is considerable. There is little or no grain or tint in the engraving of the plate exhibited last year—*The Marsh Farm*, which Mr. Burridge always prints himself. It is instructive to note that he is one of the very few who are really capable of printing their own plates as well as or better than professional printers, and that he prefers to print

himself those which seem to require special attention. Amongst these are *The Old Shipyard*, *At Lowest Ebb*, *Willows in the Marsh*, *A Spring Afternoon*, *Bideford Bridge*, *Wisht Weather*, *Morfa*, *Harlech*, and *Evening on the Yore*.

In printing this proof of *The Marsh Farm* he has left a slight trace of ink on the plate to suggest the dreary wind and coming rain, but it is almost a pity, as the etched work needs no assistance of this kind, however useful it may be in some cases, perhaps in most.

The plate is a very fine one from every point of view, and it should increase Mr. Burridge's reputation. It has no local interest such as must ever be inseparable from such a subject as Bideford Bridge; it has no horseman, no girl with a pail, and no geese, but this only leaves us at liberty to admire the delicacy of the distance and the glory of the sky behind the shivering trees.

The Dockyard Smithy, which won the bronze medal, and *The Little Smithy* are of a different sort. The former is difficult, dashing, and original:



"WISHT WEATHER"

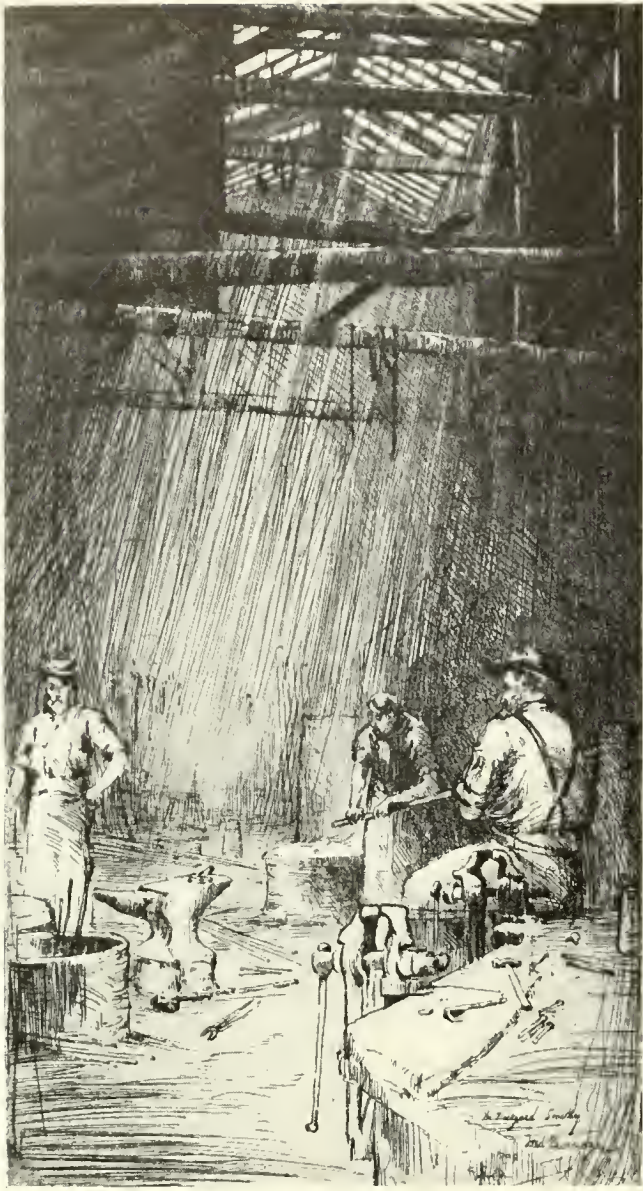
FROM AN ETCHING BY FRED. V. BURRIDGE



"THE MILL IN THE WIRRAL." FROM
THE ETCHING BY FRED. V. BURRIDGE.



"THE PRIDE OF NORTH DEVON." FROM
THE ETCHING BY FRED. V. BURRIDGE



"THE DOCKYARD SMITHY" BY FRED. V. BURRIDGE

interesting without being beautiful, and characteristic of Mr. Burridge's impetuosity and daring without resembling his other plates. The latter has only one fault, and that is that it looks as if it might have been etched almost, if not quite, as well by at least two other contemporary artists. Otherwise it is as nice as can be. The subject has attracted many to attempt it, and no one has done it better. In fact it is a model study, and will doubtless send many beginners to the workshop: but beautiful as it is it does not declare itself to be the work of the maker of *The Marsh Farm*. It was done as an experiment in getting all the values by crosshatching, so that the etching could be carried through in one biting. With the exception of a few lines in the foreground this plan was carried out, and it is a brilliant example of technical accuracy.

Another study, *Patriarchs*, is less interesting as a picture, as it is merely a finished etching of trees in full foliage, but it is solid and well thought out. *The Mill in the Wirral*, a small plate, attracts us much more: it has more originality and life, and certain elements of sketchiness, and hints of accidents and bits of overbiting, and daring shadows which capture the fancy, as tired of the perfect as of the uncouth. It is one of the moot points, whether an etching ought ever to be perfect, in the sense that Palmer's and David Law's were perfect, or whether it ought to be content to be suggestive; it is certain, however, that an etching ought not to be uncouth, or



"THE MARSH FARM"

BY FRED. V. BURRIDGE



"HARLECH CASTLE." FROM THE
ETCHING BY FRED. V. BURRIDGE

uninteresting, or hesitating. Judged by his best half-dozen plates Mr. Burridge stands high. He is a facile draughtsman with an unusual power of representing sympathetically the dignity and richness of nature in stormy and in quiet moods. He strikes a personal note, and without belonging to any particular school he seems, to my mind, to reconcile two opposing ideas, the suggestive and the pictorial. His plates are certainly not too suggestive, and if they were too pictorial they would, I imagine, be more eagerly bought. They are known to and admired by all etchers, and will become better known and more appreciated as time goes on.

F. N.

FURTHER LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF LESTER G. HORNBY.

MOST readers of THE STUDIO will doubtless remember the pen and pencil work of this young

American draughtsman, for numerous examples of it have already appeared in our pages. Since he came over from Boston a year or two ago his pencil has been busily employed in noting places of interest in England and elsewhere.

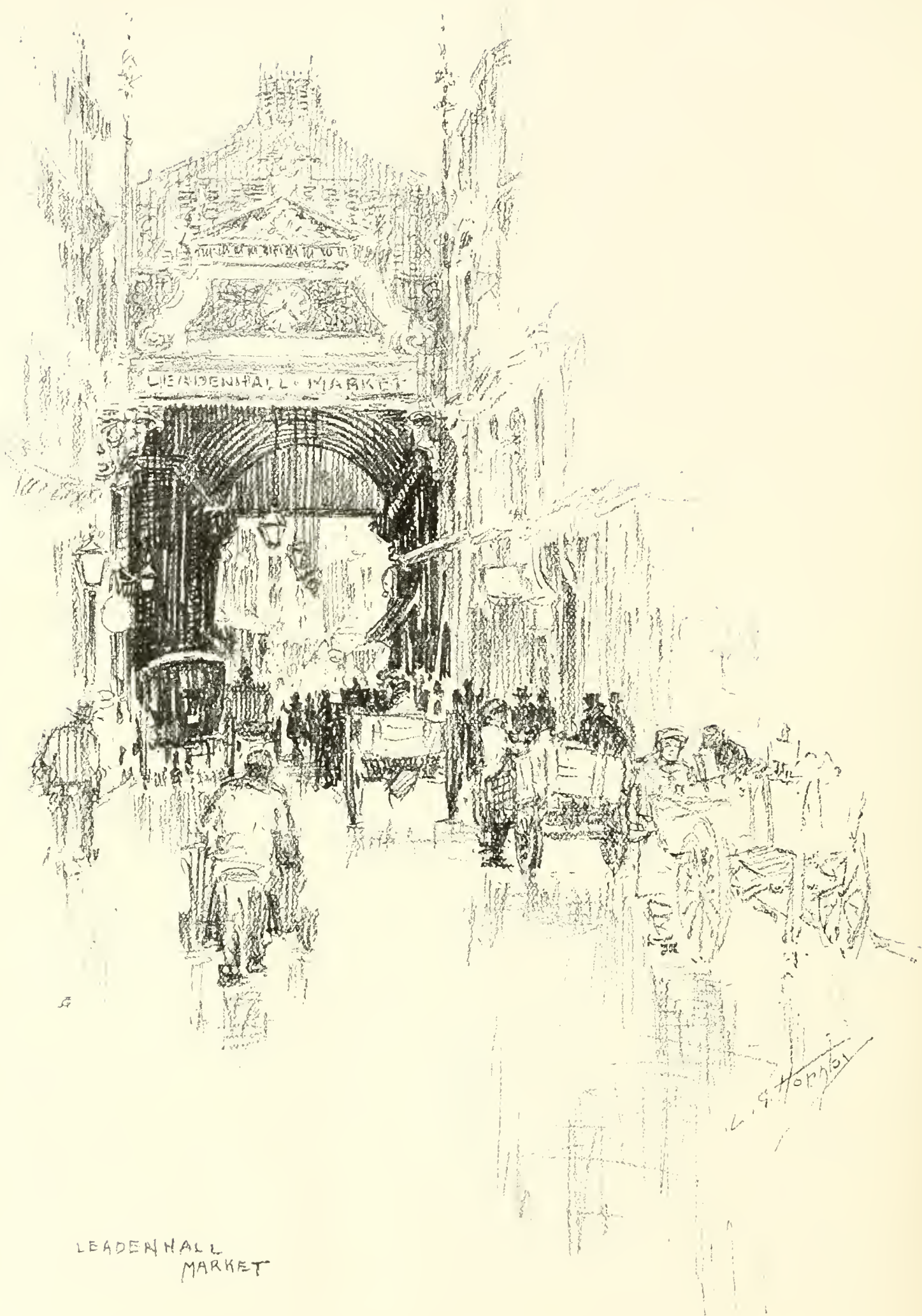
Mr. Hornby's drawings show appreciation of the properties of lead pencil. He selects his point of view and emphasises certain portions of his drawings with the skill of one accustomed to look at things to impressionistic ends. He understands the character of the things he draws; for instance, in the sketch of *Blackwall Reach*, a knowledge is shown of shipping craft, which gives meaning to the necessary simplification in a scene of much detail. In their character generally these drawings are matter of fact and precise, whilst still suggestive of the movement of London street and wharf scenes. The artist is apparently not limited in his range of subject, and by varying his method of using the pencil he avoids a monotony which is often common in this class of work.



"A Chester Street"



*"Old Buildings at Chester"
From the pencil drawing by
Lester G. Hornby*

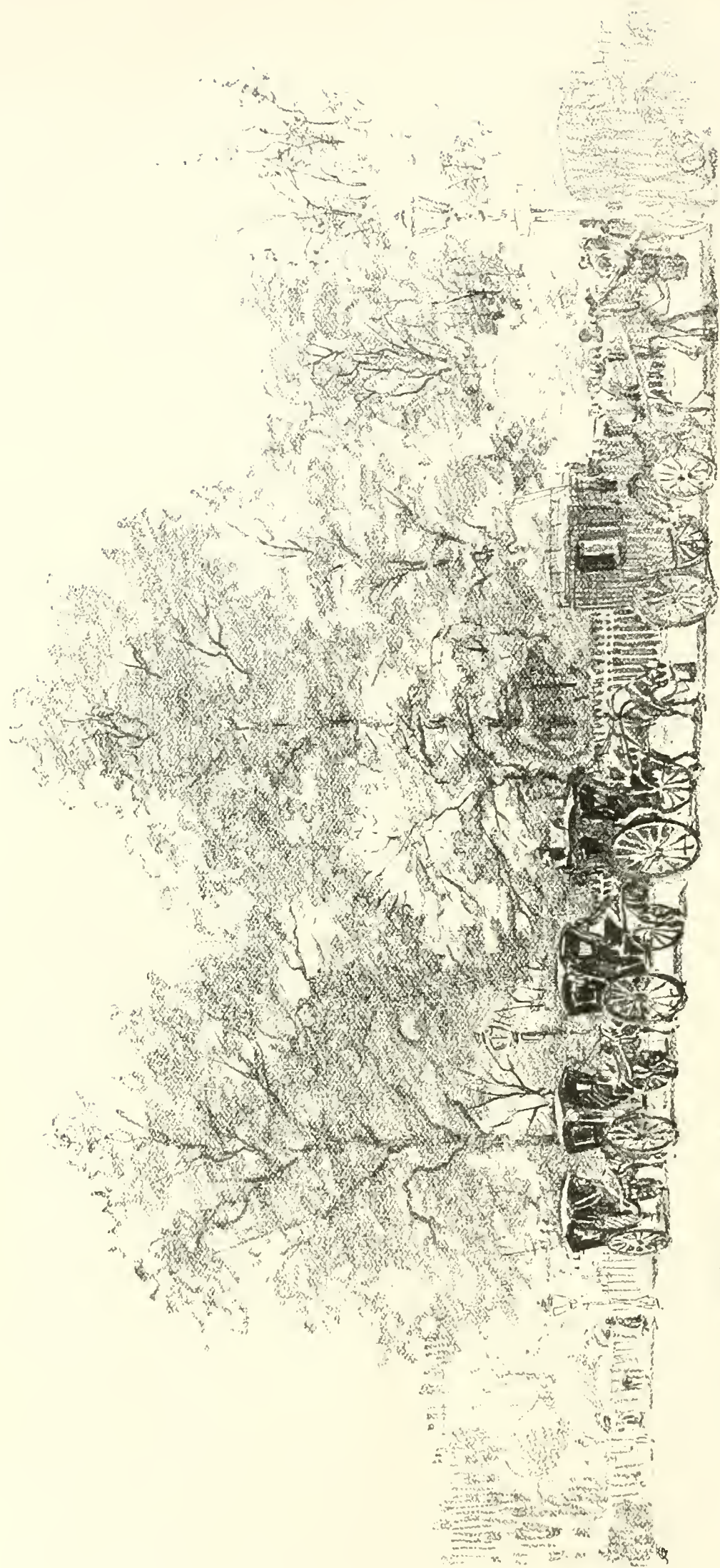


LEADENHALL
MARKET

"Leadenhall Market in the City of
London." From the pencil drawing
by Lester G. Hornby

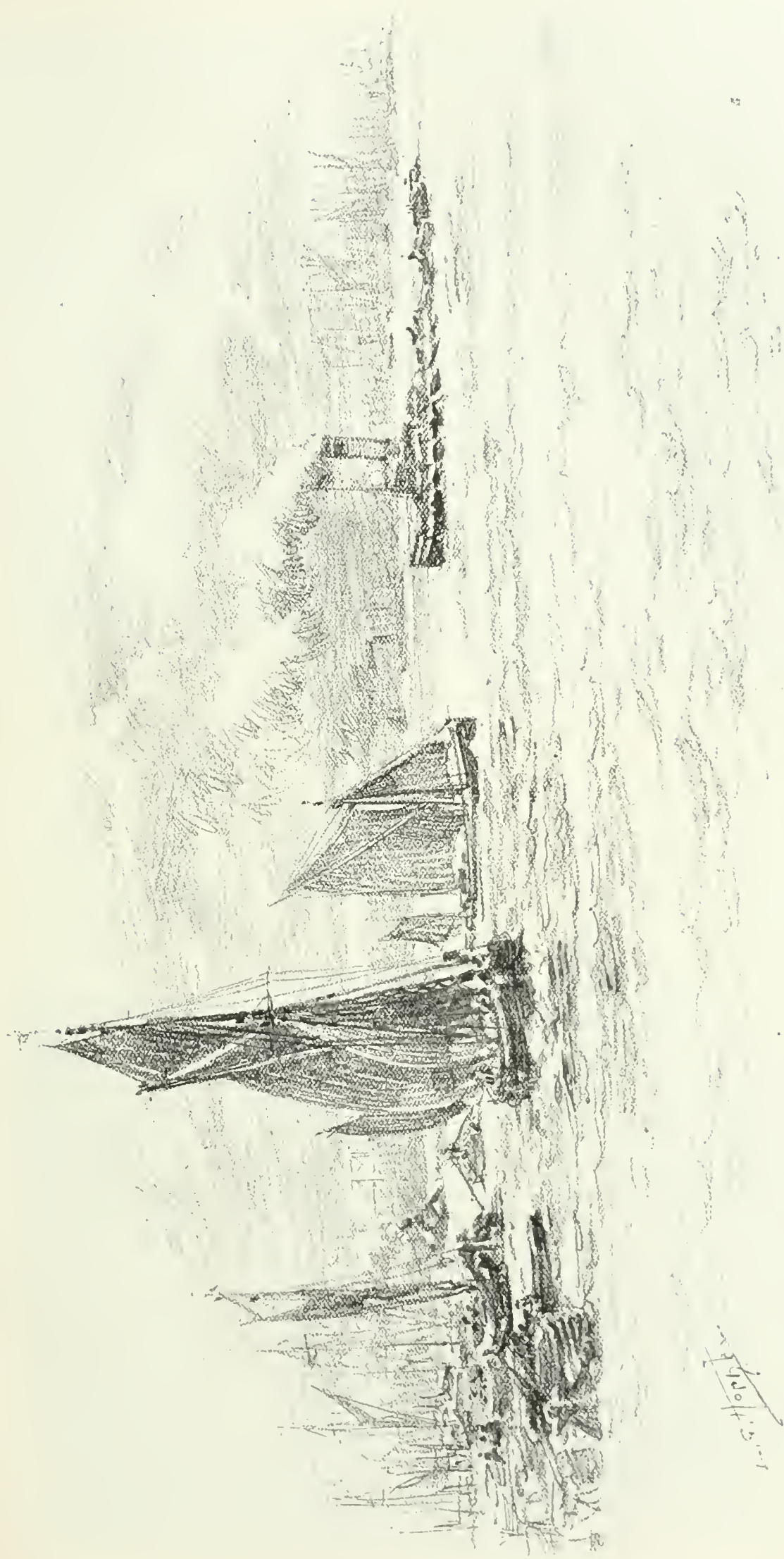


"St. Martin's le Grana in the City of London." From the pencil drawing by Lester G. Hornby



IN RUSSELL SQUARE

"The Cab Rank, Russell Square,
London." From the pencil drawing
by Lester G. Hornby



BLACKWALL REACH

"The Thames, Blackwall Reach"
from the pencil drawing by
Lester G. Hornby



MR. L. C. TIFFANY'S HOUSE FROM THE HANGING GARDEN

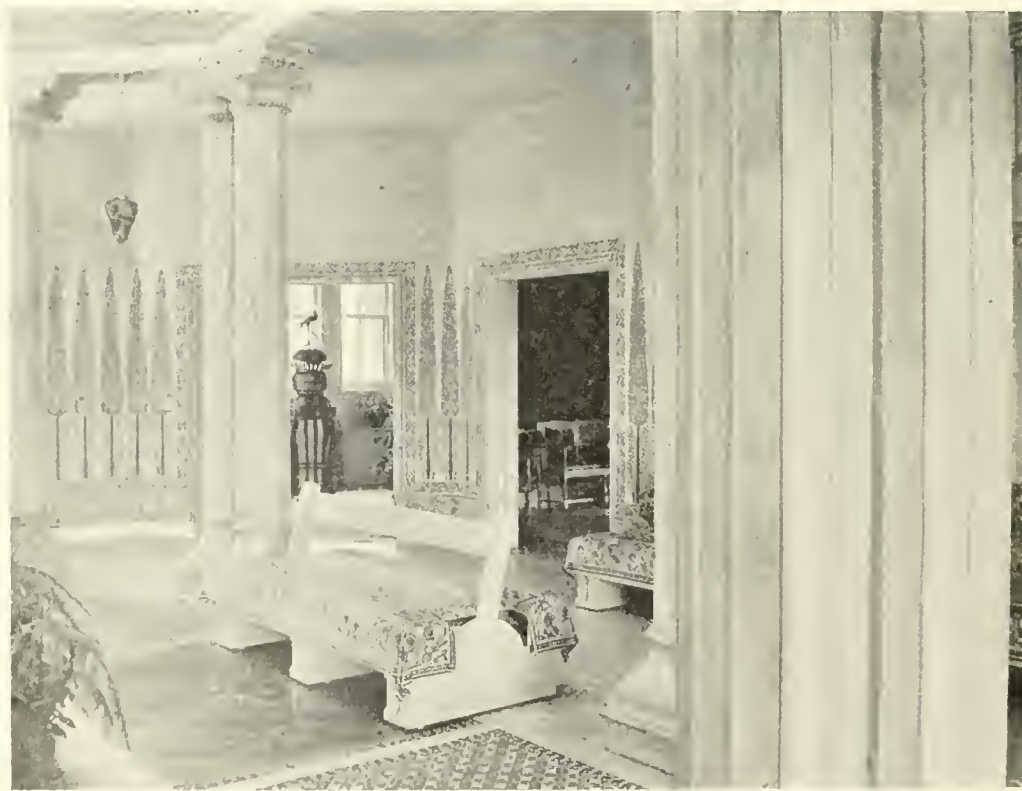
AN AMERICAN COUNTRY HOUSE. BY SAMUEL HOWE.

As in his designs for mosaic or for enamel or for glass, or indeed for any decorative problem, Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, of New York, thinks for himself in matters architectural. As a painter he has gone to nature in studying how to build and to enrich his house and grounds out on Long Island, at Cold Spring Harbour. The skilful subtlety of his expression reveals a sensitive and a sympathetic personality. It is to be seen here in the selection of his materials, which are generally of the commonest description and at the service of any of us. It is seen, too, in the direct and remarkable use he makes of them, and the manner in which he rele-

gates a plant or a flower to a place usually held by ornament of architectural significance, and again in the frequent refusal to be controlled by the harsh rule and iron despotism of classic precedent. He often sweeps away academic adornment as mere swaddling-clothes, and lets the building stand free of added trimmings, trusting to proportion and to line to make it interesting as a whole. In the adroit handling of his materials he has so adjusted the accent as to retain a proper relation between the ornamental parts, and in this way preserves the sanctifying influence of plain surfaces so essential to the independence, and sometimes to the very life, of each element. This he has succeeded in doing without caprice or affectation and often unconsciously.

There is an Oriental note in the house; it is to be found in the tower in the entrance, and perhaps most of all in the court. The court is the centre of everything here; from it the main rooms, the terrace, and the hanging garden radiate. Yes, the court is very beautiful! And yet with all its grandeur, its large white

pillars backed with quaint arabesques of pine-trees, its marble pavements, its costly rugs and velvets, its balconies, and its purple awning hanging high suspended from the roof, it is to the fountain, half-hidden by plants and flowers of charming



INSIDE THE COURT OF MR. L. C. TIFFANY'S HOUSE

An American Country House



MR. L. C. TIFFANY'S HOUSE AT COLD SPRING HARBOUR, LONG ISLAND



THE HANGING GARDEN AT MR. L. C. TIFFANY'S HOUSE



DINING ROOM FIREPLACE IN MR. L. C. TIFFANY'S HOUSE

colour, that we naturally turn as we enter. The fountain is a vase of clear glass standing free in an octagonal tank of marble. By some hidden means the water enters at the bottom of the vase and overflows at the top, passing thence by a shallow channel of marble out on to the terrace.

The house stands on a foundation wall of concrete, which comes up to the height of the sill of the main windows, and is very wide and massive. The superstructure—of stucco on a frame of wood—sets back, leaving a wide ledge on the top of the concrete. This forms a continuous base to the upper part of the house, and is so adjusted that as it runs round it intersects with the terrace-walls and the hanging garden, tying all together. A copper trough counter-sunk into the ledge contains soil for plants. The roof of the house is of copper, which, by means of acid, is turned a beautiful bluish-green. The general tone of the walls is cool grey.

The native woods of chestnut, tulip oak, sassafras, and cedar are thick in places with the wild azalea, the mountain laurel, the honeysuckle, the trailing arbutus, and the yellow violet. They flourish. And their superb lace-like shadows tone the rough sand finish of

the walls. Some of the cedars are seventy feet high.

The general tone of the living-room is grey-green; and the ingle-nook reaches half-way across the room. The fire is literally on the hearth, without recess or jambs to bewilder the smoke from the logs burning upon it. The dining-room is a study of blue and rose, its walls being covered with plain coloured canvas, relieved only by a frieze in white and silver-grey.

The house is interesting as one of the first to be erected since the newly awakened sense of decency in country house building. It illustrates the value of local possibilities, and shows

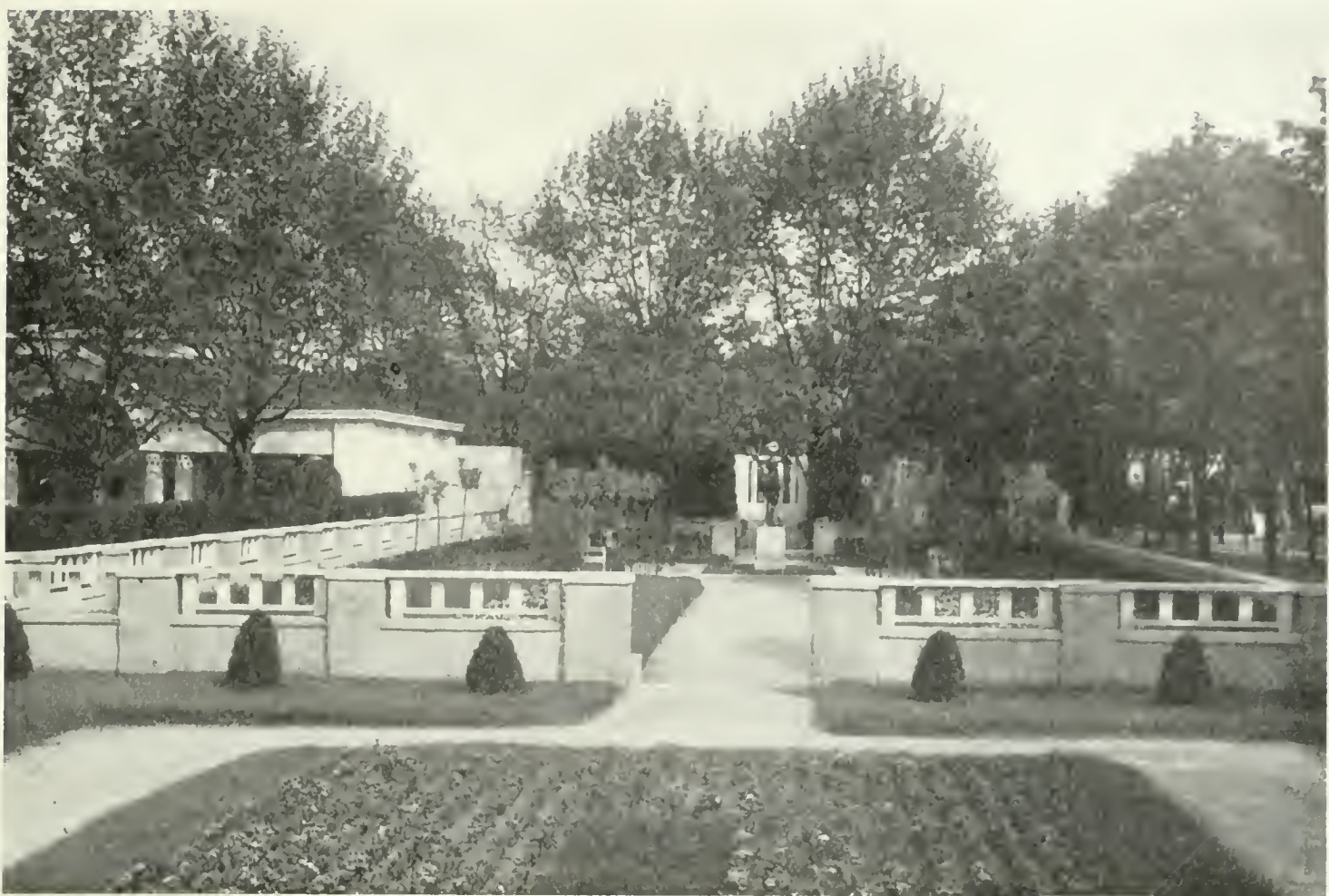
that progress is not always to be made by the adaptation of the good things from across the sea.

S. H.



LIVING ROOM AND INGLE-NOOK IN MR. L. C. TIFFANY'S HOUSE

Prof. Läger's Gardens at Mannheim



GARDEN AT MANNHEIM EXHIBITION

DESIGNED BY PROF. MAX LÄUGER

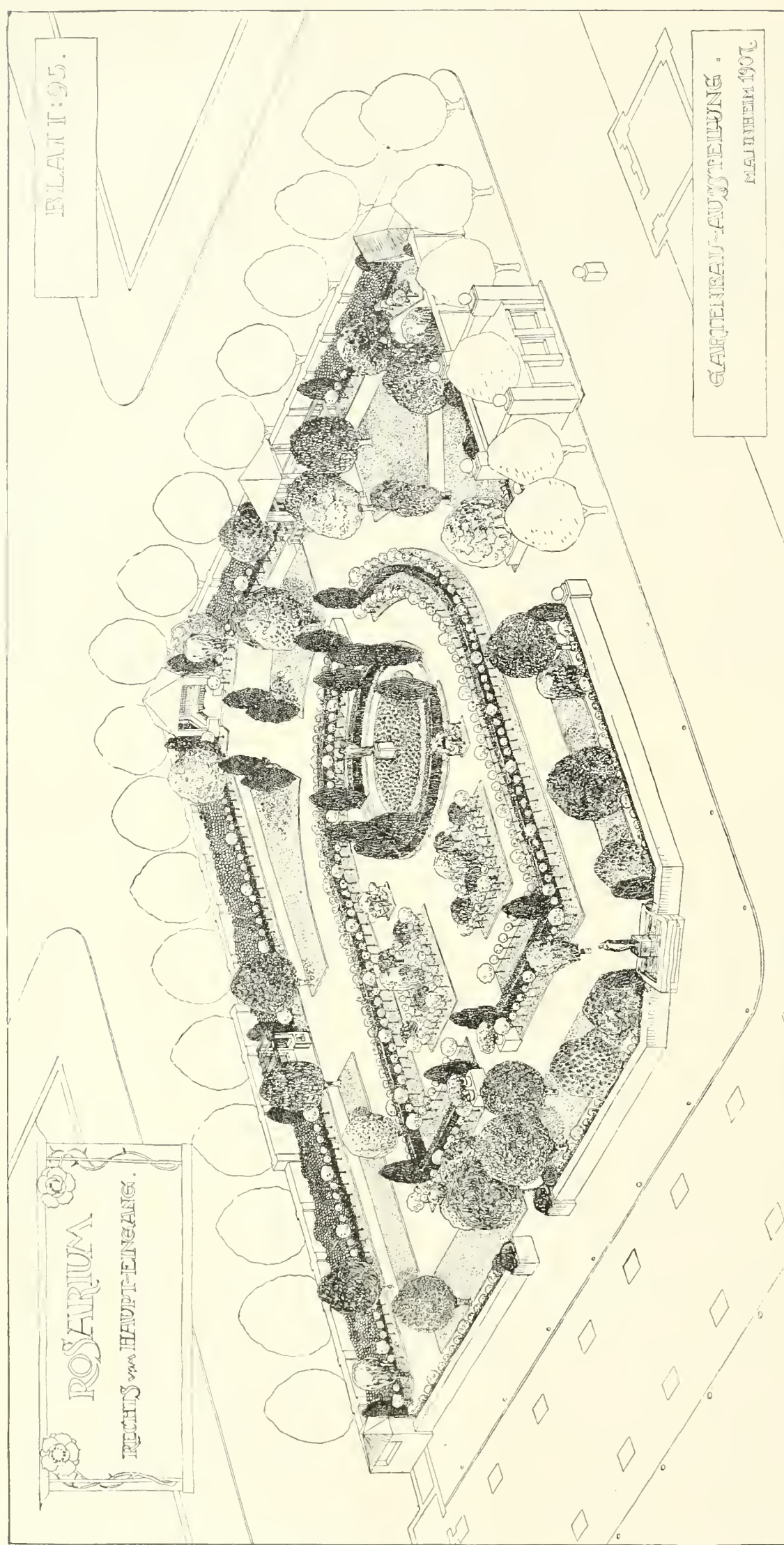
PROFESSOR LÄUGER'S GARDENS AT MANNHEIM.

A STRANGE fact in connection with the modern movement in German arts and crafts is that it has been brought about by rank outsiders, who so far from receiving the support of those engaged in the various trades, have encountered, and still encounter, the strongest opposition from those quarters. If we are able now to speak of German "Kunstgewerbe," we owe it entirely to a small group of sculptors and painters who perceived what the need of our age was, and with the impetuous enthusiasm of youthful world-reformers took the field against deceptions and senseless imitations of all kinds.

And now after the lapse of a few years the same thing is taking place in regard to garden design, and here, too, it is the painters and architects who demand an abandonment of the usages hitherto in vogue and call for an arrangement of the garden at once more rational and in accordance with the spirit of the times. Again, too, are the reformers vigorously assailed by the professional specialists as presumptuous, officious disturbers of the peace. The average gardener of the present day does, indeed, claim to be "modern" and to go with the times when he plans his much-loved carpet flower-

beds in "Jugend-Stil," and, instead of repeating once more the eternal star pattern, allows the notorious "Belgian line" to disturb the wonted orderliness of his beds. But it never enters his head that this sort of thing only proves how irrational and incapable of understanding the deeper meaning of the movement he is when he sets himself against these endeavours to put an end to unnatural, ridiculous imitation. He swears by the naturalistic garden. How ludicrous is the idea of trying to imitate an endless stretch of landscape in a small confined space does not occur to him, and the contention that house and garden should be treated as parts of a coherent whole seems to him absurd. Often indeed it looks very much as though the gardener, with his tortuous paths running this way and that way, had taken pains to avoid contact with the house wherever possible, as if wishing to proclaim that house and garden are separate and distinct. That the peculiarities of the site may call for study, and that the form of the garden may depend on the position of the house to which it is an adjunct—such obvious considerations as these he fails to grasp, and that is why he rises up in arms against those who wish to bring about a change.

In years gone by the early pioneers in the arts and crafts, after overcoming untold difficulties, had



ROSE GARDEN AT MANNHEIM EXHIBITION
DESIGNED BY PROF. MAX LÄUGER

Prof. Luger's Gardens at Mannheim

perforce to demonstrate their aims and powers at exhibitions, to which they were only grudgingly admitted, for no opportunities for practical work were open to them. It is the same with the garden architect who pursues the new aims. In order to demonstrate his ideas he has to rely on exhibitions. But all exhibition gardens, such as those we have seen at Dresden, Dusseldorf, Oldenburg, Darmstadt, and quite recently on a large scale at Mannheim, have their weak side. What they lack is the house, and with it the possibility of proving in the most convincing way that house and garden together form an organic unity, which is the point of chief significance. The artists who undertake the laying-out of exhibition gardens must therefore at the outset confine themselves to showing what the possibilities are of so blending the architectural features with the botanical and plastic decorations as to make a properly co-ordinated, harmonious whole, and to giving suggestions and hints.

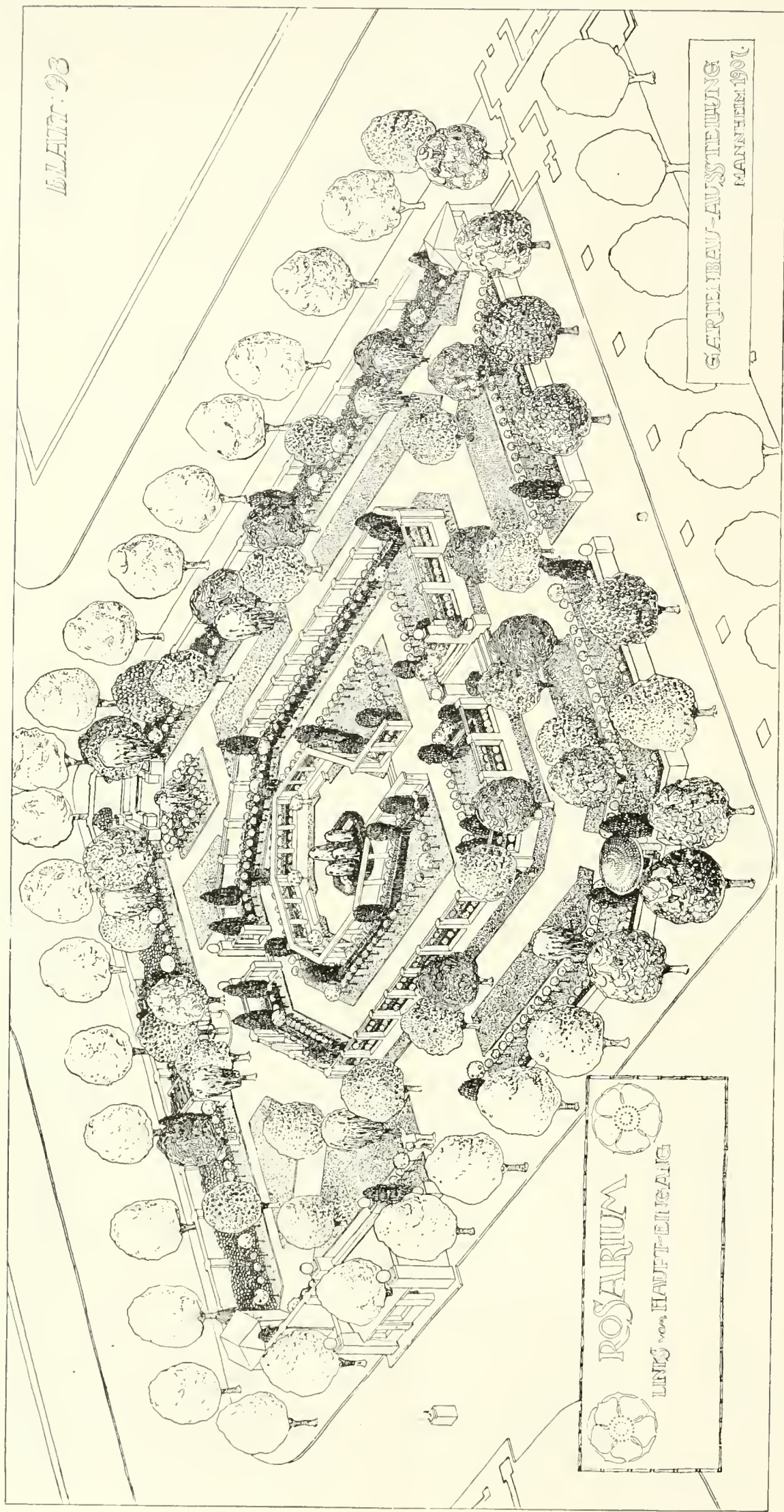
Thus it was with Prof. Max Luger at the recent Horticultural Exhibition at Mannheim. In a series of fifteen gardens, each independent of the others, he proved anew that the fantasy of the creative artist may disclose numberless possibilities undreamt of

by the professional gardener with all his wisdom. These fifteen separate gardens enabled him to create a series of pictures capable of multitudinous variations and to effectively carry out a diversity of ideas. Thus, in one case (page 302), certain kinds of trees, such as birches, silver poplars and maple-trees, were disposed in groups on grassy plots in such a way as to emphasize their characteristic growth and coloration; in another he selected a single colour for the entire garden, achieving a harmonious gradation of tone by a shrewd selection of flowers; in yet another, animation was imparted to broad stretches of grass by beds of gaily-coloured flowers; but in all cases he studiously avoided everything trivial and fantastic, and aimed to produce the quiet, restful effects incidental to broad expanses. Thus he divided the garden where the huge bronze figure of an elk forms the crowning feature, into two equal-sized grass plots embracing a flower-carpet of varied hues. Rows of maples were planted leading to the figure, while encircling it was a line of shrubs or flowering under-shrubs, the whole being surrounded by a massive wall, interrupted only by the trellis intended for climbing plants. What could be simpler?



BATH-HOUSE, MANNHEIM EXHIBITION

DESIGNED BY PROF. MAX LUGER



ROSE GARDEN AT MANNHEIM EXHIBITION
DESIGNED BY PROF. MAX LÄGER



BATH-HOUSE, MANNHEIM EXHIBITION

DESIGNED BY PROF. MAX LÄUGER

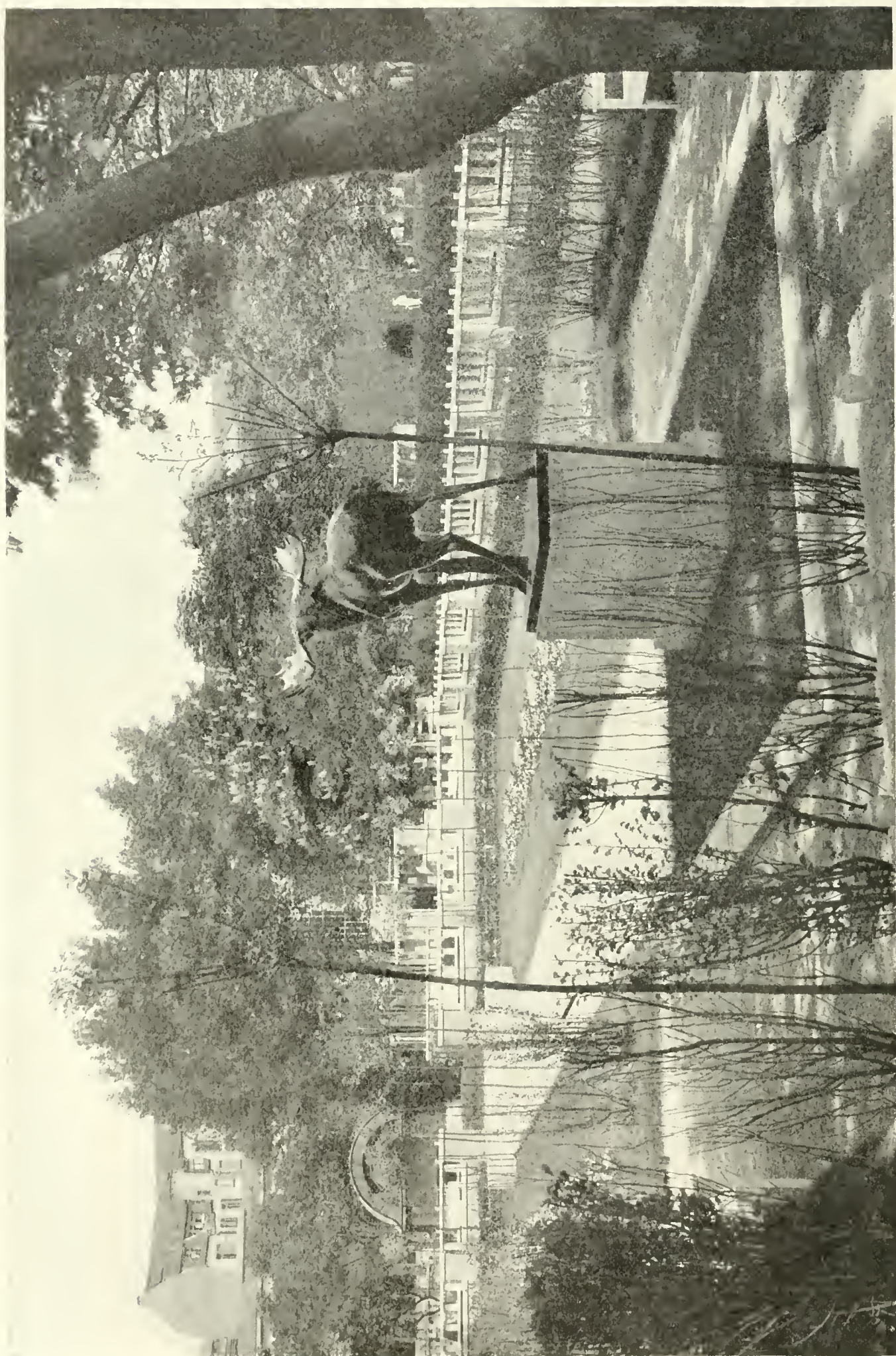
The bath-house (see above and p. 299) formed the central point of the entire scheme. The idea of the architect was to provide the possessor with the amenities of open-air bathing combined with the æsthetic gratification afforded by the garden environment. In addition to a domed apartment which serves as a bath-room, the house contains a comfortably equipped dressing-room and a pleasant sitting-room. Communication with the outside bath, which is a rectangular basin without covering, is through a forecourt, the columns of which, like the entrance-lobby, are decorated with brightly-coloured Läger tiles.

The two rose-gardens which Professor Läger designed for the exhibition (see pp. 298, 300) were additional to the fifteen above mentioned, and were intended less as adjuncts to a dwelling-house than as independent ornamental gardens. In that to the left of the main entrance (p. 300) the effect, as carried out, in spite of the almost perplexing display of architectural accessories, is much more subdued than would appear from the drawing. This result was reached by varying

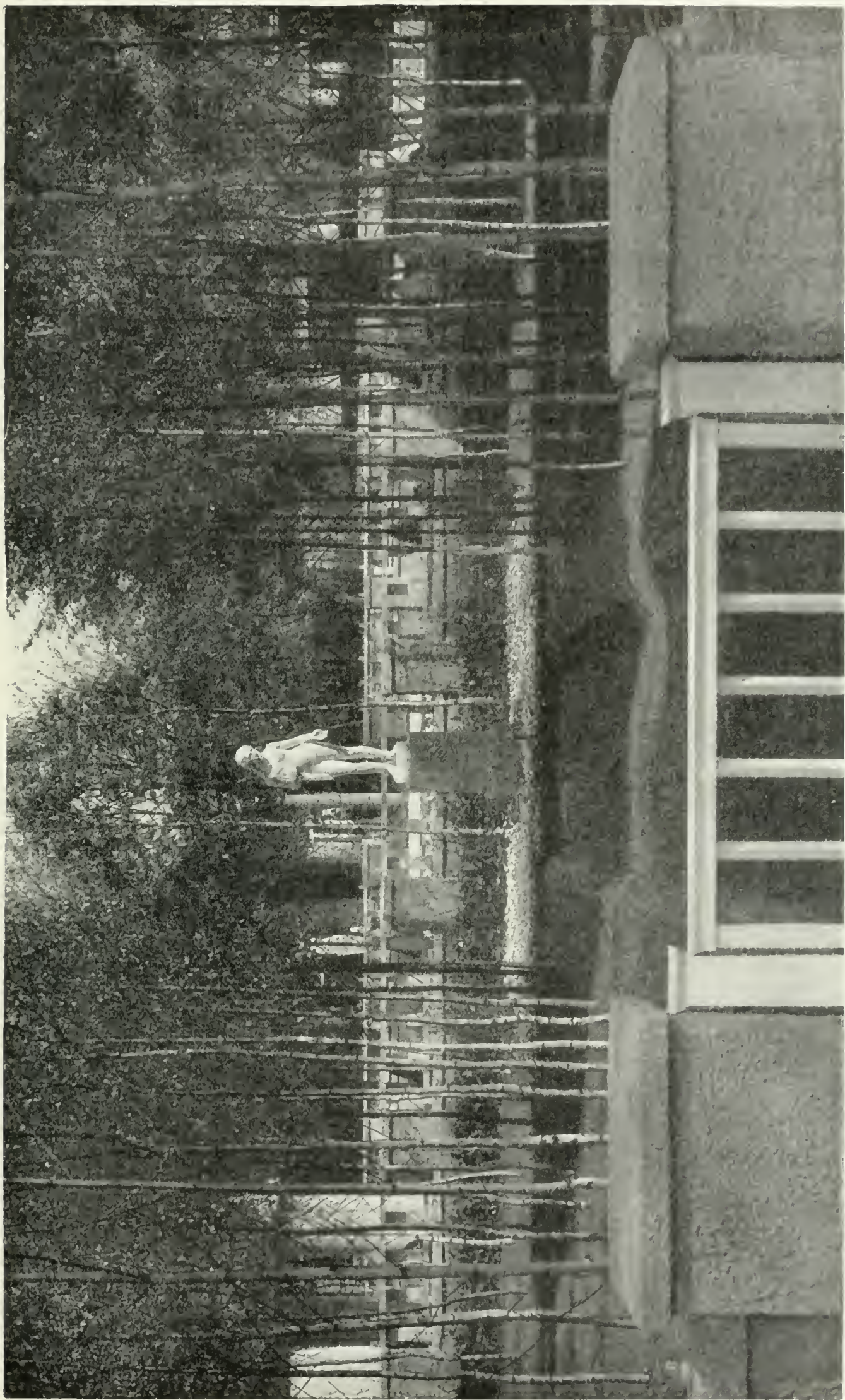
the level of the ground in different parts of the garden, in consequence of which they appeared to be more sharply divided than if they had been of uniform level. Thus the innermost portion with the fountain was on the same level as the peripheral sections, while surrounding the innermost portion the ground was raised so as to form a terrace from which the whole of the garden could be surveyed.

Professor Läger has without doubt provided a fruitful source of suggestion in these Mannheim gardens. But the problem of artistic garden-planning, as it presents itself at the present day, cannot be entirely solved by exhibition gardens. The garden which is to conform to the conditions of life nowadays cannot be moulded on the formal French garden of the 17th and 18th centuries, nor must it follow the garden of the so-called Biedermeyer period, with its flavour of sentimentalism, however much may be learned from them both. The condition which the modern garden has before all to fulfil is that of a pleasant out-of-door habitation, and the needs of everyday life must determine its development.

L. DEUBNER.



GARDEN AT MANNHEIM EXHIBITION
DESIGNED BY PROF. MAX LÄUGER



GARDEN AT MANNHEIM EXHIBITION
DESIGNED BY PROF. MAX LÄUGER

ON STENCIL CUTTING: AN OPEN LETTER FROM MR. NORMAN GARSTIN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—When I accepted your invitation to write something on the subject of my stencils I had hardly realised how difficult it is to speak of one's own work without falling into the bad taste of a seeming egotism, or the absurdity of an affected modesty, more particularly when the matter was one of such small importance as these few essays of mine represent. Still, as you persist that you would like me to say my say in the matter, I will try and steer as simple a course as I can, but first I wish to explain that these examples of mine are only Christmas cards designed with the double motive of pleasing myself with an excursion into (to me) a new technique, and my friends with a little memento of good fellowship with which to mark the calendar of our years. In this way you came to have them, and if your friendship has warped your judgment it is not the first time such a thing has chanced in the history of art.

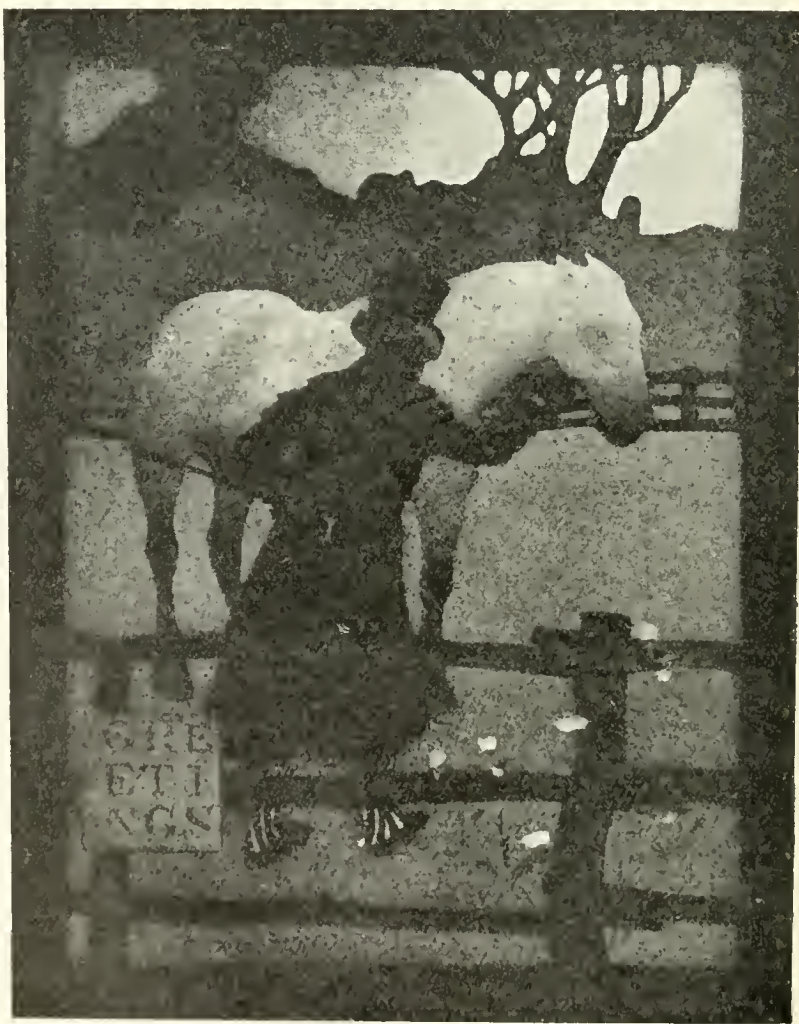
You ask me to say how I do them. This reminds me of the Irishman who on being asked how a cannon was made said, "Oh, ye jist take a hole and pour iron round it." Substitute colour for iron and you have the stencil, but in both cases it is the hole wherein lies the difficulty. The cutting of stencils is an art that can be carried to almost any degree of delicacy, from the lettering on a packing-case to the delightful pictures which you published this summer by Herr Jungnickl, which seemed to possess all the qualities of admirable draughtsmanship with a depth and mystery that raised emotions untouched by the most intricate and beautiful pattern-work of the Japanese—those past masters in the art.

It is this possibility of producing something pictorial and not merely designs, admirable though they be, that seems to me a delightful and somewhat unexplored region in the very closely populated art world. The stencil as a means of producing and multiplying your work has much to be said for it. The apparatus is so simple,—a knife and a few brushes (flat topped) is about all one wants for the old-fashioned methods—but with the air-brush or the syringe of Herr Jungnickl's method, a little more complication results.

But the mental and artistic discipline which

the stencil entails is even more valuable—it is the most severe and exacting master of simplicity. It teaches one how to sweep away all that is trivial and unnecessary; it shows one the value of broad, flat tones combined with accurate drawing, and proves conclusively the vital importance of composition. Then its power in helping us to a good selection of colour is a distinct point because, having the drawing fixed, one can experiment until one arrives at a harmonious combination. That it is extremely delicate and difficult, and requires patience and neatness of handicraft, is also in its favour, for it is certainly not an artistic short cut, and is not likely to be vulgarised by a host of cheap performers. To anyone who is so uninformed as to the procedure of stencilling that my advice might be of service, I offer these few remarks.

Having chosen some simple decorative design you must, if you wish to work it in several colours, think out the various plates, the greatest care being necessary to avoid the ever-present difficulty of stencil-making, which is of the same nature as that which meets one when trying to cut out the letter O. The centre drops out and ingenuity must be exercised so as to retain essentials without the clumsy device of unmeaning straps. Care must



STENCIL CHRISTMAS CARD

BY NORMAN GARSTIN



STENCIL CHRISTMAS CARD

BY NORMAN GARSTIN

also be taken to avoid loose and disconnected parts, which will rip up and break off when the brushwork begins. A good design is tied together by the very parts that render it beautiful in composition. In using several plates of course the greatest care must be taken to make them coincide, but experience will show that, even when they are exact in edge, the brushwork either leaves an interval or else overlaps; therefore for this some allowance must be made.

In stencil-cutting I use tough drawing-paper, lay it on glass, and cut with a sharp-pointed knife, reinforce weak, delicate parts, and paint it with knotting or some such varnish to further strengthen it. This necessity for strength of course vanishes if you use the air-brush or the syringe recommended by Herr Jungnickl; but for brushwork—and the brush has its charm as well as its faults—it is necessary to have plates of some power of resistance. I generally use oil colour as being more manageable than water colour; but it must be used very sparingly, rubbing steadily until the colour gently stains the paper; this leaves a very delicate edge, and it is possible to graduate your tones to any extent. I confess I have no experience of the

air-brush, which must give very delicate results: but the end will justify the means, and in art all means are good, because they help us to variety.

Stencil-making requires a great deal of forethought, particularly with several plates, and a very nice precision in fitting these together. In a word, to make a good stencil, one wants, besides a pen-knife and a brush, prevision and precision, some invention, and a lot of patience. If you succeed, you have produced a work of art which you can multiply at will, but which, nevertheless, need never become common; for each example is a separate creation of chosen colour and tone, and will contain variations in proportion to your personality; and this variation due to temperament is of the essence of art, and should make the collecting of stencils also an art requiring more than usual connoisseurship.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

NORMAN GARSTIN.
Penzance.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The Annual Exhibition of Arts and Crafts at the Baillie Gallery, held just before Christmas, has never been of a higher standard. The Voysey room, devoted entirely to work carried out from designs by Mr. C. F. Voysey, and the beautiful display of Martin-ware made the exhibition particularly rich in decorative work of distinction. A room of drawings by Miss Pamela Colman Smith re-introduced that artist in a new phase, or rather the further development of a recent phase. Her music pictures, which are drawn under the influence of music, in concert rooms and at other times, have the qualities of mystery and rhythm which are derived from this rare source. A set of twelve etchings by Mr. Gordon Craig, on view in these galleries, were confined to plates suggesting highly imaginative scenes which he hopes to re-create with the illusion of stage-craft in the modern theatre. Meanwhile we are glad to see these plans preserved thus by plates which in themselves are of great artistic value.

Foreign water-colourists are not slow to admit that their art originated and has found its greatest exponents in English hands, but there are few who so fervently and continuously worship the memory and the work of De Wint and David Cox as Signor Onorato Carlandi. Signor Carlandi combines the practice of teaching with that of painting, and to meet the wishes of pupils who could not undertake a journey to Rome, he held a class in Wales last summer, selecting as his headquarters Bettws-y-Coed, so closely associated with Cox. No region in the whole of the British Isles produces such a wealth of subject, with such an infinity and variety of detail, whether of earth, air, or water: the skies a profusion of clouds, the heights everywhere presenting range beyond range of hills, the valleys a mass of luxuriant foliage, and the streams a rockstrewn patchwork. Great were the difficulties presented to the students, but they gave the master just the opportunity required to enforce the teachings of his English forerunners in water-colour art, and the text he again and again preached from was: *La plus grande vertu de l'artiste c'est le sacrifice*. Signor Carlandi is an impressionist, but only in the sense that De Wint and

Cox were in including in a picture only sufficient form, composition and colour as are necessary for a satisfying *mise-en-scène*. Carlandi demands that all these must be completed before Nature—by the tyro because of his ignorance away from it, by the professional because with his knowledge there is ample time in which to do so. But everyone is not such a rapid or audacious draftsman as he, and few there are who could produce such a *tour de force* in a short day's work as the *Moel Siabod*, which we illustrate, and which is a water-colour with a base line of over thirty inches. This, with other pictures resulting from the sojourn in Wales, was recently on view at the Fine Art Society's Galleries.

The last exhibition of the United Arts Club at the Grafton Gallery was a particularly successful one, calling attention to the amount of talent that is comprised in the club's membership, besides that displayed in the work of such well-known members as Messrs. John Lavery, S. J. Solomon, R.A., Alfred East, R.A., Walter Crane, T. Austen Brown, T. F. M. Sheard, F. Spenlove-Spenlove, Arthur Rackham, E. Borough Johnson, all of



"MOEL SIABOD FROM LYN ELSI"

BY ONORATO CARLANDI

Studio-Talk

which were made by Mr. Richard Garbe in some statuettes, also by Miss Gwendolen Williams, Mrs. Jackson Clarke and Miss E. A. C. Bower in a set of medallions.

The water-colour drawing of *St. Martin's Bridge, Toledo*, by Mr. H. C. Brewer, was one of a most interesting collection which he exhibited a few months ago at the Fine Art Society's Galleries under the title of "The Cities of Spain." A long training in architectural drawing, combined with a mature feeling for colour and atmospheric effects, gives to Mr. Brewer's work an interest which is more than topographical.

The water-colours of Mr. and Mrs. Young Hunter at the Fine Art Society were notable on account of the novelty of the composition in many of the pictures and the distinctive features of the colouring, though just here and there perhaps a note of colour seemed falsely struck or artificial. These painters have cultivated a habit of treating their subjects in a style in which both seem equally at home, and they share an original and partly decorative way of sketching which, whilst making their results much alike, is not to be identified with



"THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN, LYN IDWAL"
BY ONORATO CARLANDI

whom were represented, and Mr. J. Crawhall's art by some colour prints. Lady members who contributed pictures particularly deserving of note were Mrs. Borough Johnson, Mrs. Arnesby Brown, Mrs. Dorothy Osborn, Mrs. M. Young Hunter, Mrs. Julia Creamer, Mme. Canziani, and the Misses A. L. Rankin, L. Defries, May Furness, and Flora Lion. There was an interesting display of jewellery by Mr. Paul J. Cooper, many attractive miniatures by various members, and some sculpture, noticeable contributions to



"ST. MARTIN'S BRIDGE, TOLEDO"

BY H. C. BREWER

any one else's work of to-day. The exhibition was unique and attractive in character.

At the Bedford College for Women Mr. George Thomson brought together in December a loan collection of some sixty water-colours, including two remarkable examples of Cotman's art, work by David Cox, Harpignies, Whistler, Brabazon, Conder, Bauer, Sickert and other modern water-colourists of distinction. We were glad to see his own fine work in the medium not unrepresented.

Mr. W. Alison Martin, whose first "one-man show" was recently held at the Baillie Gallery in Baker Street, is one of the youngest members of the Liverpool Academy. In 1900 he won the gold medal for drawing at the Liverpool School of Art and a travelling scholarship with which he went to Paris and studied under Bouguereau, Ferrier, and René Prinet. After visiting Italy Mr. Martin returned to England, where in 1902 he exhibited at the Royal Academy a large bacchanal entitled *Evoc!*, and continued his studies under Mr. A. E. John at Liverpool. From his exhibition at the Baillie Gallery we reproduce

The Pearl Gatherers, an excellent example of this young painter's powerful rendering of form and poetic treatment of the nude.

Appreciators of the higher forms of decorative art always turn with confidence and pleasure to the productions of Mr. R. Anning Bell. We give as a supplement this month a reproduction of a panel in coloured plaster by him which was recently on view at the Fine Art Society's. Mr. Anning Bell has at times expressed himself through this medium with much beauty of result and with great advantage in interior architecture.

More than one gallery has of late been showing the coloured etchings of the modern French School. A large collection of these were exhibited last month at the Doré Gallery by Messrs. Georges Petit, who have placed some very successful prints on the market. These prints bring within the reach of people with the slenderest purse a form of art which is the closest approach to original work. One may perhaps say that there has never been placed before the public so cheap a form of good art. One has but to remember the vogue of the



"THE PEARL GATHERERS"

(In the Collection of Alfred Earl, Esq.)

BY ALISON MARTIN



"MOTHER AND CHILDREN."
FROM THE PLASTER PANEL BY
R. ANNING BELL."



ENAMEL PANEL

BY ALEXANDER FISHER

the unusual dignity of his design, have placed their own stamp upon his work among that of contemporary artist craftsmen. The two works reproduced on this page, the overmantel and the design for a shrine in silver, gold and ivory, are recent products of his studio.

The December exhibitions at the Leicester Gallery included the original drawings by Edmund Dulac for the illustrations to Mr. Laurence Housman's version of "The Arabian Nights," and one or two other pictures. The artist's wide range of colour effects created a pleasing impression. He attains

oleograph to congratulate the general public of to-day on their opportunities of commanding something of the first order for a very small sum. The prints of Fritz Thaulow have increased in value. It was his work that first familiarised the people of this country with the process.

A painter of considerable gifts is Mr. Frederick Yates, who has been showing at Mr. Van Wisselingh's Gallery a series of canvases marked with a real appreciation of nature and developed colour sense.

Mr. Alexander Fisher's work is prodigal of invention: very little time passes between the production of one important work and another. Apparently the resources of his imagination are inexhaustible; and the sincerity of his intentions,



"CHRIST ENTHRONED": MODEL OF SHRINE IN SILVER, GOLD, AND IVORY
BY ALEXANDER FISHER

beauty in no small measure in the delicate matching and contrast of one softly-coloured piece of drapery with another, and in the disposition of lines. In all these illustrations to the famous stories his women are drawn with careful regard for beauty, and it is only in the faces of the men that his treatment approaches the grotesque; but on the whole he keeps this element within the bounds appropriate to the subject.

We have had occasion more than once to refer our readers to Miss A. M. Bauerle's work as an etcher for pleasantly imaginative qualities and appreciation of childhood. The recent plate of hers called *A Casual Meeting*, which we reproduce, is an attractive specimen of her art.

Considerable progress has been made during the last year or two in colour photography. Many experimenters have been at work on different lines, and already some remarkable results have been attained. As an example of what can be done with a single plate, the accompanying reproduction of Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn's "autochrome" photograph of Miss Lillah McCarthy, the actress, will, we are sure, interest our readers, whether they have followed recent developments or not. Our reproduction is, of course, made from the transparency itself, no means having yet been found of taking a print from one of these plates.

Mr. Augustus John exhibited his drawings at the Carfax Galleries at the beginning of last month. There was considerable variety in the work brought together, but there was also evident an inequality and indecision of purpose not easily explained. But let Mr. John be as obscure as he will, and though his work is misunderstood to the full, a vitality underlying and quite independent of any shape his art may take, betrays itself in his drawings for our admiration.

Mr. Nelson Dawson has lately made somewhat of a departure in the technique of jewellery work in his treatment of enamel and gold. For his purpose he has invented an especial ground of precious metal which has given him rare results in brilliancy of colour, whilst forming a safe base for the enamel. Mr. Dawson has thus surmounted two of the greatest difficulties in the art of the goldsmith, and visitors to a recent private exhibition of his work were rewarded by seeing achievements greatly in advance of anything hitherto attempted in a similar direction.

LIVERPOOL.—Since the removal of his studio to London the periodical visits of Robert Fowler to Liverpool are welcomed as keeping him in touch with his many friends and admirers here. A choice little collection of his landscapes in oil, lately on view in the tasteful galleries of Messrs. Grindley & Palmer, were all remarkable for extreme brilliancy of illumination without loss of delicacy and refinement. It would be difficult to imagine that paint could be carried further in this one particular direction, as evidenced especially in the 22-in. by 16-in. pictures entitled *Fateful Gleams*, *Orme's Head*; *Snowdon, from Beddgelert Road—Noonday*; and *Mountain Stream—Sunny Afternoon*. Of course,



"A CASUAL MEETING" (ETCHING)

BY AMELIA M. BAUERLE



the effect is produced by extreme loading of the pigment; still one is bound to confess that the artist has lost nothing of subtlety and beauty of gradation, but has achieved a great success.

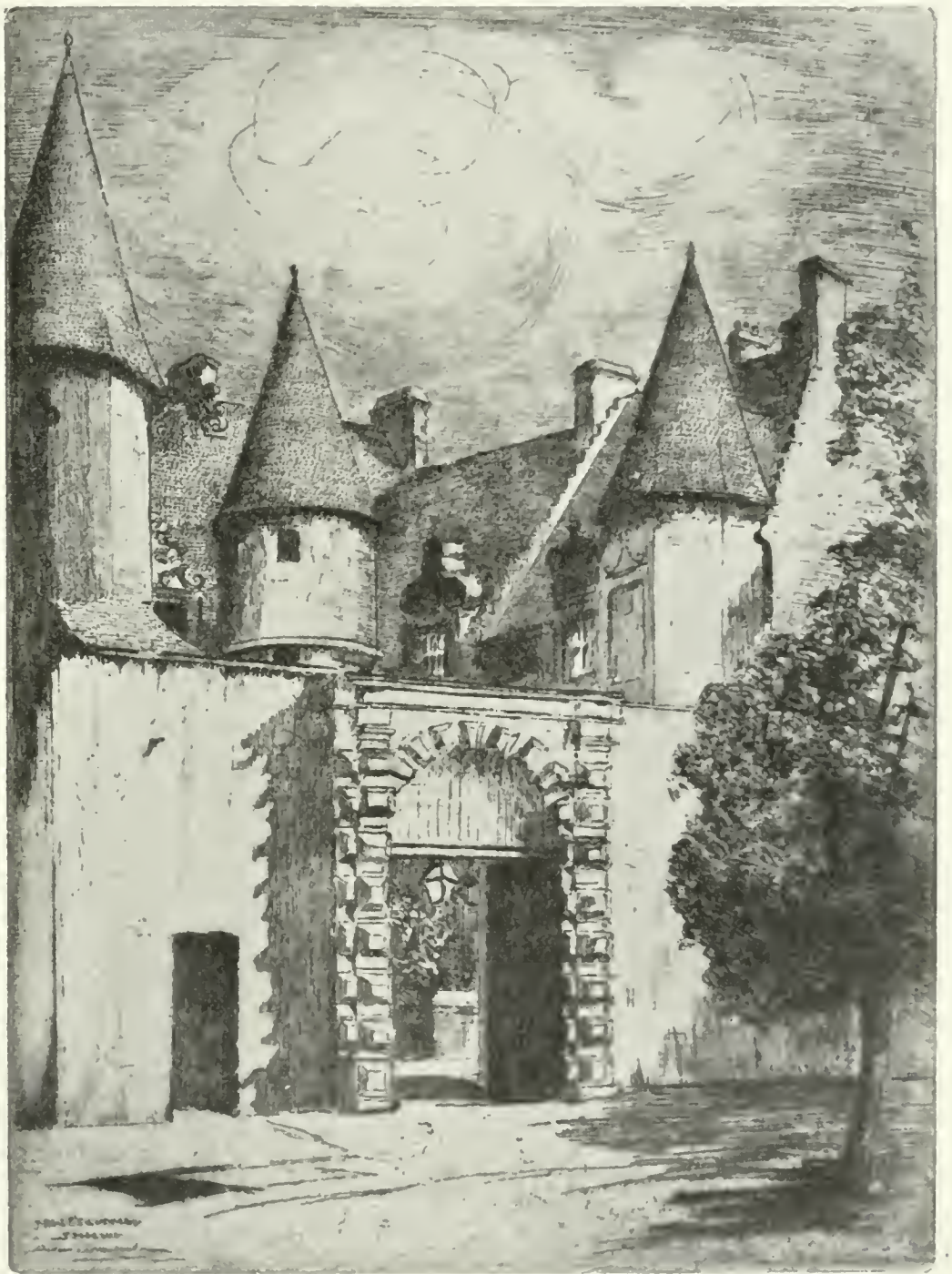
Several attractive Studio Exhibitions are to the fore at the moment of writing. Mr. Hamilton Hay's water-colour drawings, recently reproduced in Mr. Dixon Scott's book on "Liverpool," serve to inform and maintain civic interest in a manner only too rarely attempted. The drawings, vellums and embroideries of J. Herbert and Frances Macnair, exhibited at the Sandon Studios, form a unique collection of very imaginative work comprehended perhaps by comparatively few people through the subtlety of its poetic feeling and very characteristic representation.

A most interesting collection of pictures produced for illustration of books has been arranged in the large hall of the old Blue-coat school by the "Liverpool Courier," who are entitled to much praise for the first local venture of the kind. The leading designers and illustrators of the day of the most original type have contributed work of extreme interest, and the books they have embellished with their skill and fancy may be viewed alongside in the same exhibition.

H. B. B.

G L A S G O W. — At the twenty-eighth annual exhibition of work by members of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours, recently held at the Fine Art Institute, in all one hundred-and-sixty examples of the best water-colour work of the year were shown. Amongst some of the more notable contri-

butions I should mention *A Fresh Water Carrier of Toledo*, by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, a water-colour with all the robust vigour of oil: three striking contributions by Mr. James Paterson; portraits that compelled attention, by P. A. Hay; Eastern studies by R. W. Allan, R.W.S., that invited comparison with the Melville water-colours in an adjoining room; outdoor sketches by Geo. Houston, distinct in treatment from all the other pictures in the room; a gem-like representation of life at Tangier, by Hans Hansen, one of those mellow, dreamy masterpieces by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, in which the colours merge and blend into a soothing harmony that entrances; and others which helped to make the exhibition eminently successful.



"ARGYLL'S LODGING, STIRLING"

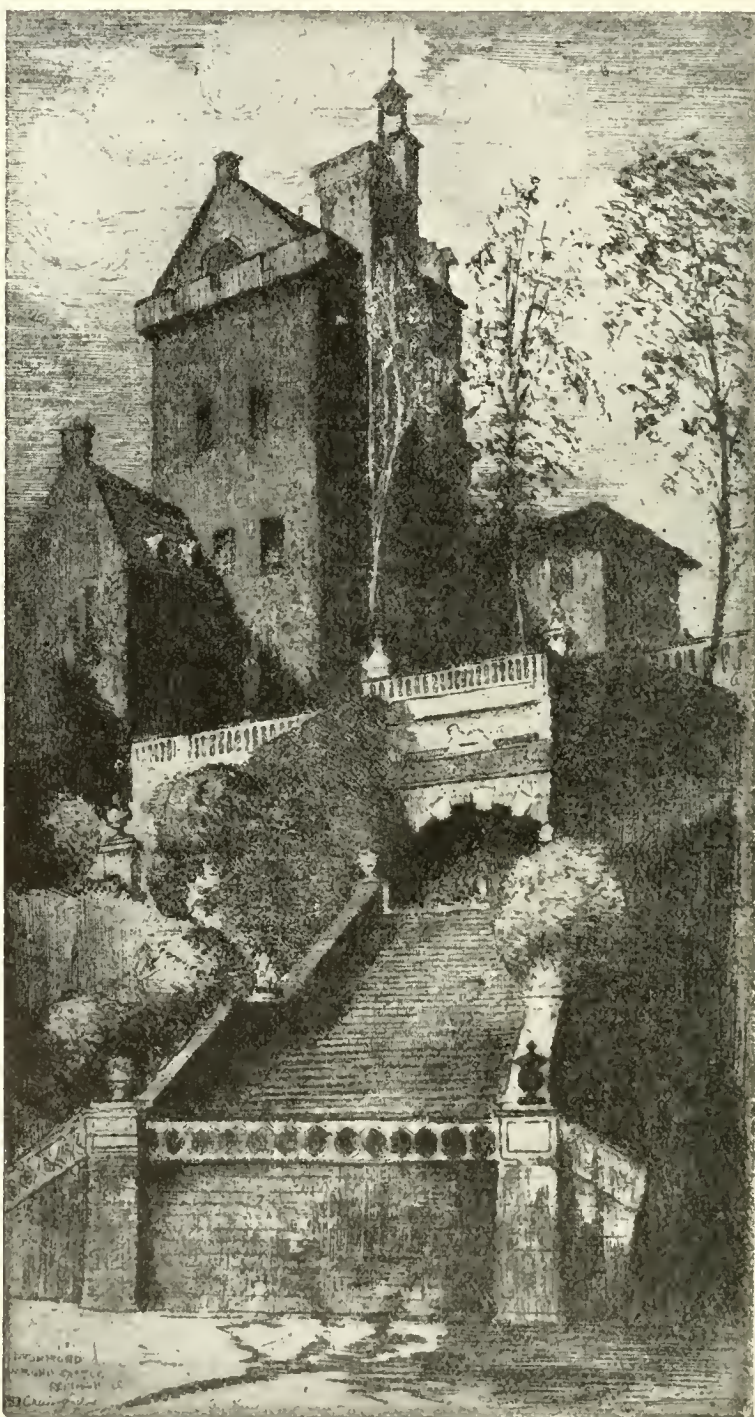
FROM THE ETCHING BY
SUSAN F. CRAWFORD

The art of Susan F. Crawford is familiar to lovers of black-and-white, her work being found at many of the important exhibitions, including those held at Burlington House. But although most favourably known as etcher, the artist by no means limits her activities to the use of the needle, her work in the oil medium, particularly when quaint architecture forms the subject, being distinguished by charming feeling and sympathy. Antiquity makes a strong appeal to Miss Crawford, and amongst the old-world relics at Edinburgh and Stirling, and the early feudal castles scattered over the greater part of Scotland, she finds a rich field for the exercise of her genius. *Old Drummond Castle*, the Perthshire seat of the Earl of Ancaster, is one of the best preserved of the ancient Scottish strongholds; the artist has faithfully depicted the quaint architectural features that have so long been one of the chief attractions of the district of Crieff. *Argyll's Lodging* is interesting in many ways, but chiefly because it is perhaps the finest example of "Town House" architecture in the old Scottish style extant. Like many of the seventeenth-century houses still in use, it had periods of vicissitude, yet it stands to-day, a worthy monument to the architect, Sir Anthony Alexander, second son of the Earl of Stirling, who enjoyed more than local renown as Master of Works to King James VI. of Scotland (James I. of England). Built in 1632 for the architect's brother, it became the property of Stirling Corporation in 1664, but two years afterwards it was acquired by the Earl of Argyll, who, completing the quadrangle, connected it with his own house, a building of much earlier date. It was acquired by the Crown about 1800, and is now used as a military hospital to the Castle garrison. The etching faithfully conveys the characteristics of the old Scottish style that is being largely revived in the domestic architecture of to-day.

Miss Dewar's work, seen at the recent exhibition of the Glasgow Society of Lady Artists, is interesting for other reasons than because of an æsthetic value; there is an inner meaning, a reflection of the earnest student, diligent in pursuit of the secrets of history and life, and quick to convey them by a charming symbolism that is easy of interpretation. Take the two book-plates illustrated, the one with the Crusader's

motto and that peculiar quadruple sign at the top, the other with the roses. "Non sine pulvere" (Not without dust) indicates the Crusader's idea of campaign, while the sword and the cross and the heart are all significant. In the middle ages, when pilgrims returned from the Holy Land, they wore a simple shell emblem, and all men knew that they had undertaken a sacred mission, hence the two shells introduced in this design. "Swastika," the highest, the fourfold sign, is to be met with in nearly all the mysticisms over the world: its use by the artist here is most appropriate. The rose is emblematic of earthly love; the sweet flower proceeds from the heart, intertwines the golden circlet, and reaches by the star of hope to the very highest, to divinity.

J. T.



"OLD DRUMMOND CASTLE
STIRLINGSHIRE"

FROM THE ETCHING BY
SUSAN F. CRAWFORD



BOOK-PLATES



BY MISS LEWTHWAITE DEWAR

EDINBURGH.—The Third Triennial Exhibition of Edinburgh Arts and Crafts Club, held in their spacious studio at Belford Road in the end of November, shows that the club is no mere band of *dilettanti*, but a group of earnest workers. The club in its present form consists of about sixty members, chiefly West-end ladies, though the rules make no distinction as to sex or social position. The main sections are wood-carving, enamel work, bookbinding, embroidery, including appliqué, and the making of lace. The bulk of the exhibits consisted of embroidery and laces, and in the first-named there were several very fine specimens, showing not only taste in design, but suitability of colour in carrying out the idea. A large panel illustrative of the quest of the Red Cross Knight, by Mrs. Traquair, was probably the most outstanding piece of needlework. In the wood-carving section the

competitive work was mostly small, but judging by the manner in which some of it was done, the club might well be a little more ambitious. To judge by the number of enamels shown, this seems to be a favourite art with the club, and the examples of bookbinding were many of them such as would bear comparison with some of the best craftsmanship. A. E.

DUBLIN.—Miss Daphne Whitty, who is now Manager of the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework, has recently completed a frontal for the High Altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, of which we give an illustration overleaf. The framework of the design was suggested by the old brasses in the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral, while the figures, which stand out effectively against a green background, symbolise Worship, Praise, and Prayer.



ALTAR FRONTAL, ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN

DESIGNED BY MISS WHITTY

PARIS.—Berthe Morisot was one of those forgotten or insufficiently appreciated artists to whom the Committee of the Salon d'Automne did homage at their recent exhibition. With Mary Cassatt she was, by reason of her subtle and charming gifts, one of the most talented of the Impressionist phalanx. No palette surpassed hers in vitality and freshness when recording such subjects as flowers and sunny gardens, groups of gaily dressed children, or children at their play in the park or on the sea-shore in a flood of dazzling light. As the sister-in-law of Manet she evidently fell under the influence of that highly gifted man, but at the same time her individuality was attested by an ample endowment of sentiment, by an original style of composition, and by a truly feminine sympathy for children. Like the other Impressionists, she was at first absolutely ignored, but a few years ago MM. Durand-Ruel organised an exhibition of her works, and now the Salon d'Automne has definitely established her fame. Most of the works shown in the room set apart for her were lent by amateurs. MM. Durand-Ruel also contributed some of them, and three are here reproduced.

It was a happy idea of MM. Chaine and Simonson to organise, as they did recently at their Galerie des Artistes Modernes, an exhibition of a choice selection from the works of Cazin. It would indeed be hardly possible to do too much honour to this great artist, who form a connecting link between the art of the greatest Dutch landscape painters and that of the Barbizon masters. At this exhibition, where Cazin's painting once more

deeply impressed us with its noble simplicity and broad, open *jacture*, the series of works brought together were of various degrees of importance, but all alike were interesting; even in the least of his little "notes"—be it a corner of the dunes he loved so much, or an effect of light on the marshes of the Somme—Cazin always speaks with



"ENFANT EN CHEMISE"

BY BERTHE MORISOT



"DANS UN PARC"

BY BERTHE MORISOT

eloquence and succeeds in generating in us a mysterious kind of emotion. The *Village dans les Dunes*, reproduced on the next page, fascinates us by its excellent composition. This work is indeed

of great breadth. His visions of the Dolomites are incomparable alike by the vigour of their execution and by the boldness with which these works are composed. From the point of view

typical of Cazin—a Somme landscape with thatch-covered cottages in a corner of the dunes where vegetation is scanty.

An excellent exhibition was that held at the close of the past year by the Société Internationale d'Aquarellistes, whose president is M. Guillemot. Side by side with water-colours (*aquarelles*) properly so-called were to be seen *gouaches* and wash-drawings (*lavis*), and there was also an interesting experiment in fresco painting by M. Jeanès. It is to him that attention is chiefly due; he is an artist of extraordinary originality and power, and a colourist



"SUR LA PLAGE" (PASTEL)

BY BERTHE MORISOT



"VILLAGE DANS LES DUNES"

BY J. C. CAZIN

in that light which is peculiar to the Highlands; magnificent cedars whose uncommon shapes he excels in delineating after the Japanese manner; old castles reminding one of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, peaceful villages beneath clear, smiling skies—all rendered in pure water-colour with much sincerity of vision and freshness of sentiment.

M. Hessèle has done much to develop in France a taste for modern etching, and we owe to him our knowledge of some of the best among contemporary workers in this field. In continuation of his good

of colour his *Vague*, an example of his extreme accuracy of observation, is a *tour de force*. Very charming, too, are his glimpses of autumn, with big trees in their russet tints beneath a pale sky. M. Eugène Béjot has executed in wash fifty-two little views of the Paris he knows so well, and they were at once attractive in point of technique and admirable as documents. The water-colours of M. Lebasque seemed to me a little wanting in definiteness, while at the same time giving evidence of a true feeling for colour. Amongst the foreign contributors, M. Hagemans was represented by some capital landscapes with animals: von Bartels, by a domestic scene, lit up by the flames from the fire; M. Cadenhead, by a night effect; and M. Ertz, by a Spanish woman carrying water. Nor must we forget to mention the contributions of M. Thornley, a charming colourist; and those of M. Delestre and M. Paul Frachet.

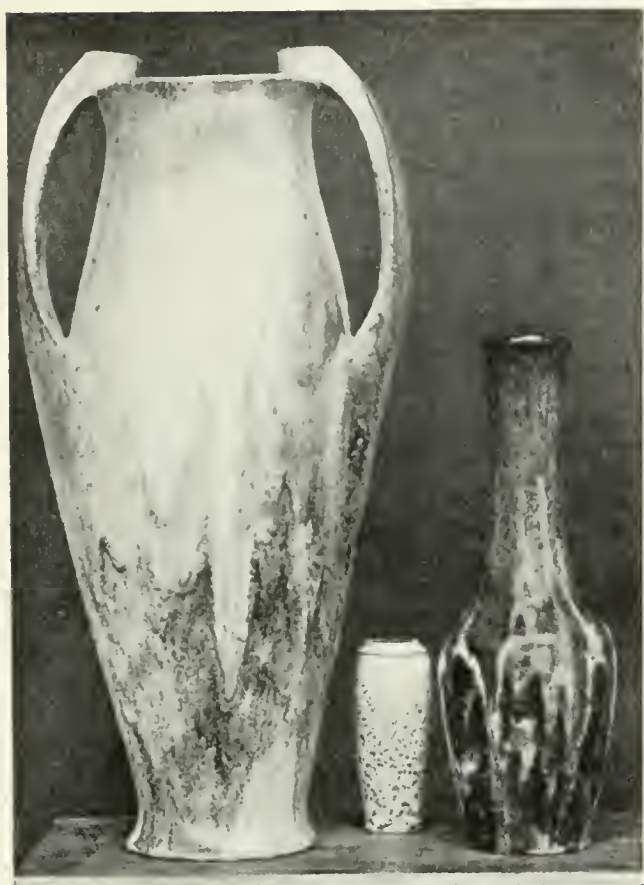
Two years ago M. Augustin Rey, the distinguished architect of the Fondation Rothschild, showed at Petit's a series of water-colours executed in the Upper Engadine, and now quite recently he has been showing at the same gallery another series. This time transporting us to Scotland, he here shows us lochs bathed

work he has recently been showing in the Rue Laffitte some etchings by four artists who, though little known at present, are assuredly possessed of undoubted talent. M. Heyman, who has a remarkable eye for composition, concerns himself with reproducing the features of certain monuments in the environs of Paris. His *Abside de l'Église de l'Isle-Adam* is an excellent performance, and no less so is his *Vieille Porte à Menneville*. Mr. Andrew F. Affleck, a Scottish artist, is enamoured of Tuscany. His *Ponte-Vecchio*, his *Tour de Giotto*, and his *San Gimignano* are plates which



VASES

BY MOREAU-NÉLATON



VASES

BY E. DECŒUR

have all the veracity of documents, and at the same time are handled with much freedom. The poetic gifts of M. Fabre, the delightful painter of the Rouerque, call for special appreciation, as does M. Zeising, who reveals himself as a first-rate painter of Paris. M. Hessèle also showed three works by M. R. Ranft: *Le Bain*, an etching in colours, *Mlle. Raymonde*, a dry-point portrait, and *Le Pont du Miroir*, an etching in which we once more see him to be the excellent artist we have known him to be.

One cannot help again admiring the energy of M. J. F. Raffaelli, who has been showing at the gallery of M. Devambez, in the Boulevard Malesherbes, a series of his new etchings in colour; in these he maintains the great reputation he has made for himself.

H. F.

Twice a year there is organised at the Musée

Galliéra a free exhibition consecrated to modern art. The works sent in by artists are selected by the jury with a most praiseworthy eclecticism, and while they make a point of doing honour to those who have already given proof of their talent, they do not discourage those whose powers have not yet come to full maturity. The Museum itself always purchases one or two works of special interest.

At the last of these exhibitions held in November the Ceramic section contained the most brilliant representation. In addition to the splendid vases of MM. Chaplet and Dalpayrat, which the Museum did well to acquire, there were many exhibits of particular note. First of all let us name the case containing those of M. Delaherche. His vases struck me as at once reasonable, simple, and effective, rich in coloration and restful in form. Of M. Decœur's exhibits I preferred his large vase—a kind of *vert-de-gris* urn, ample in its proportions and quite rare in its colouring. The little case of M. Bourgeot, containing hard-paste porcelain, made an agreeable impression with its air of gaiety, and some clever things were contributed by MM. Ernest Carrière, Laurent Desrousseaux, Lamarre, and Massoul. With the *Pêché mignon* of M. Taxile Doat should be mentioned some porcelain vases of his, with somewhat insignificant *motifs*, but I preferred his dish designed in the Hispano-Moorish style and very rich in colour, and above all the



IRIDESCENT PORCELAIN VASES

EXHIBITED AT THE MUSÉE GALLIÉRA
BY THE SÈVRES FACTORY

charming little round vase of a delicate apple-green tint.

It was, however, when one came to M. Moreau-Nélaton's case that one felt the inadequacy of words to express the delightful charm of colour and shape. Of exquisite elegance and purity of form, his vases follow a more or less traditional style; but the modelling is quite personal, and by deft manipulation, here of a line and there of a curve, the entire accent of the work is changed, and it becomes a perfect embodiment of grace and refinement. His colour is warm and rich, yet always discreet.

M. Dammouse showed some little glass cups, marvels of dainty delicacy, their colours—turquoise blue, sky blue, green, grey, and russet—making a perfect harmony. M. Decorchement's exhibits were equally attractive—some vases in ruby glass in which the shadows of the decorative leaves, in conjunction with the transparency of the glass, produce a variety of charming *nuances*. Mention must be made, too, of the glass by M. Despret, on account of certain beautiful blues he has succeeded in getting.

Among the book-bindings, those of Mlle. Germain, Mme. Leroy-Desrivères and M. Marius Michel appeared to me the finest. M. Victor Prouvé sent a binding for "La Bastille"—a trifle heavy, perhaps, but expressive and appropriate to the subject. The stained-glass designers have done better things than those shown, among which I single out for notice M. Rudnicki's "L'Automne," on account of its fine harmony of colours and orderly disposition of lines. The jewellery of M. Rivaud is always rather Soudanese in style, though artistic in a

high degree. There was a series of curious heads of young girls in grey enamel, designed by M. Pierre Roche to symbolise the months. The wood carvings of M. Raymond Bigot were, as always, excellent. Two very fine combs were shown by Mme. Miault; some pleasing textile fabrics by Mlle. Rault, M. Bohl, and especially M. Magne, all executed by Messrs. Cornille Frères; excellent lace by Mlle. Trocmé and MM. Courteix and Prouvé; and M. Mazzara deservedly attracted much attention with a table centre.

The iron-work section was one of the most interesting in the exhibition. Here MM. Brandt, Szabo, Brindeau and Nics were exhibitors. M. Robert, in particular, gives to his forgings a pliancy which is never in contradiction to the robust nature of his material. M. Bonvallet's copper vases call for special notice, as does the



"LA FOLLE"

(In the Chéramy Collection)

BY GÉRICAUT



SKETCH : "RADEAU DE LA MÉDUSE"

(In the Chéramy Collection)

BY GÉRICAULT

delicate soft-paste porcelain of M. Naudet, pleasant in substance, and made more attractive by their fine translucent decorations. A. S.

BERLIN.—Fritz Gurlitt opened his autumn season with a really delightful exhibition. Every friend of art felt thankful for the reappearance of the works of a master painter like Géricault, who is nowhere to be studied in Germany. The glow and modelling of his colour, his dramatic pathos and psychological power, his trembling nerve and iron muscle stamp him at the very first glance as the artist in whom his teacher Guérin discovered the talent for three or four painters. We see an unflinching realism at work which always imbues its subjects with the uncommon and the passionate, but whose utterances recall only the greatest names. There is no healthier lesson for our modern brushmen than the study of such work as that of Géricault. The art of the day was represented by a collection of pictures by Professor Albert Haueisen, from Karlsruhe, who has learned much from Liebl's energetic brush strokes and juicy colouring, but is still somewhat feeling his way. Hugo von Habermann applies the refinement of his colour-sense and pose

in some instances again to his disagreeable female model, whilst Peter Burnitz and Sperl attract us ever by their simplicity and warmheartedness. Liebermann, Uhde and Thoma were well represented, and a new-comer was Carl Hagemeister. His quiet studies of wintry and autumnal nature are written down with broad strokes, but made delicious by the tenderest accents of brown, white and greyish blue. He is summary and yet conscientious, rough and yet delicate.

Great satisfaction prevails in Berlin arts and crafts circles at Professor Peter Behrens' removal to the capital. After having organised the Düsseldorf School of Applied Arts, he is following a call of the Allgemeine Electricitäts-Gesellschaft to act as artistic designer for electric pendants and fittings. Modern art is placing itself more and more in the service of modern science, and it is sure of enrichment by means of this contact. The fact that Berlin is attracting, one after the other, authorities on arts and crafts, and that the Munich and Dresden workshops are opening branch businesses here, proves the liveliness of our development and the growing importance of Berlin as a place for commissions.



EMBROIDERED CUSHION

BY FRAU M. J. LANGER-SCHLAFFKE

Two teachers of the Königliche Kunstgewerbe Museum, Professor Max Koch and Professor Emil Orlik, have just been honoured by comprehensive exhibitions. The talent of Max Koch, who is the teacher of the class for figure drawing, is happiest on vast surfaces. The art of Emil Orlik produces exquisite things within narrow space. The cartoons, paintings and studies of Koch fill the big

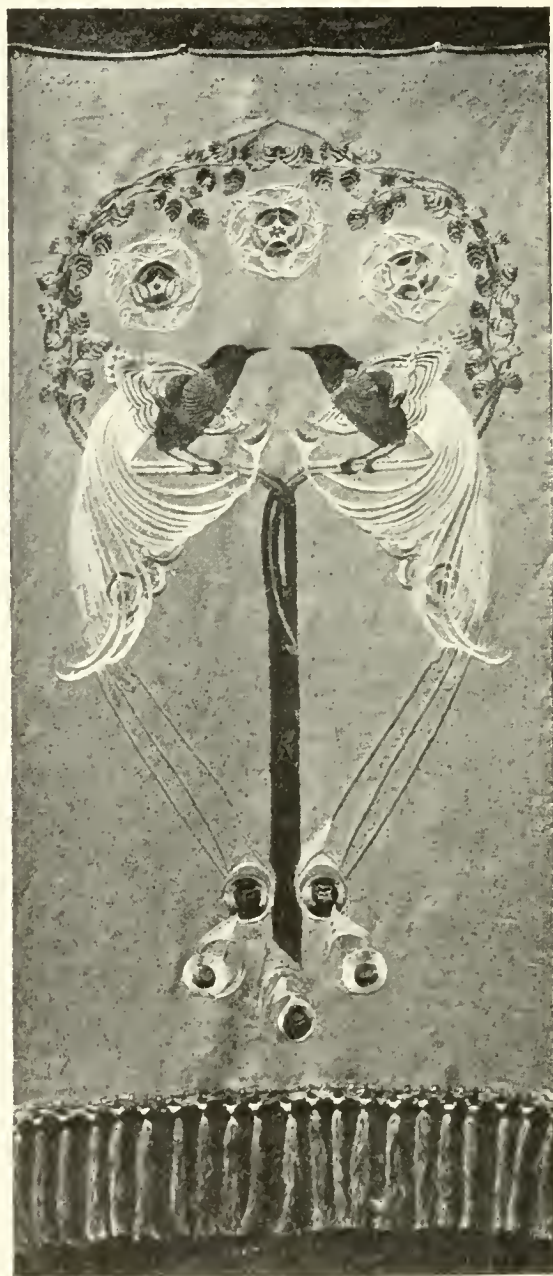
the haunting places of gentler spirits.

Emil Orlik could be studied as lithographer



DECORATIVE STUDY

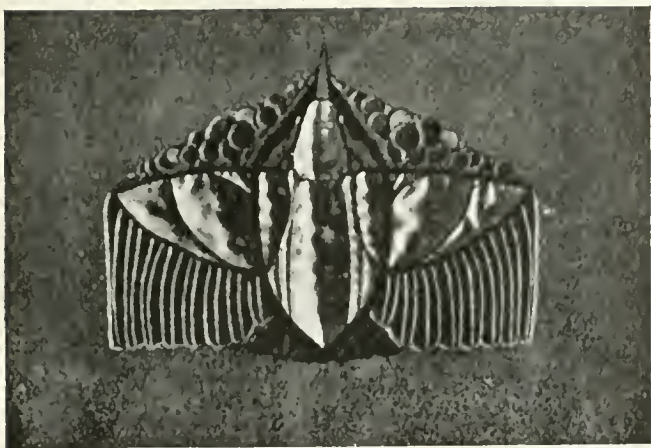
BY ELFRIEDE BRUNNER



DECORATIVE STUDY

BY DORA KALKBRENNER

hall of the Kunstgewerbe Museum. His felicitous talent seems to play with difficulties in great mural compositions, whether historical, fantastic or naturalistic in character, and be they landscape, hunting scenes, or any other *genre*. We admire his decorative skill and the intensity of his study in excellent sketches and drawings from the nude. He stands firmly on the ground of the real, and the unreal admits him only to



CUSHION

BY FRL. ELSE SEYDEL

plified composition and decorative *finesse*. Orlik has nothing in store for seekers after the powerful or the elevating, but he entertains and amuses, and offers psychological and æsthetic dainties.

J. J.

BRESLAU.—It is not often that news concerning art movements in this city, the capital of the province of Silesia, finds its way outside Germany. But though art does not make a great stir here, it is gratifying to see now and then signs that progress

woodcutter, etcher and draughtsman at Amsler and Ruthardt's. His technical skill is so sure that he can allow himself any combination or innovation of methods. His small cuts from reality always show cleverness of selection and conscientiousness and taste in rendering. Street scenes, studio nooks, single figures, heads, bits of architecture, animals and trees are his subjects. He has seen various countries, and has always caught their atmosphere; but his stay in Japan has taught him much in sim-



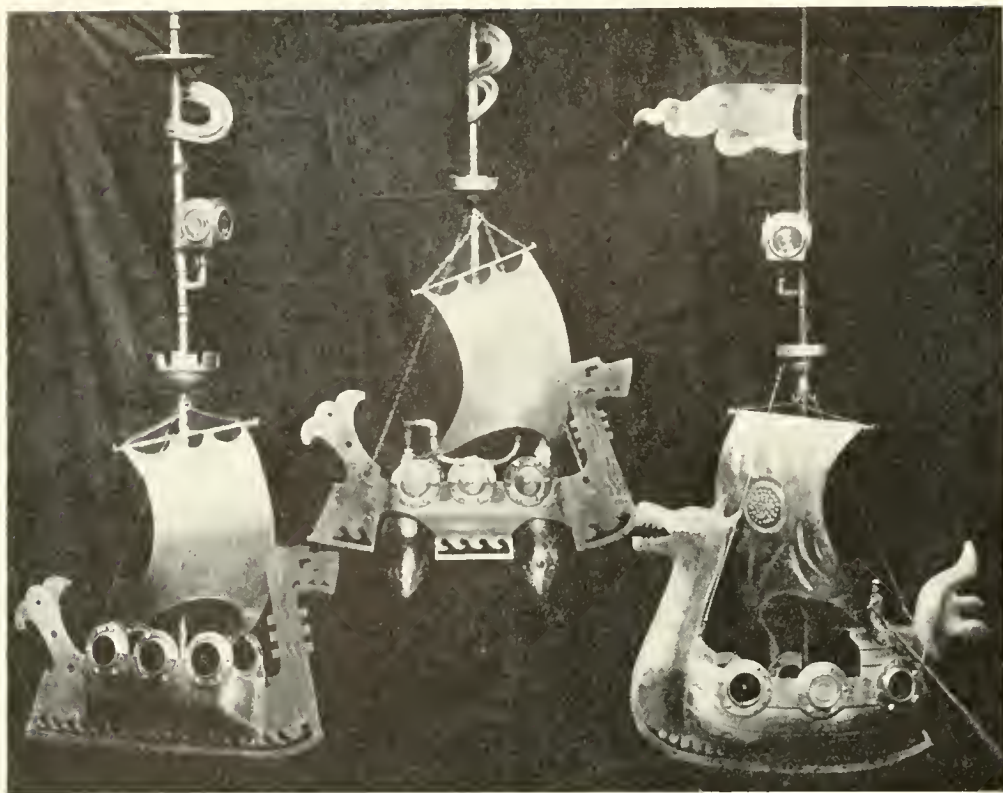
EMBROIDERED CUSHION

BY FRAU M. J. LANGER-SCHLAFFKE



WALL HANGING

DESIGNED BY JOSEPH LANGER
EXECUTED BY FRAU M. J. LANGER-SCHLAFFKE



TIN LAMPS

(See Lübeck Studio-Talk)

BY HERR BOSSE, LÜBECK

started a school of their own, and he after a time being obliged to give up teaching to pursue other work, the entire management of the school fell to his wife. Her success as a teacher is shown by the fact that at least half a dozen of her pupils have themselves become teachers in one or other technical school.

The illustrations on pages 324 and 325 represent work done by Frau Langer-Schlaffke, her husband, and pupils. Of these the chief, of course, is the large wall hanging

is steady and in the right direction. In the course of the past year a little exhibition that attracted considerable attention in the town was that in which Frau Langer-Schlaffke, wife of the painter, Josef Langer, showed examples of embroideries executed by her and her pupils.

Trained at the Royal Art School at Breslau, where she was a pupil of her future husband, Frau Langer-Schlaffke began to devote herself to embroidery after finishing her course at the school, and her productions found their way into exhibitions in various art centres, including Berlin and London. Before her marriage she was teacher of needlework, first to the Frauenbildungs-Verein at Breslau, and afterwards at the Industrial School, Posen. On her marriage she and her husband



MONUMENT FOR FAMILY GRAVE

(See Düsseldorf Studio-Talk)

BY F. COUBILLIER



(See Dusseldorf Studio-Talk)

BUST OF H.I.M. THE GERMAN
EMPEROR. BY F. COUBILLIER



MEMORIAL TO GRAF A. V. BERG

BY F. COUBILLIER

(about 10 feet across), the *motif* of which is supplied by the words from Walther von der Vogelweide which run across it:—"Thou art locked in my heart, the key whereof is lost, and there thou must remain for ever." In this piece of work various kinds of needle technique are employed; for instance, the so-called needle-work painting in the face and hands, and old brocade appliqué for the garments of the young couple. The colour is rich but restrained. The two decorative studies as well as one of the cushions are by Frau Langer-Schlaffke's pupils.

LÜBECK.—The lamps shown in the illustration on page 326 were made by Herr Bosse, a craftsman of this town. They are made of tin, and the designs are derived from models of old Viking ships, which no doubt he has seen in the local museum. The application of designs such as these to purposes of illumination is decidedly novel, but in conjunction with the coloured glass used for the windows the effect is certainly quaint and pleasing. Herr Bosse has been active in reviving the manufacture of pewter ware, for which the place was noted in days of old.

DÜSSELDORF. — Frédéric Coubillier, the sculptor, of whose work examples are reproduced on these pages, comes of a family of artists. Trained first under his father, and then at the Academy here under Prof. Karl Hansen, he completed his art studies by a stay at Rome extending through several winters. Coubillier's talent has found appreciation in high quarters, and after the unveiling of the monument to Graf Adolf von Berg, which is the subject of one of our illustrations, he received more than one summons from Kaiser



"SPHINX"

BY JOSEPH KOWARZYK



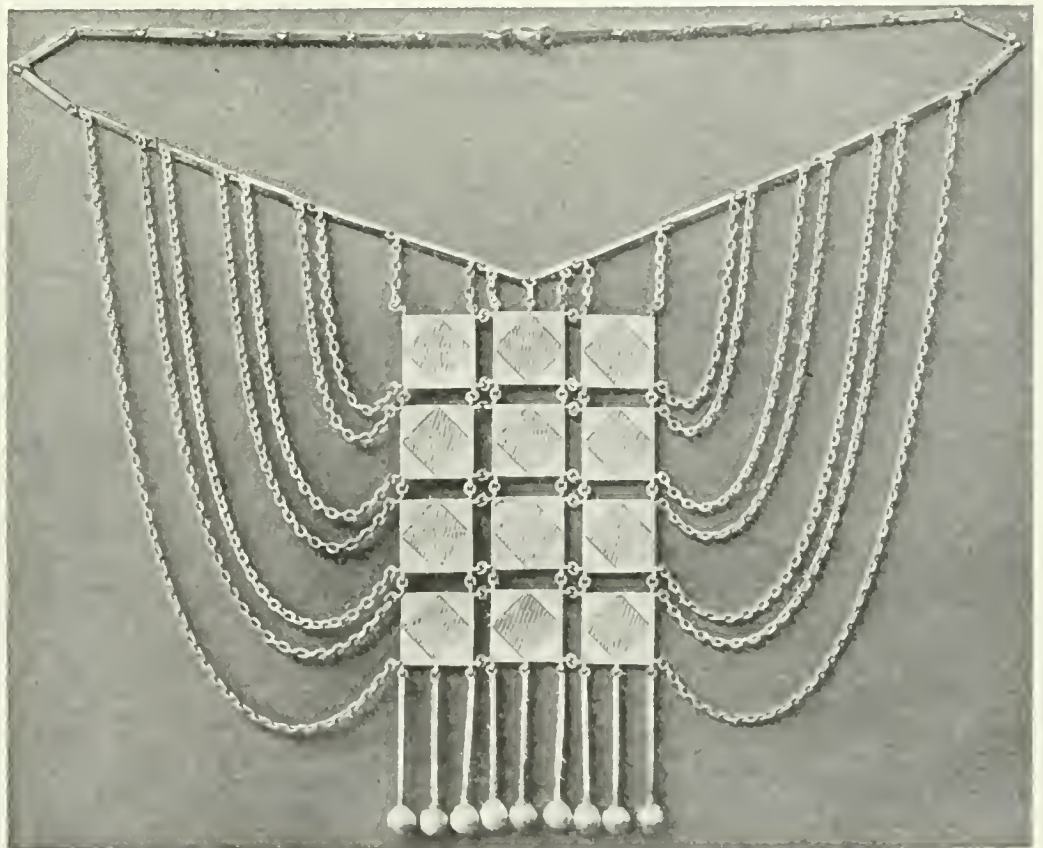
JEWELLERY DESIGNED BY HANS OFNER
EXECUTED BY ROZET & FISCHMEISTER

Wilhelm II., who is descended from the Count. This monument is of gigantic proportions, and is put up on the Schloss Burg, near Elberfeld, to commemorate the founding of the stronghold by the Count. A reduced replica of this monument is in the possession of the Kaiser, and there is also one in the Hall of Fame of Barmen, and another in the Hall of Art in this city. The bust of the Kaiser is of bronze, double life-size, and stands in the Town Hall at Elberfeld. The model was submitted to His Majesty and received his approval. The monument for a family grave, reproduced on p. 326, was originally projected during the artist's sojourn in Rome, and is now in the cemetery of this town.

E. B.

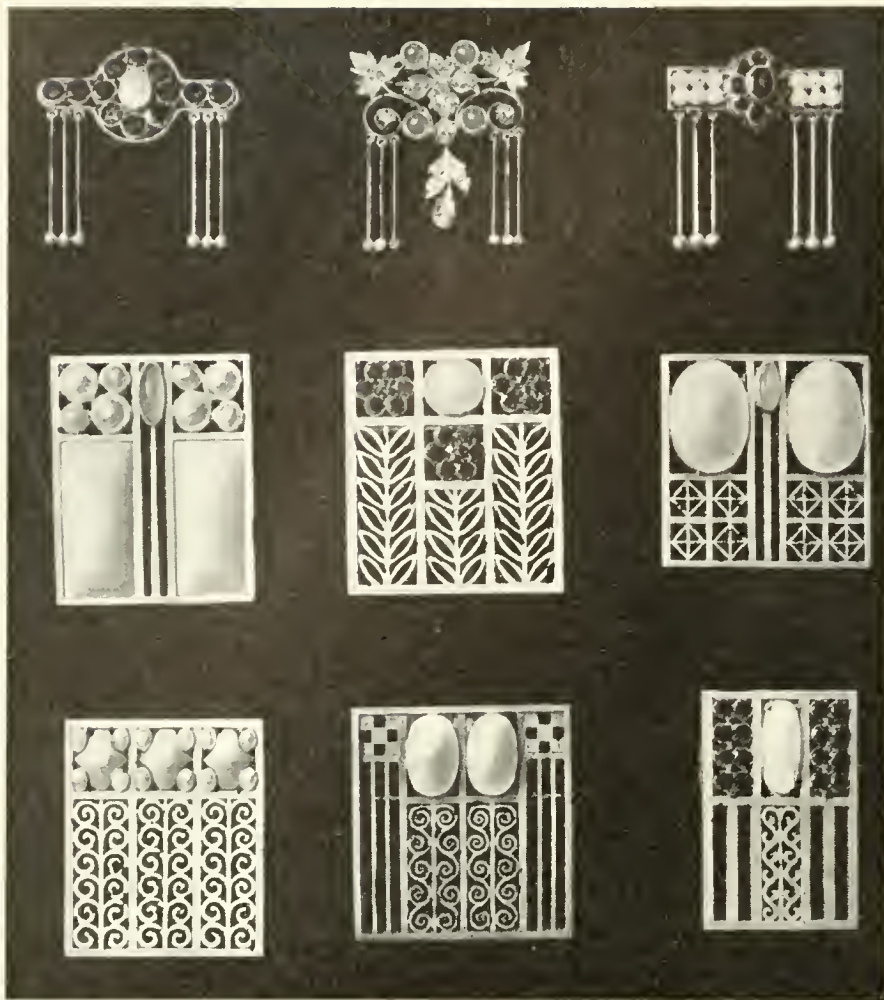
FRANKFORT-ON MAIN — We have already in a previous issue drawn the attention of our readers to the work of Herr Joseph Kowarzyk, and we now have the pleasure of giving a reproduction of a half-length *Sphinx* which belongs to his quite recent achievements (see opposite).

VIENNA.—Hans Ofner is a young architect who has already gained some fame, various examples of his decorative work having already been reproduced in "The Art Revival in Austria." Though his interiors show the unmistakable influence of his master, Professor Joseph Hoffmann, under whom he studied at the Kunstgewerbeschule, still he has characteristics which are quite his own. Of late he has been devoting much thought to the problem of designing modern jewellery, and has been very successful in this branch of his art. There is everywhere a right feeling for proportion, and nowhere does Herr Ofner strive for mere effect; his artistic judgment is rightly balanced, and his designs show how carefully he has performed his task. In common with most students of the modern school, he has also studied the qualities of the materials he manipulates and the adaptation of them to the design. Herr Ofner has also learnt the art of enamelling, Fräulein Adele von Starch, the only lady professor



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SILVER BROOCHES SET WITH STONES, ETC. DESIGNED BY HANS OFNER
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silver enamelled in shades of yellow and brown, the other of silver with ornaments of coral and silver balls. The neck ornament illustrated in our second illustration is made of silver enamelled, and is particularly interesting, having been designed to wear with a fancy costume. That shown in the illustration given below is also silver, and though the design is simple, the effect is increased by the turquoise stones used at intervals for connecting the chains.

In the first illustration on this page we have a number of brooches varied in composition, and each with an intrinsic beauty of its own. They are all of silver, some being set with mother-of-pearl, others with mother-of-pearl and rubies, chrysolites, granites, and other stones. All the skill of the craftsman has been brought to bear on this work, and the designer's intentions have been admirably carried out. The brooches shown in the illustration below are also admirable in

at the Kunstgewerbeschule, having been his teacher.

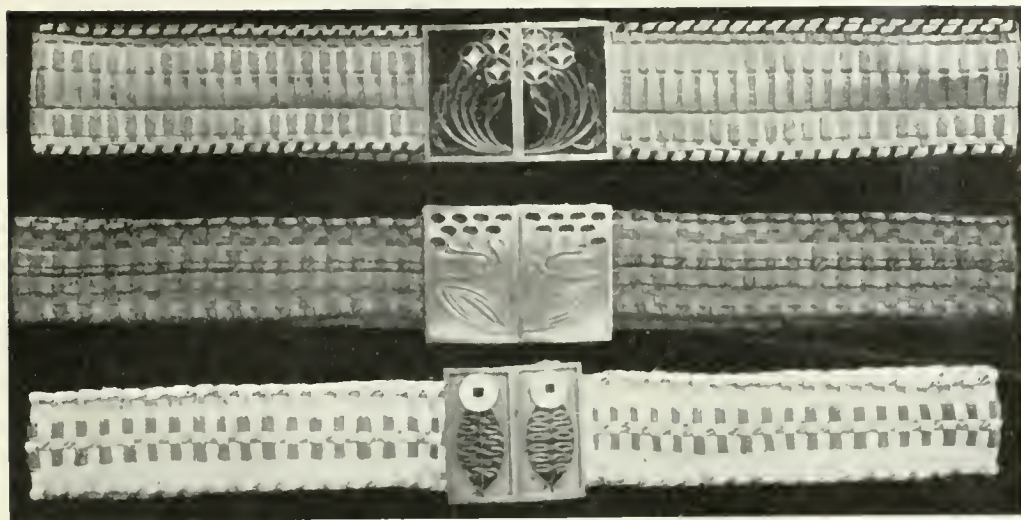
Of the two necklets shown in the first illustration on p. 329, the upper one is formed of pyramids of

design, mother-of-pearl and coral being very effectively employed. The earrings are of silver relieved by a border of gold. The pendant has a large cornelian for its centre, with a pleasing design surrounding it, the material again being silver.



JEWELLERY

DESIGNED BY HANS OFNER
EXECUTED BY V. KRAMARČ



SILK BRAID BELTS WITH SILVER CLOISONNÉ CLASPS
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY HANS OFNER

The illustration at the bottom of this page shows a variety of ornaments very felicitous in design. The necklaces are of silver, enamelled in shades of blue and violet; the broader one is set with topazes.

The enamelling is beautifully done, and is the work of the artist himself, who shows a real knowledge of this art, and at the same time a love for it born of intimacy. The bracelet is set with amethysts, the scarf pins with pearls and rubies, while the tortoise-shell side combs are mounted in silver set with chrysolites. These make a very pleasing harmony of colours, and the effect of the whole is very graceful.

Herr Ofner has studied weaving at the Imperial

schools, and the belts here reproduced are entirely his own making. The clasps are of silver cloisonné, while the belts themselves are formed of plaited French silk braids, these being of a shade to tone with the decoration of the clasps.

The coffee service, also illustrated on this page, is in silver and delicate china,

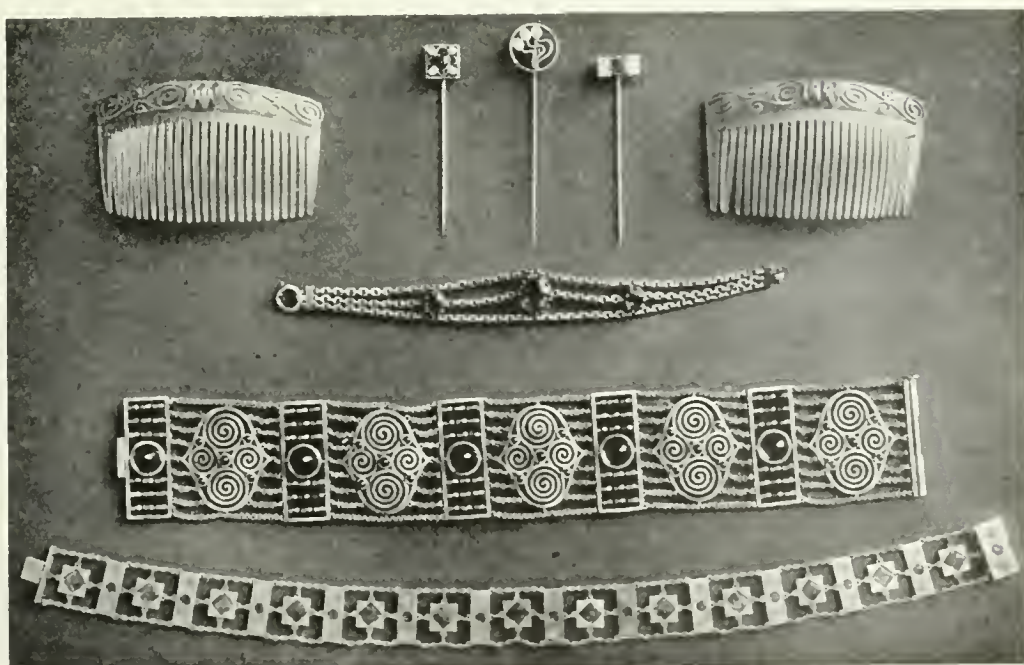
a combination much in vogue, and here Herr Ofner again proves that he is a true artist with no lack of originality. His present achievements bear evidence that the path he has chosen is the right one.

A. S. L.



SILVER AND CHINA COFFEE SERVICE

DESIGNED BY HANS OFNER
EXECUTED BY ROZET & FISCHMEISTER



COMBS, PINS AND OTHER ORNAMENTS

DESIGNED BY HANS OFNER
EXECUTED BY ROZET & FISCHMEISTER

MINNEAPOLIS.—The two chromo-xylographs of which reproductions are here given—one in facsimile and the other in half-tone—are interesting examples of the process as employed by an American lady belonging to this city, who has acquired her knowledge and skill mainly in Japanese studios under native artists. Mrs. Lum had already made experiments in this direction before visiting Japan, but accomplished very little until she had an opportunity of closely studying the methods practised by native wood engravers, first of all in a small *atelier* in Kyoto, and later in the Kokka *atelier* in Tokyo, well known through the publication bearing that name.

Briefly stated, Mrs. Lum's method of making and printing these wood-cuts is as follows. First the drawing is made on a special kind of transparent Japanese paper rather difficult to obtain even in Japan; then the drawing is pasted face downwards on the block—usually of cherry wood on account of its hardness and even grain—and then, if, as is commonly the case, there are to be other blocks, the wood is all cut away except the outline. The first prints from the outline block are pasted on to these other blocks, and from these the colour blocks are cut. Usually one block is cut for each colour, but in the hands of one familiar with the work, one block may sometimes be made to serve for printing two colours, that is when the colours do not come directly together. Moreover, one colour can often be printed over another, as in the more mechanical processes.

The print reproduced in half-tone was printed from three blocks. For the street scene reproduced in colours six blocks were used, but there were ten printings in this case, as part of the effect was obtained by printing certain portions from flat tint blocks. The printing is all done by hand, and the colours, after being mixed with gelatine, are applied by brushes of various sizes, the blocks having first been treated with rice paste. The actual printing is done with a flat disc, covered with a bamboo leaf. It is, of course, of the utmost importance when printing from several blocks that proper "register" should be obtained. In Japan, as in Europe for the most part, the work of cutting and printing the blocks is not undertaken by the draughtsman, who confines himself to creating the design, but Mrs. Lum has produced all her prints from beginning to end without aid.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Hubert and Jan Van Eyck. By W. V. JAMES WEALE. (London: John Lane.) Limited edition. £5 5s. net.—This monumental work, with its wealth of fine photogravure plates and other illustrations, the value of which to the student of Flemish painting it is impossible to over-estimate, is eminently characteristic of the veteran critic who is responsible for its publication. Mr. Weale, who is a member of the chief academies of Belgium, has devoted a lifetime to the study of the art of the Low Countries, and in the preparation of his many



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FROM A CHROMO-XYLOGRAPH
AFTER THE JAPANESE MANNER
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Reviews and Notices

scholarly works has in every case gone straight to the original documents. He makes scarcely any attempt to work up the masses of material he has laboriously collected into a popular narrative such as would appeal to the general public, for he has the greatest possible contempt for the superficial dilettantism of the present day, and addresses his appeal mainly to the true connoisseur and the genuine lover of art for its own sake. On the other hand, there does not exist a more generous caterer for the privileged few than this most earnest worker. Mr. Weale prefaces his work with a chronological summary of the chief events that affected the careers of the Van Eycks, and devotes a considerable portion of his text to the actual transcription, in order of date, of the more important of the documents from which he has culled his information, supplementing his quotations by a very complete bibliography of all the publications that bear even remotely upon the fortunes of the two famous brothers. Moreover, he points the way for other discoveries, suggesting to his successors in the same field of research "that further items may yet be gleaned from the municipal accounts of towns in the Duke of Burgundy's dominions, and perhaps also from documents in the archives of Spain and Portugal." In the erudite history given by Mr. Weale of the authenticated works of the brothers each one is carefully described and explained, as are also the more important copies and engravings after it.

A Book of Caricatures. By MAX BEERBOHM. (London: Methuen.) 21s. net.—The originals of this collection of caricatures were recently shown at the Carfax Gallery, and we expressed ourselves about them at the time. We confess that in one way Mr. Max Beerbohm is a disappointment to us, for, despite the cover of this book, a very charming red, and the elaboration with which the plates are reproduced, we miss in this art the exquisiteness that is associated with Mr. Beerbohm's name. In such caricatures as *Mr. Arthur Balfour wishing he had been born in a simpler age* we do get this quality in the style of finish, and in those of *Lord Althorp* and *Mr. Haddon Chambers* the caricaturist lives up to the charming binding. The *Lord Lytton* and *Lord Ribblesdale* are also caricatures made with a grace that becomes their author. But it is in *Lord Tweedmouth*, and especially in the picture of "*Sem*," that Mr. Max Beerbohm's genius is revealed with a vivacity of touch which responds at once to witty and satirical observation. After this brilliance we wonder why he should tire us with such vapid conventions as those, for instance,

with which he symbolizes the feet of *Mr. Wilson Steer* and the head of *Lord Northcliffe*.

The American Pilgrims' Way in England. By MARCUS HUISS, LL.B. Illustrated by Elizabeth M. Chettle. (London: Fine Art Society.) 20s. net.—It was a happy thought on the part of the director of the Fine Art Society to trace back to their original English homes the pioneers of the exodus that resulted in the foundation of the great American Republic. The work, which has evidently been a labour of love to both author and artist, includes histories of the families of William Penn, George Washington, General Wolfe, Benjamin Franklin, Washington Irving, the Pilgrim Fathers (the founders of Yale and Harvard Universities), the Quaker settlers, and many others, no pains having been spared to identify the sites connected with them. The charming water-colour drawings give sympathetic renderings of many of the surviving homesteads that are so dear to the hearts of the descendants of these heroes of the sixteenth century, and, with the reproductions of details of architecture, facsimiles of letters, inscriptions, etc., form a vivid and pictorial epitome of the text.

Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio. By GUSTAV LUDWIG and POMPEO MOLMENTI. Translated by ROBERT H. H. CUST. (London: John Murray.) £2 12s. 6d. net.—The recent increase in the cult of Vittorio Carpaccio, the most gifted exponent of an important phase of Venetian pictorial art, is, Signor Molmenti thinks, largely the outcome of the æsthetic renaissance in the lagoon city that was inaugurated a quarter of a century ago, and was, as he fully recognises, in a certain sense heralded by Ruskin. A pathetic interest attaches to the work before us—an appreciative study of the painter by two warm admirers—on account of the circumstances surrounding its inception and execution. After studying closely the achievements of the early Venetian masters as a whole, Signor Molmenti gradually found himself concentrating his attention on that of Carpaccio, and the results of his researches were published in various periodicals. Presently, his devotion to Carpaccio attracted the attention of another eager worker in the same field, the German physician whose name appears on the title-page with his own. Herr Ludwig found himself in middle life the victim of a painful and incurable disease, which necessitated his migration to a temperate climate. Imbued with an intense love of art for its own sake, he determined to devote to its study the few years he could hope to live, and finally settled in Venice. Here the two collaborators

became acquainted, and resolved to join forces in the composition of a monograph on their favourite painter. Unfortunately, Herr Ludwig's malady made such rapid strides that he died before the seventh chapter was finished. Very touching is the account given by the survivor of his colleague's fortitude under suffering. "From his death-bed," he says, "Herr Ludwig discussed artistic problems, in which he always displayed an acute and profound judgment. I was a frequent visitor," he adds, "to the dark little room, where, seated at his bedside, our discussions on Carpaccio made the hours fly in cheerful converse." The volume that has resulted from their association embodies a vast mass of notes left behind by Herr Ludwig, and having been admirably translated into English by Mr. Cust, it is sure to take rank as the standard work on the long-neglected master of whom it treats. The illustrations include, with reproductions of pretty well all Carpaccio's paintings and drawings, examples of the work of many of his contemporaries, which will be found most useful for comparison by students unable to obtain access to the originals.

The Slade, Mdxcccxciii—Mdxcccxcvii. (London: Slade School University College and E. Grant Richards.) 6s. net.—This book, which is edited by Mr. John Fothergill, of the Slade School, is composed of a collection of drawings and some pictures done by past and present students of the school. A paper is devoted by Mr. D. S. MacColl to Mr. John's drawings, of which there are a variety of examples. There are many examples also of work by his fellow-student Mr. Orpen, who, with a more prosaic talent, has, by a succession of achievements, aroused curiosity as to his future not less than Mr. John. The genius of Mrs. Edna Clarke Hall comes in for discussion, for her illustrations of "Wuthering Heights" are indeed touched with genius, and we wonder why, among the mass of illustrated reprints of the English classics which come into the market, no one has availed themselves of her art. Other pages of *The Slade* are made up of reproductions from paintings by various members of the school, life studies and other drawings, many of them interesting. Mr. Fothergill's paper on "The Teaching of Drawing" is a very valuable contribution. The concern of these pages is the record of work from the Slade School in recent years, but it is also a pleasant magazine in itself for those interested in the last phase of English art training.

Sheffield Plate. By BERTIE WYLLIE. (London: George Newnes.) 7s. 6d. net.—The introduction

to this finely illustrated monograph on old Sheffield plate dispels once for all the delusion that the making of the genuine article is a lost art. Many of the original dies and drawings of fine specimens are still in existence, and some few of the skilled workmen survive, who, if encouraged to do so, would teach younger men the intricacies of their now languishing trade. Mr. Wyllie, who is evidently an expert, declares it to be possible even now to have new examples made of such masterpieces of design and execution as those figured in his book, which, with a complete history of the origin and mode of manufacture of old Sheffield plate, contains reproductions of all the marks by which the makers not only of Sheffield, but of London, Birmingham, Paris, and elsewhere, may be recognised.

Old Spanish Masters. Engraved by TIMOTHY COLE. With notes by CHARLES H. CAFFIN and Comments by the Engraver. (London: Macmillan & Co.) 31s. 6d. net.—The praise which was given in these pages five years ago to Mr. Cole's engravings after the *Old English Masters*, a specimen of which was then reproduced by us, must be given in equal or, indeed, increased measure to the present series. Mr. Cole has earned a deservedly high reputation as an engraver on wood, and at the present day the craft has no abler representative than he. In these interpretations of carefully selected examples of works by great masters of the Spanish school—El Greco, Velasquez, Murillo, Ribera, Goya—we are much impressed by his refined craftsmanship and the skill with which gradations of tone are rendered. The interest of the volume is enhanced by the series of comments contributed by the engraver himself, which show that he has devoted much study and thought to the works of these famous painters, and so acquired an intimate knowledge of their characteristics. Mr. Caffin's essays also make interesting reading, but, as may be expected, are more general in their scope than the engraver's notes.

The Baby's Day Book. Songs of the Day, and the Dusk, and the Dark. By W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON. Illustrated by the Author. (London: John Lane.) 3s. 6d.—It is Mr. Graham Robertson's gift to write and to draw for children, not as one who has anything fresh to tell them, but as the illustrator of their own fancies. The charm of his art arises from the fact that it is literally inspired, and we have indicated the source of the inspiration. Consciously he enters the dreamy world where the child unconsciously reigns, and his art, both in verse and in illustration, is such that children will never resent the interpolation of this gifted out-

Reviews and Notices

sider. *The Baby's Day Book*, which is the last he has added to the several illustrated books he has made of plays and verse, is as charming as its predecessors.

The Masterpieces in Colour. Edited by T. LEMAN HARE. (Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack.) 1s. 6d. net each.—Eight volumes have come to hand of this series, which makes a new departure. These publications are the first serious step, outside magazine form, that has been taken in the direction of a complete and satisfying analysis of the colour of notable pictures for the purposes of reproduction as supplementary to pages of serious criticism. The books should be highly popular with the general public for the beauty of the plates; they should be popular, too, because the publishers have thrown over the pretentious and dull narrative of facts and opinions, which usually accompanies the cheaper art volumes, in favour of such picturesque and original thought as we get in the *Turner* volume from Mr. Lewis Hind's gifted pen or such valuable criticism as we find in Mr. Bensusan's *Velazquez*.

Among Mr. Batsford's recent new publications are three which by their eminently practical character will at once commend themselves to those who are interested in the particular topics dealt with. *English Shop Fronts* (15s. net) deals with a branch of architectural practice which, so far as we are aware, has not been independently treated before. Messrs. Dan & Wilmott's treatise, which is accompanied by numerous collotype and other illustrations of shop fronts, old and new, therefore fills a gap in the architect's library. Mr. G. W. Eve's *Heraldry in Art* (12s. 6d. net) will prove extremely useful to designers who have occasion to introduce heraldic symbols into their work. Mr. Eve is thoroughly at home in the subject, and his exposition of the rules governing the use of heraldic figures is both lucid and exhaustive. Some 300 illustrations are given to show variations of style, the effect of material on heraldic design, etc. The third is a volume on *Enamelling* (7s. 6d. net), by Mr. Lewis F. Day, who devotes the bulk of his book to an account of the various processes and methods employed in this craft. Among the hundred odd illustrations, all of them in black-and-white, we see no examples of modern work.

Mr. Batsford also issues a second edition of *The Architecture of Greece and Rome*, by J. W. Anderson and R. Phené Spiers (18s. net). Mr. Spiers has subjected the entire text to careful and thorough revision, and has made several important additions embodying the results of recent researches; other

new and useful features being a chronological list of the best known Greek temples, with dates, dimensions, and other details, and two specially prepared maps, indicating the position of the chief cities referred to in the text. The third edition, just issued by Mr. Batsford, of *Art in Needlework* (5s. net), by Mr. Lewis F. Day and Miss Mary Buckle, contains a chapter on "White Work," now added for the first time.

Who's Who for 1908, notwithstanding its 22,000 biographies, covering more than 2,000 pages, is still quite convenient to handle. Indisputably the most comprehensive work of the kind now published, its usefulness is so generally recognised that insistence on this point is superfluous. Messrs. A. & C. Black are the publishers, and the net price is 10s. in cloth and 12s. 6d. in leather.

T. C. & E. C. Jack have issued the eighth and last instalment of the publication containing the designs for *The Palace of Peace at the Hague* as submitted by the six prize-winners and others. The seventy-six plates comprising the work include perspective views (in some cases in colour), and various elevations and plans as elaborated by the competing architects. The price of the complete work is four guineas.

In *The Photograms of the Year*, 1907 (Dawbarn & Ward, 2s. net), are reproduced some 200 pictures, of which about one-fourth are selected from the greater exhibitions recently held in London, the remainder representing pictorial work by leading photographers in many foreign countries and colonies, as well as at home. The principal critique is written by Mr. H. Snowdon Ward, and criticisms have also been contributed by M. Robert Demachy, Herr F. Mathies Masuren, Sñr. Mendez Leon, and others.

We learn that the publications of the Librairie de l'Art ancien et moderne, Paris, have been transferred to Messrs. Plon-Nourrit et Cie, of the Rue Garancière. Amongst these are the volumes forming "Les Maîtres de l'Art," a series of works, written by French authorities of high repute, dealing with the great masters of painting and sculpture from the days of antiquity down to comparatively modern times. In one of the latest volumes of the series M. Bayet, Directeur de l'Enseignement Supérieur, contributes an able review of the art of Giotto, who was, as he tells us, pre-eminently a psychologist, in that he sought to analyse and express the emotions of the human soul. Appended are an excellent bibliography and list of works by Giotto in various galleries. The price of each volume in this series is 3.50 fr.

THE LAY FIGURE: ON COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"You painters are going to have the conceit taken out of you directly," said the Practical Man: "I see that the recent discoveries in colour photography have made possible the exact reproduction of nature. No one will want to have pictures now."

"Really! Is that your idea?" inquired the Man with the Red Tie. "You actually imagine that a mechanical process like photography can drive painting off the field entirely! Are you serious?"

"Of course I am," replied the Practical Man. "Why should anyone continue to take the smallest interest in painted things which may or may not be like nature, when there is available a process which will give the facts of a subject, colour and all, with absolute accuracy? Now that colour can be photographed the last reason for the existence of the painter has disappeared. We have no longer any use for him, because this mechanical process that you sneer at can do his work cheaper and better than he can."

"But painting is an art," objected the Man with the Red Tie, "and, therefore, it must always hold a higher position than any process like photography, no matter how skilfully this process may be applied."

"Not at all," laughed the Practical Man; "you are so blinded by your prejudices that you cannot understand what the public wants. We common-sense people have only put up with paintings because we have hitherto had nothing better, because nothing else would give us the colour of the things we see. We recognised long ago how much better photography is for black-and-white illustrations than an artist's drawings, as you can see for yourself if you look at any of the illustrated papers; and now we have the chance we shall soon come to the same conclusion with regard to colour work. In a few years' time there will be no painters left—they will have discovered that it is no use trying to compete with photography and will have abandoned their palettes if they have any sense at all."

"Your prophecy might come true if all people thought as you do," broke in the Art Critic. "But you assume too much when you suggest that you, and you alone, know what the public wants. Your range of knowledge, my friend, is a little limited, and if you would take the trouble to learn a little more about this subject you would not talk such arrant nonsense."

"Oh, indeed!" sneered the Practical Man. "I know that all people with any business capacities and practical intelligence, all who are not dreamers and fanatics, would agree with me. You are behind the times, and are quite out of touch with modern ideas."

"Then I thank Heaven that there still remains quite a large number of dreamers and fanatics," replied the Critic, "if the development of a practical intelligence leads to such stupid convictions as you possess. Your friends, no doubt, want the same sort of stuff that pleases you because, like you, they are so satisfied to be ignorant that they refuse to learn even the rudiments of artistic knowledge. Outside the narrow bounds of your business capacities you are an illiterate lot, and, as illiterate people always do, you substitute blatant assertion for argument."

"What on earth has this got to do with colour photography, I should like to know?" interrupted the Practical Man.

"Keep quiet," laughed the Man with the Red Tie; "you are hearing some useful truths."

"It has everything to do with colour photography, as that is the subject you have chosen to talk nonsense about," continued the Critic. "You said that the process of photographing in colour is going to kill painting and extinguish artists. Now this is not even an original stupidity, for it is merely a repetition of what your predecessors in ignorance said when photography was first invented. The photograph was certain to oust the portrait painter—has it done anything of the sort? Colour photography is going to destroy painting—it will not. What will happen to it is this. A few men, very few, of real artistic power will use it properly and will attain fine results with it, but the majority of the men into whose hands it will fall will produce the cheap art, literal art, commonplace art, stupid art, that satisfies you and your dull-witted friends who find pleasure in silly snapshots. It will be the joy of the raw amateur, and it will record coarsely the features of the seaside tripper. But, meanwhile, the painter's art will continue on its way unharmed by any mechanical competition and encouraged by everyone who has the intelligence to distinguish between true and false art and to appreciate noble, personal, human craftsmanship. That you will not be in this company of art lovers I can well believe; your practical, illiterate mind cannot rise to such heights. But you need not advertise your folly now."

THE LAY FIGURE.

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